April 19, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

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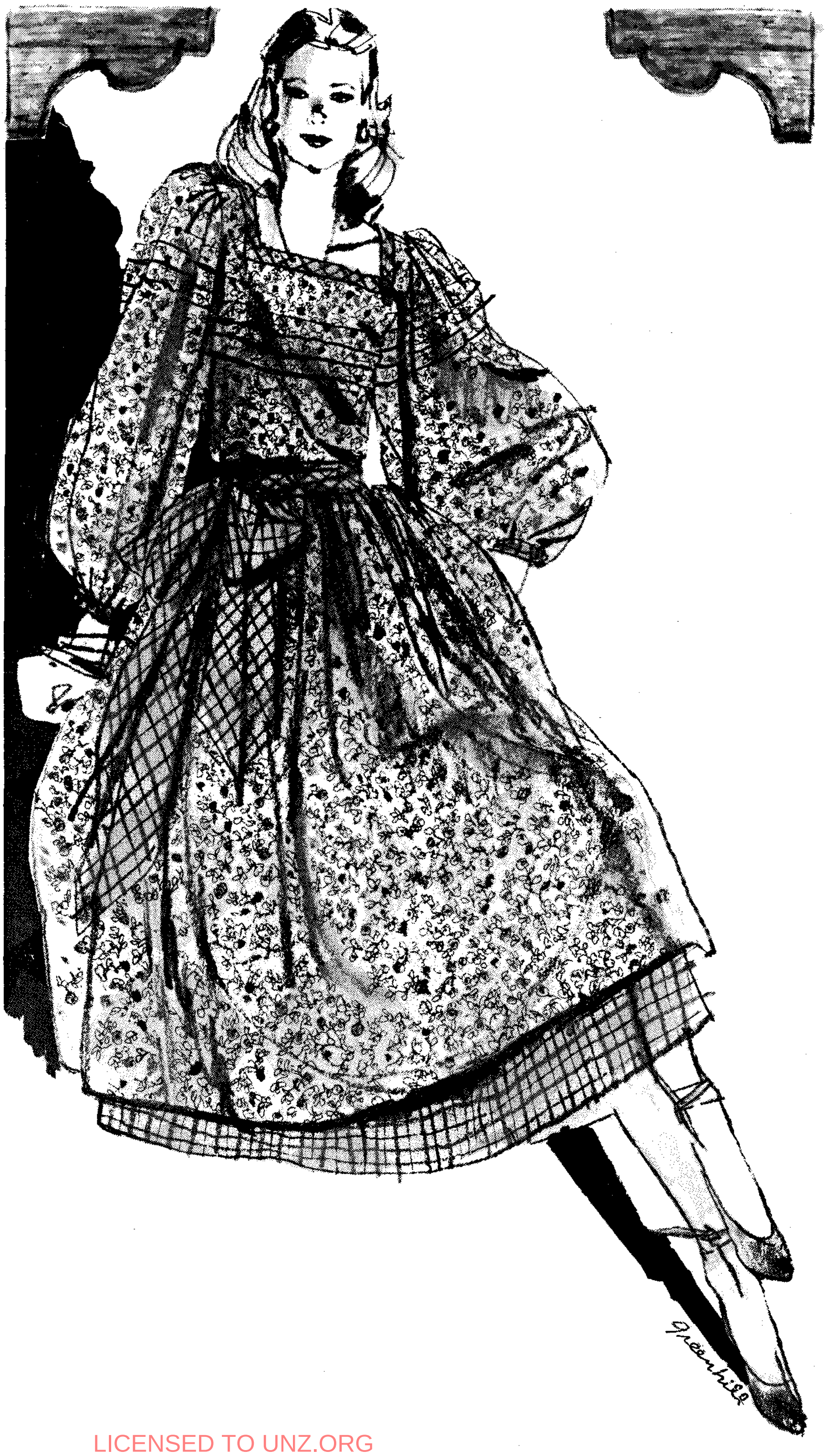

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A two-week engagement by John Houseman's group, ending Saturday, April 24. Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT, directed by Michael Langham: Thursday, April 15, at 2 (preview) and 7:30 (opening); Friday, April 16, at 8; Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 18, at 3: . . THE COUNTRY WIFE, by William Wycherley, directed by Garland Wright: Tuesday, April 20, at 2 and 8 (previews); Wednesday, April 21, at 7:30 (opening); Thursday, April 22, at 2 and 8; Friday, April 23, at 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731.)

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, April 14, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Bella Figura—Reed Birney in a play by Brother Jonathan Ringkamp. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W 52nd St. 247-4982 Wednesdays through Sundays at 7.30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

Catholic School Girls—A rather silly but harmless comedy by Casey Kurtti, in which the four actresses who play the girls also double as the nuns who teach them. (4/12/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7 Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 Closes Saturday, May 1.)

Eminent Domain—Percy Granger has written a play about the family troubles of a professor of English in a not very distinguished Midwestern university. The subject proves far more promising than it sounds, thanks in part to a superlative production, starring Philip Bosco, Betty Miller, and John Vickery Paul Austin is the director (4/12/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Patricia Joudry's TEACH ME HOW TO CRY will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 15, and will run through Sunday, May 2. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Evangelist—A new musical by Al Carmines. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and

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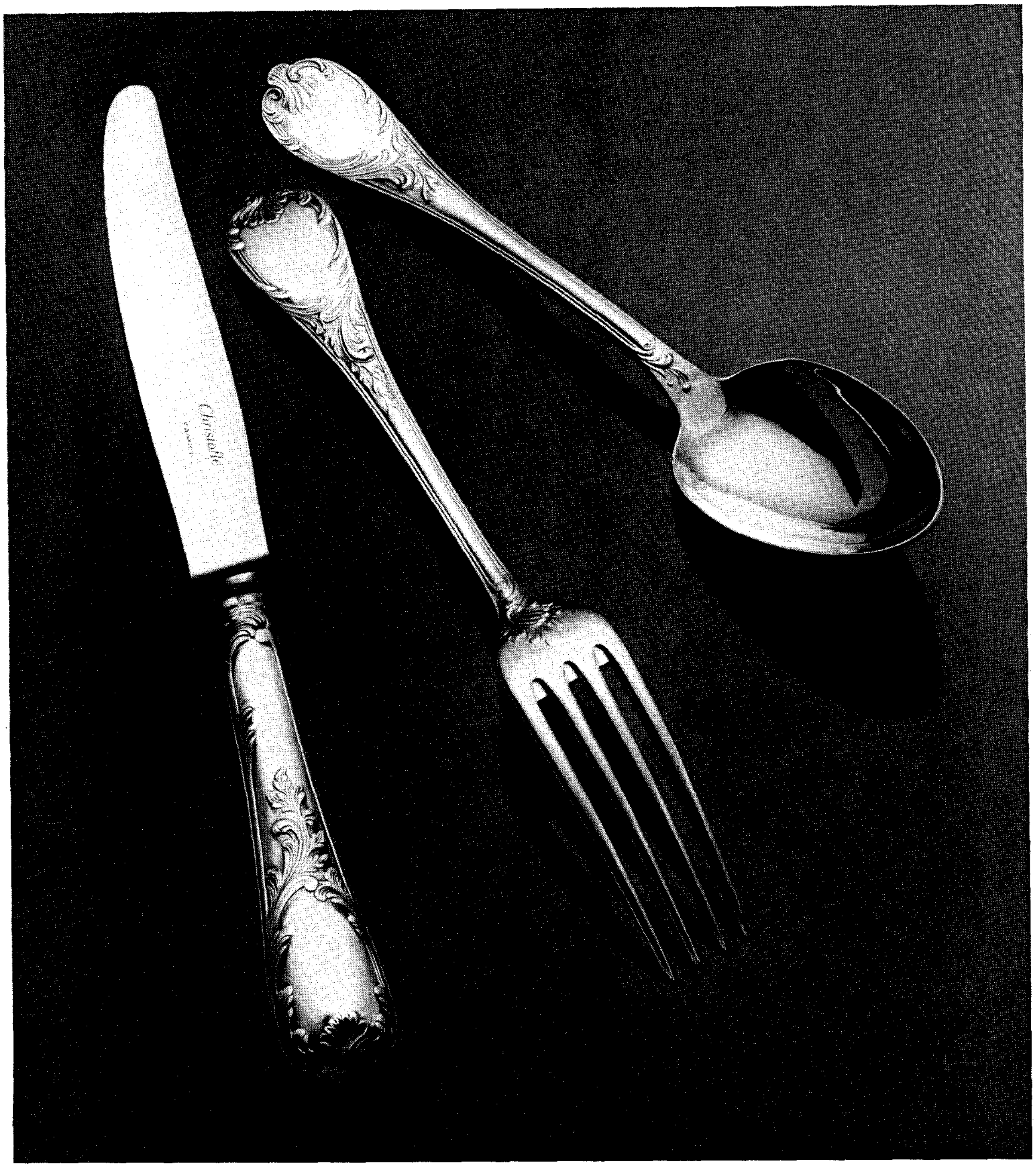

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Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livin' Dolls—A frisky little musical (words and music by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman) that ticks off beach-blanket movies and a number of other silly stereotypes as it tells us about amorous teen-agers in Hawaii. Richard Maltby, Jr., was the director, and John Lee Beatty designed the extremely witty scenery (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3)

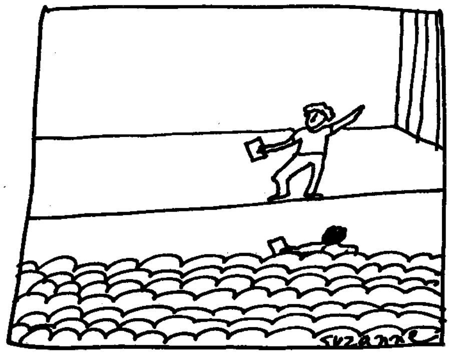
Mass Appeal—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two productions in two theatres. At Theatre Four: Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (424 W. 55th St. 246-8545 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ¶ At the Cherry Lane: Taken together, the small scenes of Leslie Lee's good play **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME** present a composite picture of black life in this country from the days of slavery to the bus boycott in Montgomery in 1956. The acting, under the direction of Horacena J. Taylor, is more than satisfactory. (4/12/82) (38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Othello—Though he claimed to have loved not wisely but too well, Othello knew little about love and poor Desdemona knew still less. James Earl Jones speaks his great lines with fitting dignity and Christopher Plummer makes an incomparable Iago. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paper Angels—A play by Genny Lim. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3 Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Pastorale—Deborah Eisenberg's comedy consists of the funny conversation of a number of young people who are house-sitting in the country for a year or so. Christine Estabrook, Judith Ivey, and Thomas Waites play the principal conversers, and they are very good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, 16th floor, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-8302 Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Closes Wednesday, April 21)



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Poor Little Lambs—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Solomon's Child—Anthony Zerbe, John McMartin, Joanna Merlin, and Evan Handler in a play by Tom Dulack. Staged by John Tillinger (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Three Acts of Recognition—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

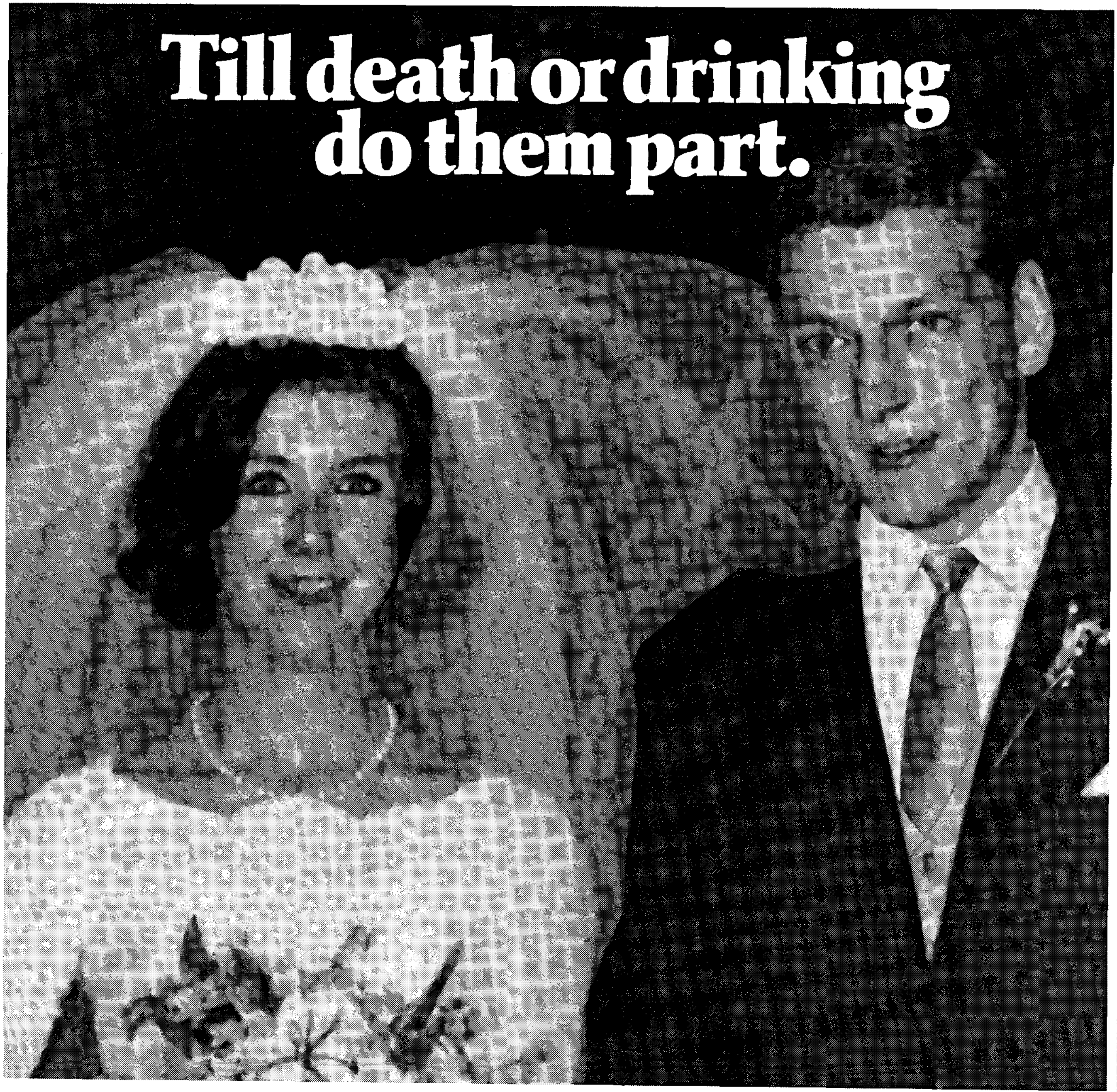
The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3)

Waltz of the Stork—Melvin Van Peebles in a quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education of Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The World of Ben Caldwell—Five short plays by Ben Caldwell. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. On Thursday, April 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and James N Stephens play the leads. (Longacre, 220 W 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3) . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2) . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,136 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3) **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom

Till death or drinking do them part.



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meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Circus—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 16, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 21, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 22, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, April 23, at 1:30 and 7:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show honoring the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes do their celebrated birdcalls. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 12. Monday, April 19, at 7:30: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "The Wild Boy" (New York première), "The Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Other Dances," "The Wild Boy," and "Les Rendezvous." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8: "Airs," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8: "Les Rendezvous," "The Wild Boy," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2: "Airs," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday, April 14; Friday, April 16; and Friday, April 23, at 8: "Airs," "Lost, Found & Lost" (première), and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8; Sunday, April 18, at 2:30; and Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Profiles," "3 Epitaphs," and "Orbs." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, and Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "Esplanade," "House of Cards," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, and Thursday, April 22, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Private Domain," and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, May 2.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by twelve companies. Friday, April 23, at 8: A Touch of Folklore and More, Calabash Dance Company, A Piece of the World, and Ko-Thi Dance Company, with drummer Chief Bey and narrator Lady Helena (O'Luoju) Walquer. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8: Charles Moore Dance Theatre, Izulu Dance Theatre, Sabar Akru-Afriq, and the Muntu Dance Theatre, with drummer Ladji Camara and narrator Lady Helena (O'Luoju) Walquer. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 2: Chuck Davis Dance Company, Art of Black Dance and Music, Women of the Calabash, and Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers, with narrator Lady Helena (O'Luoju) Walquer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bowyer & Bruggeman American Ballet Comedie—A seven-member troupe in a program that blends comedy with both classical and modern dance styles. (The Space, City Center, 135 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 14, and Friday, April 16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 2. . . . **MUNA TSENG & DANCERS:** Wednesday, April 21, and Friday, April 23, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 2. . . . **GREENHOUSE DANCE ENSEMBLE:** Thursday, April 22, and Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will head up a trio; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, pianist Adele Foster will work with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **EMILY REMLER,** a fine young bebop guitarist—in a short time, she's become the East Coast Mary Osborne—performs with a trio through Sunday, April 18. Monday, April 19, will belong to guitarist Paul Livant. On Tuesday, April 20, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** will arrive with a quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, April 14, Brazilian jazz-rock with singer **FLORA PURIM,** percussionist **AIRTO MOREIRA,** and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL;** Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, Jeff Lorber's Fusion and comic Chris Rush; Saturday, April 17, Robinson's Mysteries; Sunday, April 18, the Bongos and FX; Tuesday, April 20, the June Millington band and folksinger Ellen McIlwaine's band; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan, with blues singer, guitarist, and fiddler **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN** on Wednesday and with Ellen McIlwaine on Thursday. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** works with bassist **RON MC CLURE** through Saturday, April 17; pianist **DICK HYMAN** will do a one-night stand on Sunday, April 18. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty *compadres,* **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** are here to stay (for three months, anyway) in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, April 14, Hands Thru Glass, Historic Doubts, Bete Noir, and the Dischords; Thursday, April 15, Jay Rhank & Gomer Phyle, the Fiends, and the Out Group; Friday, April 16, the Sorrows, the Cooties, and The Letter E; and Saturday, April 17, Steel Tips. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**alberta hunter,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, pianist and debonair straight-arrow baritone **ronny whyte** performs songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, April 14, Jim Mageeam and Johnny Collins; Thursday, April 15, the Neverly Brothers; Saturday, April 17, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys; Sunday, April 18, Mary Reynolds and Bob Zaidman; Wednesday, April 21, Brendan Mulvihill and Terry O'Neill; Thursday, April 22, the Lazy Aces String Band; and Saturday, April 24, the Central Park Sheiks. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 18, vibraharpist Harry Sheppard, who sang with a group called Four Hits and a Miss some thirty years back, will lead a quartet from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Percussion wizard **ray barretto** guides an eleven-piece Latin-jazz band through Sunday, April 18; on Tuesday, April 20, pianist and singer **les mc cann** will come in with his group. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, **maria muldaur** (at eight and eleven); Friday, April 16, **george gerdes** and his All Male Vegetarian Orchestra; Saturday, April 17, Charlie King and Cyd Slotoroff; Sunday, April 18, Therese Edell; Tuesday, April 20, Cliff Eberhardt (at eleven); Wednesday, April 21, Jim Post and Randy Sabien; Thursday, April 22, Karen Satin and the Bed Sheets; Friday, April 23, Frank Christian; and Saturday, April 24, **mimi fariña** and David Massengill. Two shows, at about nine and midnight, every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, April 14, singer Carol Fredette, with a duo; Thursday through Saturday, April 15-17, R. & B. and jazz singer **ruth brown;** Monday, April 19, bassist **bob cunningham,** pianist **bross townsend,** and singer Debbie Manzella and dancer Lonnetta Gaines; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, singer Sathima Bea Benjamin; Thursday, April 22, singer Maggie Swank; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, soul singer **maxine brown.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **joe puma** works with pianist **hod o'brien,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **chuck wayne** begins performing at ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **brooks kerr** plays stride piano and sings.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. Trombonist Tom Artin's trio is on hand through Saturday, April 17; on Tuesday, April 20, **al haig,** one of the first and still one of the best bebop pianists, will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **nina sheldon,** a lively singer and pianist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **art hodes,** whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, **dill jones** plays piano. Sets Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **marty napoleon** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Pianist Chuck Folds alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Wednesday, April 14, a band named Jersey Bounce performs. On Fridays and Saturdays, **randy weston,** a wonderful pianist whose influences come from Ellington, Monk, and North African rhythms, leads his quartet. On Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, dancer **al mims** will be on hand, too. On Thursdays, a young octet, the **new york samba band,** plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo.* Music from about eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **max kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. They're listening to super bassist **ron carter,** who performs with pianist **john hicks** through Saturday, April 17, and with pianist **richard wyands,** beginning Tuesday, April 20. Sundays and Mondays, **junior mance** and **marty rivera,** another first-rate piano-bass duo, keep the good listeners listening. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, April 14, the Texas-swing band **asleep at the wheel;** Thursday, April 15, singer Gary Morris; Sunday and Monday, April 18-19, **commander cody,** the country-rock pianist, who will work from a repertoire that one hopes will include "Mama Hated Diesels," "Kentucky Hills of Tennessee," "Seeds and Stems (Again)," "Lost in the Ozone," and "Hot Rod Lincoln;" Wednesday, April 21, which is San Jacinto Day, a national holiday in Texas, Tex-Mex-rock singer and guitarist **joe (king) carrasco;** and Thursday, April 22, R. & B. singer **martha reeves.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A practically brand-new jazz club that already has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **clifford jordan** and pianist **barry harris** co-pilot a hard-bop quartet through Saturday, April 17. On Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, alto saxophonist **paquito d'rivera,** whose tone isn't quite as full-bodied as, say, Lou Donaldson's but whose unexpected, energetic, oozing glissandos are pleasing enough, will perform with his quintet, which is full of energy, too. His conga player uses not one, not two, but four conga drums and, along with the rest of the band, lots of body English. Mr. d'Rivera and his musicians form a small, flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz band that plays out-and-out intense, wildly rhythmic music executed with splashing cymbals and exaggerated gestures, smiles, and act-of-creation grimaces. On Wednesday, April 21, tenor saxophonist **chico freeman** will bring in his band, which will feature **jay hoggard** on vibes and **cecil mcbee** on bass. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Sundays are devoted to a new big band directed by **cecil taylor,** and it goes off at nine-thirty and midnight. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **helen o'connell,** who'll no doubt be singing "Tangerine," "Green Eyes," and "Amapola." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**chris connor,** who sang with the Stan Kenton band in the fifties, is now paying tribute to his music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, Jocelyn Brown; Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, **eric gale,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and his reggae band; Sunday, April 18, String Fever; Tuesday, April 20, Carla White; Thursday, April 22, Grace Testani; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. B. Willie Smith's R. & B. band performs on Wednesday, April 14; **sonny terry** and **brownie mc ghee,** the urbane country bluesmen who've played, sung, hooted, and stamped together for decades, are here, playing, singing, hooting, and stamping Friday through Sunday, April 16-18; Tuesday, April 20, will belong to Grover Kemble and Za Zu Zaz; Wednesday, April 21, guitarist **ryo kawasaki** will lead his quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl will be onstage. Thursdays are claimed by the wonderful R. & B. band the **encyclopedia of soul.** Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**jimmy lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which func-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Friday, April 16, the Bongos; Saturday, April 17, Orange Juice and Native Tongue; Sunday, April 18, the Stimulators; Wednesday, April 21, Latin-jazz pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI;** Thursday, April 22, John Cooper Clarke; and Saturday, April 24, Human Switchboard. Music from about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, April 14, the Nitecaps, Urban Blight, and the Drive-Ins; Thursday, April 15, Marshall Crenshaw and the Lenny Kaye Connection; Friday, April 16, Pete Shelley (at eight and eleven); Saturday, April 17, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS;** Sunday, April 18, Mike Oldfield (at nine); Tuesday, April 20, Rita Marley (at seven and midnight); Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, the Teardrop Explodes, Pylon, and the dB's; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, **FLESHTONES.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "More of Loesser," a revue honoring Frank Loesser tunes, is under way. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley constitute the cast. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday, April 14, the Avery Sharpe-Jon Blake band; Thursday, April 15, Brazilian guitarist and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO;** Friday, April 16, pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** quintet; Saturday, April 17, **MIKE MAINIERI** and **WARREN BERNHARDT;** Sunday, April 18, Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO;** Tuesday, April 20, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** Wednesday, April 21, drummer **JIMMY MADISON'S** group; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** and his dissonance-and-blues band, the **DECODING SOCIETY.** *Music from nine-thirty.*

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano duets; and Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, the Lillias White–Dave Hopkins trio will perform. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Two hard-driving ex-Basie-ites, trombonist **AL GREY** and tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE,** are in charge of a quintet through Saturday, April 17; on Sunday and Monday, April 18-19, the **RICHARD SUDHALTER** quintet will be on the stand; and on Tuesday, April 20, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** will bring in his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). **CHARLES BROWN,** an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties—his big hit was "Driftin' Blues"—is in the midst of a rare New York visit. He's singing here Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, April 18, the Nighthawks, a Washington, D.C., blues and rockabilly quintet, will drop in. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, April 14, Otis Telson and Pe-Dant-Iks; Thursday, April 15, the Thirteenth Street Band; Friday, April 16, No Guitars and Blotto; Saturday, April 17, Urban Blight; Tuesday, April 20, Tommy Boyce; Wednesday, April 21, China Davis and Mark McMillan; Thursday, April 22, Dick Wagner; Friday, April 23, Shrapnel and Saint; and Saturday, April 24, the Moberlys and the Messengers. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room: on April 19, there will be two bands, **LA SENSUAL** and the **EDDIE PALMIERI ORCHESTRA,** and one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD.** On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** is back with his trio through Sunday, April 18; and on Tuesday, April 20, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his spiritual-enlightenment hard-bop quartet will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

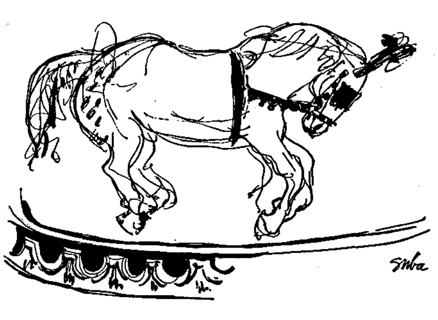
WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Michell Rothchild has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Guitarist Mike Peters heads his hot-jazz sextet through Sunday, April 18; Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, will be claimed by saxophonist Percy France; and on Wednesday, April 21, trombonist-vocalist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist-vocalist **EARLE WARREN,** two mainstays of the Basie band in the late thirties and the forties, will come in with their Basie-esque quintet, the **COUNTSMEN.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM—With Carlos Ward. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 15, at 8.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Teddy Wilson, Buddy Tate, Phil Bodner, Milt Hinton, Gene Bertoncini, and Oliver Jackson. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 15, at 8.)



ROLAND HANNA—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 16, at 6. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.

GLORIA DENNARD—With Bross Townsend, Calvin Hill, Bill Saxton, and Kenwood Dennard. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, April 18, at 2:30. For tickets, call 722-8223.)

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN—With Larry Coryell, Michal Urbaniak, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8.)

DANIEL PONCE & NEW YORK NOW—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at *68th St. Friday, April 23, at 8. For information* about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

MACEO PARKER SEPTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 11:30.

SHEENA EASTON—With Gerard Kenny. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, April 24, at 9.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Lloyd McNeill quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Bobby Watson quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 16: Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17: Andrew Cyrille. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23: Commitment, with Jason Hwang, Zen Matsura, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24: Anthony Davis and James Newton. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Duke Ellington's last composition, "Three Black Kings," as well as excerpts from his sacred music, performed by the Duke Ellington Band, led by Mercer Ellington; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; McHenry Boatwright; the John Anthony Choir; and others. The beneficiary is the Duke Ellington Fund. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, April 18, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLIAM ANASTASI—Collage (extracts from the artist's diaries) on canvas. Through April 30. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Paintings and works on paper (female nudes and still-lifes) by a realist. Through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Thirteen oil *sketches of landscapes, recently discovered in* a private collection in England. Through May 8. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Antique game boards, bronze castings of wooden mannequins, doll heads, and other old curiosity-shop items are *incorporated in this artist's wall construc*tions. Through Saturday, April 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Large oils from the past year, done with a somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

RUSSELL GORDON—Acrylic paintings that look as if layers of wallpaper, wrapping paper, decorative cardboard, and the like had been superimposed on one another. Through Saturday, April 17. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Twenty-three paintings on canvas and on paper, including examples of the artist's "Pictographs" of the forties and the "Burst" series of the sixties and seventies. Through Thursday, April 22. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Fifteen large-scale semi-abstract oils incorporating nude figures. Through Saturday, April 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Three-dimensional paintings. Through May 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALEXEJ JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait

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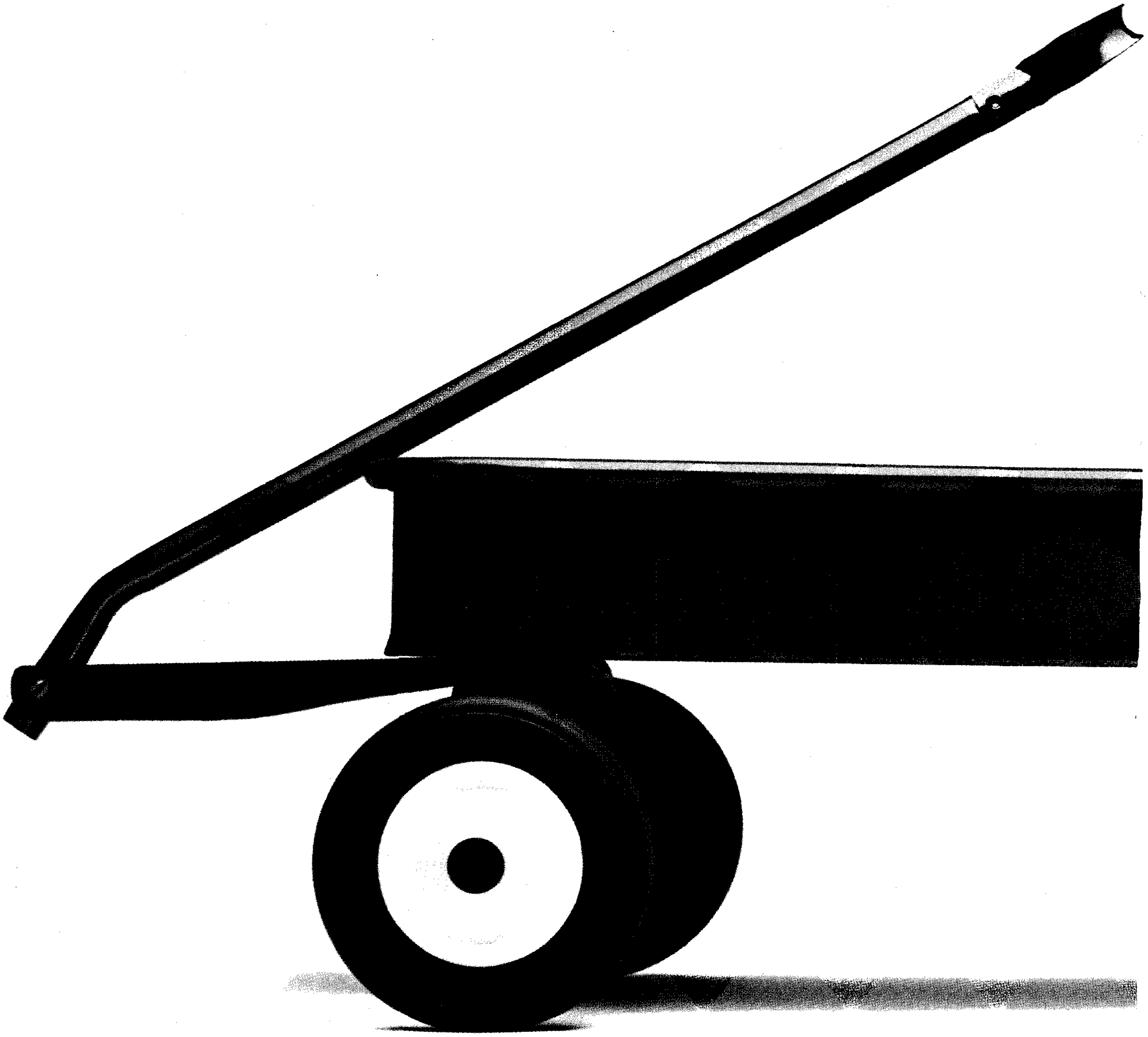

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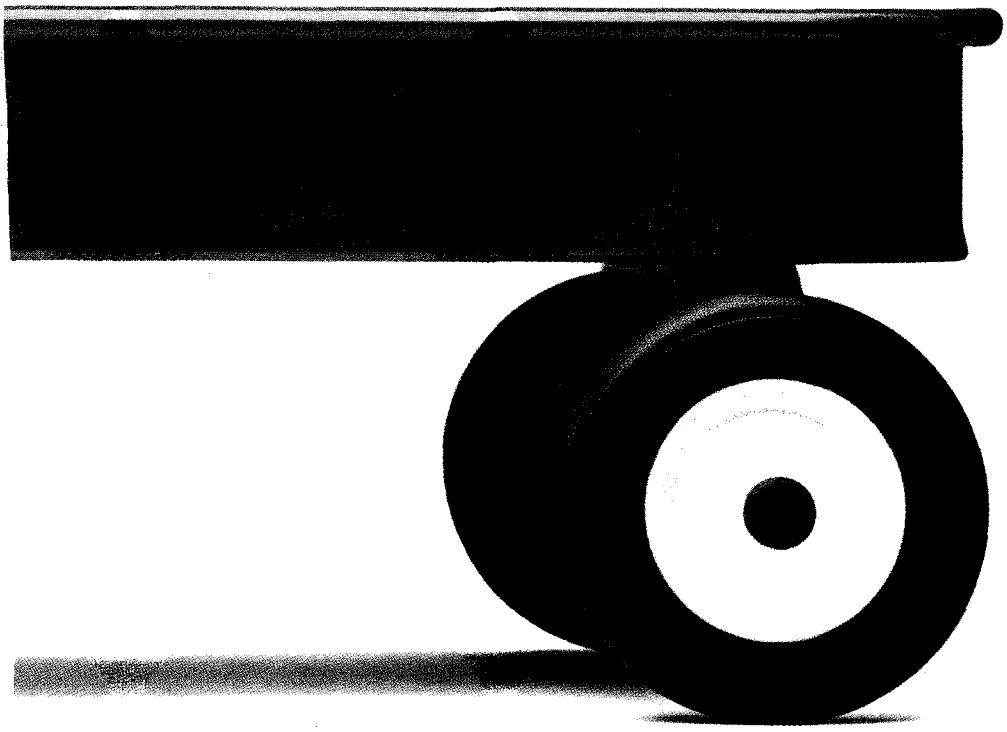

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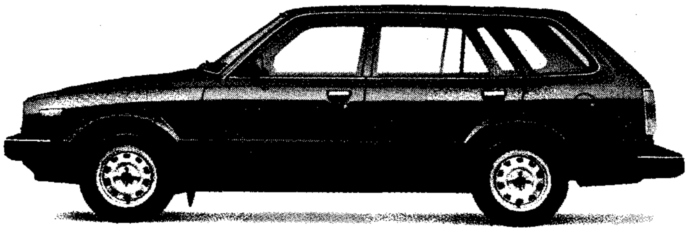

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heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Lester Johnson—"Groups Walking, 1981," new paintings from his ongoing series on pedestrians. Through May 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—Recent abstract paintings in mixed mediums, representing a departure from the checkerboard patterns usually associated with this artist. Through May 8. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Relatively small bronzes on Biblical themes—the prodigal's return, David and Goliath, and so on. Through May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Juan Martinez—Victims of some nameless oppression are the subjects of these paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and paper overlaid with gauze. Through Saturday, April 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Recent paintings. Through May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches the artist painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through May 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Etchings, aquatints, and drypoints from the artist's estate. Through May 8. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Through May 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

James Rosenquist—A mural-size painting depicting (l. to r.) an upside-down sack of groceries, a ladle of molten steel coming through a window, and a battery of lipsticks. Through Saturday, April 17. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick / Hermann Dudley Murphy (1867-1945)—Abstract compositions, some of them combining needle and thread with pen and ink. / Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Boston painter who was a quite successful and influential academician. Through Saturday, April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kikuo Saito / William Roberts (1895-1980)—Abstract canvases with a twist or two of Oriental-looking calligraphy in the foreground. / Oil paintings in the Vorticist manner, including battle scenes from the First World War, by an English artist who participated in it. Through May 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Kendall Shaw—Large, layered abstract paintings combining a grid motif, spatterwork, and tiny mirrors. Through Saturday, April 17. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

John Wesley—Recent gouaches on paper and acrylics on canvas. Through May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A *hundred items produced at the Bauhaus* studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also, a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. . . . **gibson,** 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (including Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, and Janet Rifkin) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Works by sixteen American realists, Andrew Wyeth, Shirl Goedike, and Robert Cottingham among them. More than half of the artists represented are newcomers to the gallery. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **mazoh,** 13 E. 76th St.: Works by a dozen or so artists—Rothko, Dubuffet, Jasper Johns, Kandinsky, Hockney—not to mention an unbaked terra-cotta head by Picasso. Through April 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French art (1600-1900) not well known here, consisting of forty-nine paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight artists, organized by the gallery in concert with four Paris galleries. Through May 1. . . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists (Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, Ilya Bolotowsky). Through May 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Painted sculptures by three abstract artists: Mary Ann Unger and Charles Searles (wood), and Charles Seplowin (steel). Through May 4. . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings (by Dufy, Ensor, and Utrillo, among others) and sculptures by Jean Arp. Through April 30.

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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964) / **Katherine Schmidt** (1898-1978)—Fifteen or so metal and stone sculptures, primarily female figures in the round, plus paintings and drawings. / Figure and landscape drawings. Through Saturday, April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frank Auerbach / Henry Moore—Twenty-three oils and seven large portrait drawings. / Ten sculptures: two are marble, and the rest bronze. Through Saturday, April 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin—Recent sculptures and watercolors with Biblical and classical themes. Through Friday, April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Charles Biederman—Painted-aluminum wall constructions. Through May 8. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Farrell Brickhouse / Pinchas Cohen Gan—Large-scale painted wall constructions, plus painted works on paper. / Paintings. Through May 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through May 8. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani / Maurice Golubov—Large landscapes in which the components—mountains, canyons, riverbeds, even trees—are shown in layers like the features on a topographical map. The artist calls the system "Volumetric." / Abstract paintings by an artist now in his late seventies who keeps to the paths of Constructivism. Through April 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crowder—Soft-looking marble pillows grouped together, plus charcoal drawings of stacked bales of hay silhouetted against a bleak Scottish sky. Through April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

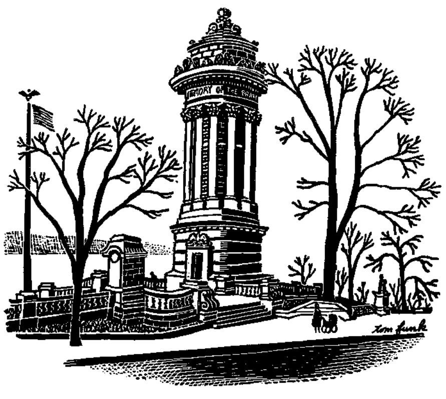
Dorothy Dehner—Abstract sculptures: three are Corten steel, the remaining are bronzes. Also pen-and-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Don Dudley—Strips of Homosote painted in various colors and nailed up in decorative arrangements. Through Saturday, April 24. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Dana Garrett—Monochromatic oils and black-and-white photographs. Through May 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Grant—Just in time for Easter, heavy-duty tulips in freestanding sculptures made of wood and plaster and painted in seasonal colors, plus sculptured abstract houses decorated with other flowers, and paintings of outsize flowers. Through Saturday, April 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Abstractions (on translucent handmade paper) inspired by windy days on Lake Michigan. Some of them hang suspended from the ceiling. Through May 8. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)



George Harkins—Large-scale watercolors of the woodlands surrounding Woodstock, New York, and aerial views of Manhattan. Through April 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jene Highstein—Vigorous pastels by a sculptor, done in bright colors on paper. Through Saturday, April 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jess—More or less straightforward oil paintings done some years ago, before this artist settled down to the elaborate collages he is best known for. Through April 30. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Paintings, pastels, and drawings in crayon by a Photo-Realist who takes his subjects from everyday life. Through Saturday, April 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Anselm Kiefer—Recent paintings. Through May 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff / Robert Younger—Drawings and models for four public projects, one of them for a wall mural at the subway stop in Harvard Square. / An installation consisting of a half-scale plaster copy of the Fat Man (Hiroshima) atomic bomb; a vastly magnified human sperm, made of wood; and, filling up the ceiling, a black plywood copy of a child's paper airplane. Through Saturday, April 24. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Still-lifes cut out of wood with a jigsaw, painted, and affixed to wooden panels, with corny puns lettered here and there on the works. Through Thursday, April 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Huge studies of nudes by a painter who works so close to his subjects that odd perspectives result. Through April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Joel Perlman / Larry Poons—Steel and bronze sculptures of assorted geometric shapes assembled in a rectangular format. Through May 1. / New paintings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jan Sawka—Paintings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—New sculptures, including a series in which the artist renders Cézanne still-lifes in three dimensions. Also drawings and pastels. Through April 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Snyder—Large new abstract paintings in which African masks turn up as occasional emblems. Through Saturday, April 24. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Landscapes and figures are seen in these prints and works on paper (which are mainly oil wash and pastel). Through May 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—"Still-Life and Architecture" is the title of this show of recent works, which include a number of tables, paintboxes, and easels cluttered with pencils, brushes, ink bottles, and various other appointments, all carved in wood and colored. Through May 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Mostly large-scale oils of flowers and city scenes, in which the artist uses as his canvas vinyl asbestos floor tiles and Masonite. Through May 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Tigerman / Siet Zuyderland—Architectural models and drawings for projects both real and imagined. / Drawings of the wrack that washes up on the shores of Majorca, by a Dutch realist. Through May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

George Woodman—Open-ended designs worked out on paper and meant for ceramics, plus pattern paintings done on screens, all in unusually delicate colors. Through Saturday, April 24. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by British artists (roughly 1800 to the nineteen-forties): William Blake, William Holman Hunt, Walter Sickert, and Laura Knight, to name a few. Through Saturday, April 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Milton Avery, Richard Pousette-Dart, Sonia Delaunay, Picasso, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sixteen others. Through May 1. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Europeans, including Klimt, Kollwitz, Schiele, and Mihaesco. Through May 15. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: A fiftieth-anniversary exhibition with representative paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Maurice Freedman, Philip Evergood, Paul Cadmus, and others. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St., and in SoHo at 113 Greene St.: A roundup of paintings by American artists who underwent the Paris experience in the first half of this century, ranging from Henri and Stuart Davis to Olitski and Youngerman. Through Saturday, April 24.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Baynard—Quick oil-and-pencil sketches of the human figure, sometimes shown in a shoulder-to-shoulder row across the canvas. Through May 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Mel Bochner / James Casebere—Paintings on canvas (using charcoal, Conté crayon, and, occasionally, pastel) of abstract geometric shapes. / Photographs. Through Saturday, April 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Fritz Bultman / Daphne Mumford—Collages of painted paper cutouts done over the past decade. / Large charcoal drawings, entitled "Death Dream Series," depicting nudes sleeping peacefully beside skeletons. Through April 28. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Deborah Butterfield / Anthony Sorce—Life-size horses made of wire fencing crimped into shape, with molten aluminum sloshed onto the wire to form a strange kind of skin. / Paper-thin acrylic paint film laid out in abstract collages on wooden panels which are then shaped to fit the composition. Through Saturday, April 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Cote—Recent paintings by an abstract artist who has worked out a seemingly infinite variety of ways to break up space. Through April 28. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Peter Dean / Larry Nelson—Paintings of tragic events, such as the assassinations of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also a portrait of John Lennon. / Realist watercolors of storefronts and barbershops. Through May 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Charles Garabedian / Janis Provisor—Paintings of clumsy-looking nudes seen in classical landscapes. Through April 28. / Textural paintings and works on paper. Through May 5. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Paintings (color abstractions) and works on paper, all from the past year. Through Saturday, April 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Shirley Gorelick—Outsize portraits of the same married couple posing together in their home and separately in their offices. There is a nine-foot triptych of the woman. Through April 28. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

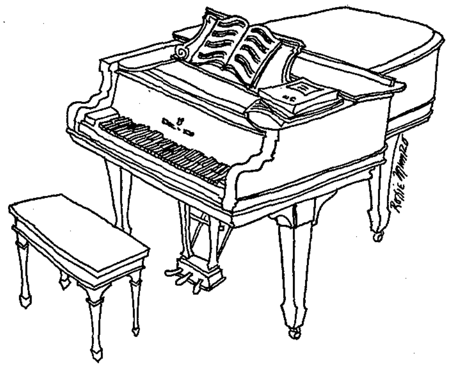
April Gornik—Large oils depicting imaginary landscapes. Through May 8. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Jane Greengold—"Fight Grid Lock," sixty conceptual pieces (sculptures and works on paper) in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, April 22. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Miyoko Ito—Abstract oil paintings by an artist whose geometric forms seem to recede deep into the picture plane. Through Saturday, April 24. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Bernd Koberling—Paintings of bleak landscapes and tough-looking aquatic birds—reflections, perhaps, of the long tramps the artist has taken over the Lapland wastes. Through May 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Joseph Kosuth / Richard Serra—Photographs of northern European High Renaissance art by a conceptual artist. / A model for an outdoor sculpture and large-scale drawings. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Castelli's 142 Greene Street gallery is also showing work by Mr. Serra: Two huge (ten feet high and eighty-five feet long) Corten-steel curves placed far enough apart so that one may stroll between and around them. All three shows through Saturday, April 24.



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Peter Mackie—Abstract airbrush paintings on canvas which give the illusion of being three-dimensional. Through April 25. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Martha Margulis / Westa Delagi—Large, Impressionist landscapes with a swirl of misty action in the middleground. / Faces of children painted four or five times their normal size. Through Sunday, April 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ Close-up color photographs of seedpods, by Harriet Gans, occupy the front gallery here.

Graham Nickson—Panoramic paintings of beach scenes of the Baltic and the North Atlantic by a realist; a recurring figure is that of a woman removing a sweater or jacket. Through Saturday, April 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Large glass screens etched with images of exotic plant life, among other works. Through Saturday, April 24. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Milo Reice—Large paintings on this artist's usual mythological and classical themes. This time he has dealt with the likes of Santa Claus and Cupid and Psyche. Through Saturday, April 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Wade Saunders / Ronnie Landfield—The artist's concepts, done in bronze sculptures, of suitable lamps, vases, sconces, and other fixtures for those panel trucks fitted out as mobile homes. / New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka / G. Gerry Griffin—Wall and floor sculptures (combining plaster, string, and acrylics, among other mediums) in which the artist uses the triangle as her take-off point. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Alan Shields—Recent work. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Stackhouse—Huge watercolors of boat construction, with the various parts handsomely rendered, plus an installation that includes a real canoe with crenellations sawed into its side, hanging from the ceiling. Through April 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Francesc Torres—Charcoal drawings of big, heavy nineteen-fifties automobiles, which the artist sees as symbols of political strength or weakness. Through April 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Cy Twombly—New works on paper which continue his explorations of mythological themes. Through May 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov—Works on paper from the past fifty years by this veteran artist, now in his eighties. They range from a sketch of a Paris hotel room in 1933 to geometric abstractions done in recent years. Through April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE,** 417 and 420 West Broadway: Works by eleven gallery artists, including David Salle, Julian Schnabel, and Gary Stephan. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have exhibited here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MARINO,** 489 Broome St.: Three-dimensional Masonite-and-acrylic paintings by Gary Bandy, paintings and drawings by Donald Cole, and photographs by Charles Hovland. Through April 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Ray Ciarrochi—Sixteen monotypes with the life and work of Nijinsky as their theme. Through May 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Larry Fuente / Alexis Smith—An environmental installation commenting on nuclear annihilation. / Collages and paintings using Chinatown wares. Through May 1. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Rikuro Okamoto—Fibre-glass sculptures cast from Central Park rocks and virtually indistinguishable from them. Through April 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Giuseppe Penone—Three sculptures and a drawing based on nature. Through May 15. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alex McFarlane—Recent black-and-white abstract drawings that maintain the high standards of this slow-working, patient artist. / Imaginative architectural models (including the "Tomb of the Unknown Artist") carved from solid blocks of graphite. Through Saturday, April 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Drawings done in Egypt in the sixties. Through May 5. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows— At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park S.: The fortieth annual Audubon Artists show of oils and sculptures. Through Tuesday, April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Drawings by twenty artists who have made them to illustrate movement, either for sculptures or dance—the score for Lucinda Childs' "Relative Calm" is one. Other contributors include Robert Wilson and Remy Charlip. Through May 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptural reliefs by John Ahearn, Jedd Garet, Robert Longo, and George Segal. Through Friday, April 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Doisneau—Forty-five black-and-white portraits taken for the most part during the fifties. Through May 14. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lee Friedlander / John Pfahl—"Factory Valleys": landscapes and portraits taken in and around the industrial regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. / Dye-transfer prints of landscapes, plus other works. Through May 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Ralph Weiss—Botanical wildlife (mushrooms, seedpods, vines) photographed close up. Through Saturday, April 24. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum coöperative. Only half of the hundred black-and-whites have been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . ¶ A second show contains photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages taken from 1973 to 1978 by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Three photographers—Martin Benjamin, Eric Lindbloom, and Neil Trager. Through April 25. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocuses by Paul Caponigro, and more. Through Saturday, April 24. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: One work each by Sheila Metzner, Eliot Porter, Tod Papageorge, and other photographers who have exhibited here during the past five years. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Landscapes (Jacob van Ruisdael's "View of Grainfields with a Distant Town"), still-lifes (Adriaen Coorte's "Wild Strawberries in a Wan Li Bowl"), harbor activities, church interiors, and other period scenes. Hendrick Avercamp, Meyndert Hobbema, and Aelbert Cuyp are among the other artists represented. Starts Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (A complementary show is at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery, 429 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, Julian Schnabel, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through Sunday, April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his exhibit of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. In addition, sports memorabilia: the 1938 Maserati Wilbur Shaw drove at Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940, and Johnny Weissmuller's five Olympic gold medals. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the connoisseur-members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads, one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through May 9.

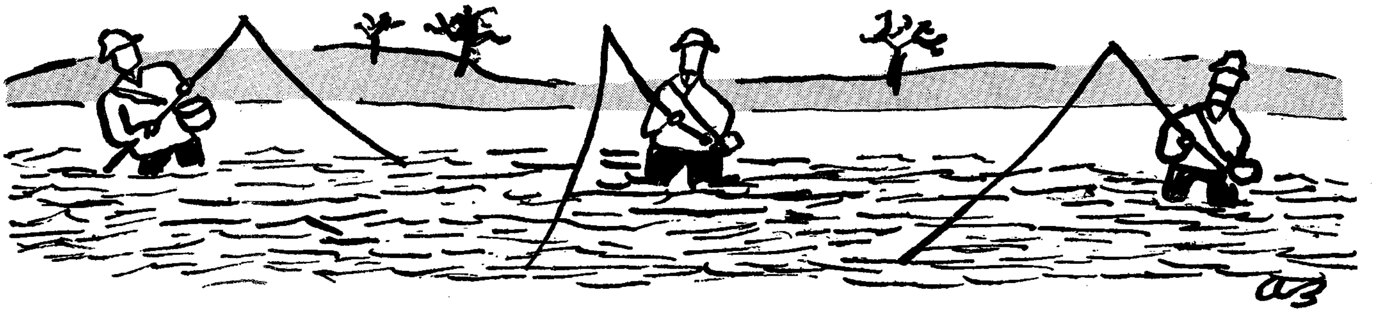
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the eleven cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through Saturday, April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An original copy of the Declaration of Independence, recently acquired by the library in an act of patriotism and heavy cash, is on display in the East Room. . . . ¶ Fifty-five recently acquired drawings, ranging from Hieronymus Lang (1520-82) to Egon Schiele (1890-1918), and including a rare Rembrandt nude. Through Sunday, April 18. . . . ¶ The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through Sunday, April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a



Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, including "Ruin at Daphne" on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through May 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, *noon to 5.)*

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Sailing Ships in Dutch Prints: Four Centuries of Naval Art from the Rijksmuseum," a show of more than ninety etchings, engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts done from 1550 to 1900. Starts Friday, April 16. . . . ¶ A display of eighty cast-iron stoves manufactured in the Albany area in the mid-nineteenth century, when stovemaking was at its zenith. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Conceptual works by second-generation Fluxus artists. . . . ¶ Installations by Bruce Charlesworth and by Tad Savinar. Both shows through May 15.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—P. D. Burwell (performance), Thursday, April 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Guillaume Bijl. Through May 11.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—David Warrilow (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 16-18, at 8:30; Joseph Celli and Stuart Dempster (music), Monday, April 19, at 8:30; Robert Dick and Jan Williams (music), Tuesday, April 20, at 8:30; Dana Reitz & Dancers, Thursday, April 22, at 7:30; Don Letts (videotapes of New Wave entertainment). . . . ¶ A video installation by Stuart Marshall, through Saturday, April 24.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Performance artists Sundays from 1 to 6.

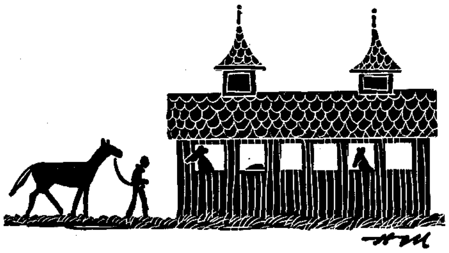
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall *362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for* Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410, and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Eleanor Bergquist, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; conducted by Bernard Haitink. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Angeles Gulin, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Ara Berberian; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Thomas Stewart and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, April 14: "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Christopher Keene.



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. . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: The company's première of Offenbach's "The Grand *Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with* Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Brent Ellis, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Sheryl Woods, Vinson Cole, and Stephen Dickson; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 18: A new production of Cherubini's "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 20: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, *Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings;* Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21: "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "La Bohème," with Catherine Lamy, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Medea," with Grace Bumbry, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Boris Martinovich; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler, and Douglas Perry; Antonio de Almeida. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, May 2.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Offenbach's "Marriage by Lantern Light," in English, and the American première of Alexander Zemlinsky's "Eine Florentinische Tragödie," in German. Conducted by John Crosby and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, *Zubin Mehta conducting*—Thursday, April 15, at 8; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8; and Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30: A program of music by Vivaldi, Hindemith, Falla, and Stravinsky, with Joaquin Achucarro, piano and harpsichord, and Charles Rex, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8; Friday, April 23, at 2; and Tuesday, April 27, at 7:30: A Bach-Berg-Wagner program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Peter Wimberger, bass.

National Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Mstislav Rostropovich conducting three all-Tchaikovsky programs. Wednesday, April 14, at 8: Polonaise from "Eugene Onegin," Violin Concerto, and Symphony No. 4; with Aaron Rosand, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: Coronation March, Overture from "Romeo and Juliet," and the Manfred Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: A performance of the opera "Iolanta," in concert form, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Chester Ludgin, baritone; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and Dimiter Petkov, bass.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8, performances of Berlioz' Requiem, with John Aler, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8, a benefit performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.)

Mannes Wind Ensemble—*Per Brevig conducting.* (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, April 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony Orchestra Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting with Misha Dichter, *piano.* (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 17, at 8, and Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing, with Ruth Laredo, piano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, April 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with April Evans, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; David Montefiore, tenor; Michael Burt and Jay Willoughby, basses; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

Cathedral Singers—Richard Westenburg directing. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the *Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.* Sunday, April 18, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Music from Ravinia—The last in a series of programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; James Buswell, violin, Michael Ouzounian, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Michelle Zukovsky, clarinet; and James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of French baroque music. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

Doris Hays—Piano, with Yuval Waldman, violin, and John Graham, viola. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music played on original instruments. With Anner Bylsma, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, April 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

American String Quartet—With Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 18, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 3.)

Adolovni Acosta—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, April 17, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

Frans Brueggen, Anner Bylsma, and John Gibbons—Recorder/baroque flute, baroque cello, and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

Minna Pöllänen—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Laurie Smukler, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Stephen Kates, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Artur Balsam and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, at 7:30.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, in the second of three all-Bach recitals with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 8.)

Steve Reich and Musicians—A program including Mr. Reich's recent work "Tehillim." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, April 19, at 7.)

Haydn on Original Instruments—The last in a series of programs, this one performed by Sonya Monosoff, baroque violin; John Hsu, baroque cello; and Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 19, at 8.)

Peter Schreier—Tenor, in an all-lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

Donald Pirone—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 20, at 2.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Mozart-Schumann-Brahms program performed by Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 8.)

Early Music—Alexander Blachly directing a group of singers and instrumentalists from Sarah Lawrence College. With LaNoue Davenport, recorder; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; and Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Tuesday, April 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Capricorn—A program of vocal and instrumental music by J. S. Bach and his sons. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, April 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jubal Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8.)

Yuli Turovsky and Luba Edlina—Cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

Aston Magna—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music by American composers, this one devoted to works by Elliott Carter, Charles Wuorinen, Arnold Schoenberg, Conrad Cummings, and Joseph Ness. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—Jens Nygaard directing an all-Schubert program, with Oscar Shumsky, violin and viola, and the Mendelssohn Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 23, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Renaissance music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 25, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the quartet and string orchestra. With the String Revival, conducted by Howard Shanet, and the Mendelssohn String Quartet, and with commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Edward Carroll—Trumpet, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Fitzwilliam String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the American première of the Shostakovich cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Robert Miller—Among the participants honoring the late pianist Robert Miller will be Charles Wuorinen, Alan Feinberg, Bethany Beardslee, Ursula Oppens, Harvey Sollberger, and Joel Krosnick. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 14, at 7:30.)

International Trio—Three performances by the Japanese dancer Min Tanaka, the British guitarist Derek Bailey, and the American percussionist Milford Graves. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 8, and Friday, April 23, at 10.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, April 16, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, April 24, at 2.

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 15, at 8:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, April 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Friday, April 16, at 7:35.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 24.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17; the Bold Ruler, Sunday, April 18; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 24.

Running—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 19.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 18, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

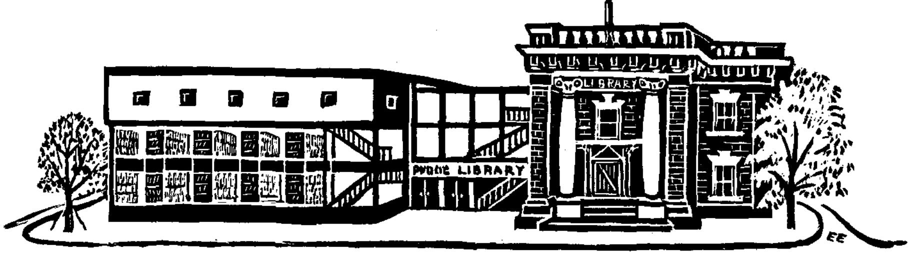
Poetry Readings—At the **DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM:** Dennis Schmitz and Paul Zimmer reading from their own works, Thursday, April 15, at 6:30. . . . ¶ Bill Knott reading from his own works, Monday, April 19, at 5:30. . . . ¶ Tomas Tranströmer reading from his own works, in both Swedish and English, Tuesday, April 20, at 6:30. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . **ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE:** Seven Dutch poets—J. Bernlef, Remco Campert, Hans Plomp, Jules Deelder, Bert Schierbeck, Judith Herzberg, and Simon Vinkenoog—reading from their own works, primarily in English. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Monday, April 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Lectures—The first two in a series of three lectures on new American music. Thursday, April 15, at 8: Lukas Foss. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8: Steve Reich. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. No tickets neccessary.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Fifth Avenue: The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 18, starting at the west side of Fifth Avenue and 89th Street at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

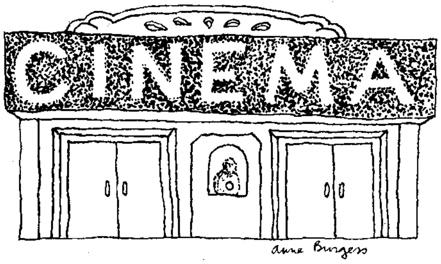
Flower Show—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, April 14-16, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, from 11 to 4.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary and Art Deco jewelry and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Friday, April 16. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, April 14, at 2, and Thursday, April 15, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, plus watches, clocks, *objets de vertu*, and chess sets. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, and Saturday, April 17, at 2: English furniture, decorations, clocks, and porcelain. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 2: Continental porcelain, French furniture, and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 17. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Wednesday, April 14, at 10 and 2: Contemporary prints. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 10: Japanese prints and illustrated books. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 2: European porcelain and pottery. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 15. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Friday, April 16, at 10: Silver and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 11: American paintings and Western art.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171, theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 18. "Era Notte a Roma" ("It Was Night in Rome;" 1960; directed by Roberto Rossellini, in English, Italian, Russian, and German), with Leo Genn, Giovanna Ralli, and Sergei Bondarchuk.
From April 20: A retrospective of films by István Szabó, all in Hungarian. Call theatre for schedule

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 15: "Shoot the Moon" (†) and "The Last Picture Show" (†).
April 16-22 "Reds" (†).
From April 23 To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Deathtrap" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1 Through April 15: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret. From April 16. "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer
Theatre 2 "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 3 "Quest for Fire" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 15: "Three Brothers" (†).
April 16-22 "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).
From April 23: "Silhouettes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Deathtrap" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 15: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
From April 16: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 15. "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
From April 16: "Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1. "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2 "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1 "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2 Through April 15 "Reds" (†). From April 16: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Grendel Grendel Grendel" (Alexander Stitt), an Australian animated film.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1. "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2. Through April 22: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 23: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1 "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw. From April 16: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 15: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.
From April 16: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.
From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 15: "Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
From April 16: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Health" (directed by Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The American Friend" (†) and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (†). April 18-19: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971; Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira Dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Tupi, a Latin-American Indian language). April 20-21: "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Black Girl" (†). April 22-24: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†) and "Weekend" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1 "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
Theatre 2 "Atlantic City" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1 "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2 "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw

Quad Cinema, 34 W 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1 "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2 "Three Brothers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 22 "Missing" (†). From April 23: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W 50th. (757-2406)
"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th. (765-7600)
"Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner

Festival, 6 W 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 15. "Diner" (†).
From April 16: "New Directors/New Films," a thirteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1 "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola, in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1. "Three Brothers" (†).
Theatre 2 Through April 22: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla. From April 23: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1. "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei. From April 16: "An Autumn Marathon" (Georgy Danelia; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios. From April 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From April 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 22: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 23: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 22: "Missing" (†). From April 23: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 16: "Reds" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 22: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 23: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant, and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut, in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret. From April 16: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: "Death Wish II" (Michael Win-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 4: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw; and "Endless Love" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1. Through April 15: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret. From April 16: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Theatre 2: "Deathtrap" (†).

Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).

Theatre 5: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Reds" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Theatre 3: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.

Theatre 4: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1 "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder

Theatre 2: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Chariots of Fire" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1 "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 2: Through April 22: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw From April 23: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1 "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).

Theatre 2: "Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1 "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 15: "Madame X—An Absolute Ruler" (1977; in German, no English subtitles), "Laokoon and His Sons" (1972-74; in German), and "The Infatuation of the Blue Sailors" (1975; in German), all directed by Ulrike Ottinger

From April 16: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through April 15: "Gal Young Un" (1981, Victor Nunez), with David Peck; and "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981, Connie Field), a documentary

April 16-17 "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, and Max Ernst, and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

April 18-19: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

April 20: "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Tora-San: Our Lovable Tramp" (1967; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

April 21. "Cleo from 5 to 7" (†) and "A Brief Vacation" (†).

April 22: "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925) and "Ten Days That Shook the World" ("October;" 1927), both Russian silent films; directed by Sergei Eisenstein.

April 23-24: "Lacombe, Lucien" (†) and "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through April 15: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger). Miss Ottinger will be present on Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 7:15

April 16-17: "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, William Holden, and Robert Preston; and "Darling Lili" (1970; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson.

April 18-19: "The Last Tycoon" (†); and "Gunn" (1967; Blake Edwards), with Craig Stevens and Laura Devon.

April 20-21: "The Birthday Party" (†); "The Guest" (†); and "Landscape" (1973; Peter Hall).

April 22-24: "Mr Klein" (†); and "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut, in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 15: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

April 16-17: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

April 18-20: "Spetters" (1981, Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch); and "The Warriors" (†).

April 21-22. "Cattle Annie and Little Britches" (1980; Lamont Johnson), with Burt Lancaster, John Savage, Amanda Plummer, and Diane Lane; and "Southern Comfort" (†).

April 23-24: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 14: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Shadowman" (1974; Georges Franju), with Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin, and Jacques Champreu.

April 15: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "The Eyes of Hell" (1961, Julian Roffman), with Paul Stevens.

April 16: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a concert film.

April 17: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "Massacre at Central High" (1976; Renee Daalder), with Derrel Maury. Andrew Stevens, and Bob Carradine.

April 18: "Stay As You Are" (1979; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French).

April 19: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.

April 20: "Femmes Fatales" (†) and "Down and Dirty" (†).

April 21: "Slave of the Cannibal God," with Ursula Andrews and Stacy Keach; "Leonor," with Liv Ullmann; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary, directed by, and about, Neil Young.

April 22: "Jungle Freaks;" and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971, Fernando Arrabal; in French).

From April 23: "Dance Craze" (1982, Joe Massot).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 17. "Death Wish" (1974; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster

April 18-20: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (†); and "The Sergeant" (1968, John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law

April 21-24: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971, Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "The Queen" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 17. "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery; and "Live and Let Die" (1973, Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore.

April 18-20: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent, and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta, in German), with Angela Winkler.

April 21-24: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 14: "Forbidden" (1932, Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy, and "Rain or Shine" (1930; Frank Capra), with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers.

April 15-17: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "State of the Union" (1948; Frank Capra), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.

April 18-20: "A Hole in the Head" (1959; Frank Capra), with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Parker; and "Lady for a Day" (1932, Frank Capra), with May Robson and Warren William.

April 21-24: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 14: "The Damned Don't Cry" (1950; Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and David Brian; and "Harriet Craig" (1950; Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey.

April 15: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; "The Hidden Room" (1950; Edward Dmytryk), with Robert Newton and Sally Grey; and "Impact" (1949; Arthur Lubin), with Brian Donlevy and Ella Raines.

April 16-17. "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina, and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

April 18: "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "Exhibition" (1975, Jean-François Davy).

April 19: "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer, in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

April 20: "Saint Jack" (1979; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ben Gazzara; and "The Shout" (†).

April 21: "Fat City" (†); *and* "End of the Road" (1970; Aram Avakian), with Stacy Keach, Harris Yulin, Dorothy Tristan, and James Earl Jones.

April 22: "Caged" (1950; John Cromwell), with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead; "Women's Prison" (1955; Lewis Seiler), with Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, and Phyllis Thaxter; and "Too Late for Tears" (1949; Byron Haskin), with Lizabeth Scott and Dan Duryea.

April 23-24: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Conduct Unbecoming" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 14: "Three Wise Girls" (1932; William Beaudine), with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke; *and* "Platinum Blonde" *(1931;* Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.

April 15: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöstrom, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

April 16-17: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

April 18: "Gypsy" (1962; Mervyn LeRoy), with Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood, and Karl Malden.

April 19: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

April 20: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The More the Merrier" (†).

April 21: "Paper Moon" (†) and "At Long Last Love" (†).

April 22: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

April 23-24: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

New Directors/New Films—The first programs in a thirteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the Festival Theatre, 6 West 57th St.—April 16 at 6: "Dan's Motel" (United States; Jerry R. Barrish). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30 and April 17 at 1: "Smash Palace" (New Zealand; Roger Donaldson). . . . ¶ April 17 at 3:30: "Dan's Motel." . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "Neige" (France; Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger). . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30 and April 18 at 1: "Muddy River" (Japan; Kohei Oguri). . . . ¶ April 18 at 3:30: "Neige." . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Mater Amatisima" (Spain; José A. Salgot). . . . ¶ April 18 at 8:30 and April 19 at 6: "They Don't Wear Black-Tie" (Brazil; Leon Hirszman). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "Mater Amatisima." . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "The Games of Countess Dolingen" (France; Catherine Binet). . . . ¶ April 20 at 8:30 and April 21 at 6: "My Son, My Precious" (India; Aribam Syam Sharma). . . . ¶ April 21 at 8:30: "Marianne and Juliane" (West Germany; Margarethe von Trotta). . . . ¶ April 22 at 6: "Max Frisch: Journal I-III" (Switzerland; Richard Dindo). . . . ¶ April 22 at 8:30: "The Games of Countess Dolingen." . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "Marianne and Juliane." . . . ¶ April 23 at 8:30 and April 24 at 1: "de Kooning on de Kooning" (United States; Charlotte Zwerin) and "Brooklyn Bridge" (United States; Ken Burns). . . . ¶ April 24 at 3:30: "Max Frisch: Journal I-III." . . . ¶ April 24 at 6: "Morning Mist" (Portugal; Lauro António). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8:30: "Chan Is Missing" (United States; Wayne Wang). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 14 at 8: A program of films by Sidney Peterson. . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: A program of films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ April 16-17 at 8: A program of films by Slavko Vorkapich. . . . ¶ April 17 at 2: A video program by Sally Shapiro. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: A program of films by Andrew Noren and Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: A program of works by Lumière and Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: A program of films by Hans Richter and Man Ray. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: A program of films by Ron Rice and Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: "Olympia" (1939; Leni Riefenstahl; in German, with no English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2: A video program by Betsy Conners, Wendelin Glatzel, Vin Grabill, and Bernd Kracke. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: "A Propos de Nice" (1929-30), "Taris" (1931), and "Zero de Conduite" (1933), all films in French, with no English subtitles, directed by Jean Vigo.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; April 22-24.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Film Forum; through April 17.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Waverly.)

At Long Last Love (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy—a relentlessly vapid pastiche of thirties Art Deco romantic-mixup movies. With Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, Eileen Brennan as a comic Irish maid, John Hillerman as an unflappable valet, Duilio Del Prete as a debonair gambler, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, they sound smug, though Madeline Kahn, as a Broadway songstress nudging her thighs together while she sings "Find Me a Primitive Man," is fairly funny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. Cinematography by Denys Coop. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20-21.)

Black Girl (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to work for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (Film Forum; April 20-21.)

A Brief Vacation (1973)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in Northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. Cinematography by Ennio Guarnieri. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 21.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Movieland.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer

(Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the writer-director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. Cinematography by Jean Rabier; editing by Janine Verneau; music by Michel Legrand (who also plays a part). With Antoine Bourseiller, Dorothée Blanck, and Dominique Davray. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 21.)

Conduct Unbecoming (1975)—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. The material has no real point or logic, though every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked "Military Hypocrisy," or "Corruption of Colonialism," or "Subterranean Sex Perversion." The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, Stacy Keach, and Richard Attenborough. (Thalia; April 23-24.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which is in its fifth year on Broadway, is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and, at the end, the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 22.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Festival; through April 15. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting April 16.)

Diva—With Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei, directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza; starting April 16.)

Down and Dirty (1976)—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 20.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. (Olympia Quad.)

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Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Thalia; April 21.)

Femmes Fatales (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to inspect women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-faced pimp who is exhausted by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; April 20.)

The Guest (1964; "The Caretaker")—The Harold Pinter play, expertly and entertainingly acted by Robert Shaw and Alan Bates as the brothers and Donald Pleasence in the title role. Clive Donner directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20-21.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director Alain Tanner and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Film Forum; through April 17.)

Lacombe, Lucien, (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a very deep level. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her punctilious, cultivated father, Thérèse Giehse as her grandmother, and Gilberte Rivet as the boy's mother. The script is by Malle and Patrick Modiano. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 23-24.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. The film badly needs this stylization, because, of course, its shallow overview of town life is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" series. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. This is perhaps an *ideal* TV show. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 15.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as the artist-businessman Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. De Niro gives an authentic interpretation of a New York-Jewish Hollywood intellectual giant of the thirties, but he might be acting under a blanket. He stands

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around waiting while Ingrid Boulting, who plays Kathleen, loiters over inane remarks. (Of all Fitzgerald's implausible heroines, Kathleen—the runaway mistress of a European king—is the most vaporous.) Probably the first mistake was to approach the book cap in hand, and the next was to hire Pinter; the film needed a writer who would fill in what's missing—Pinter's art is the art of taking away. With Jack Nicholson, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, Theresa Russell, Dana Andrews, and Tony Curtis—the only one who shows any vitality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18-19.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, non-political conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 22.)

Mr. Klein (1977)—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau, Michel Lonsdale, and Juliet Berto. Screenplay by Franco Solinas; cinematography by Gerry Fisher. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22-24.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable, summer-night love scene: the very proper government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. It's lovely; sexy and funny. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. Written by many hands (Robert Russell, Frank Ross, Richard Flournoy, Lewis R. Foster); with Bruce Bennett and Richard Gaines. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

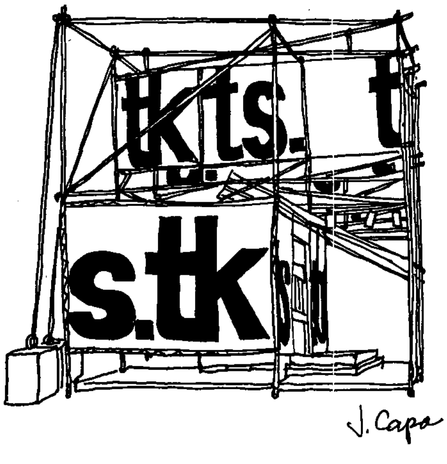
Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954 at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Though the movie itself reveals the sources of Malle's humor, this story probably wouldn't have been nearly so funny or, perhaps, so affectionate if Malle had told it fifteen years earlier. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother; Clara is shamelessly loose and free, and she's loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. The story moves toward its supremely logical yet imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 23-24.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through April 15. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 22. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 16.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 21-24.)



Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York City Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Embassy.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (72nd Street East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 22.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack

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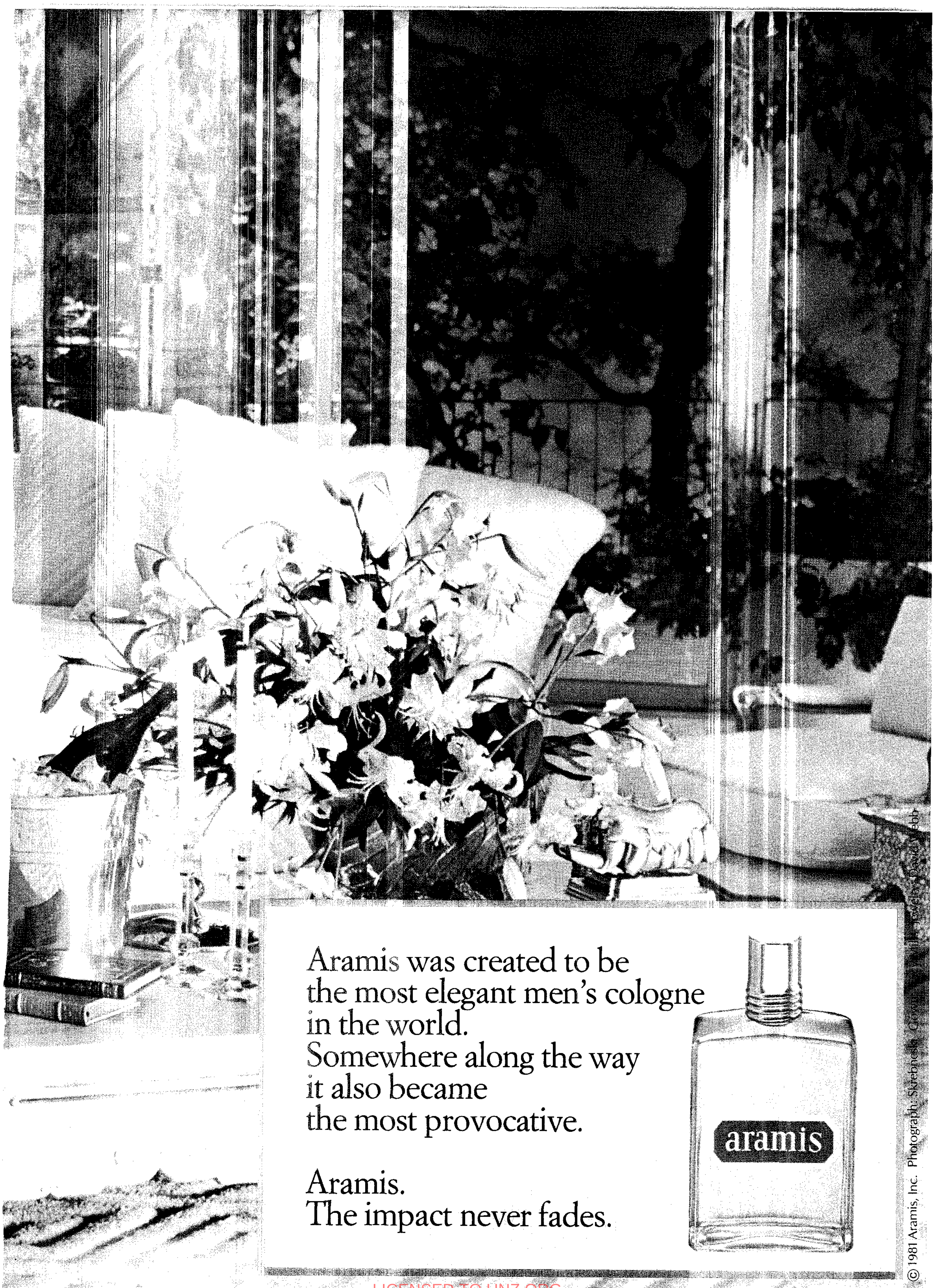

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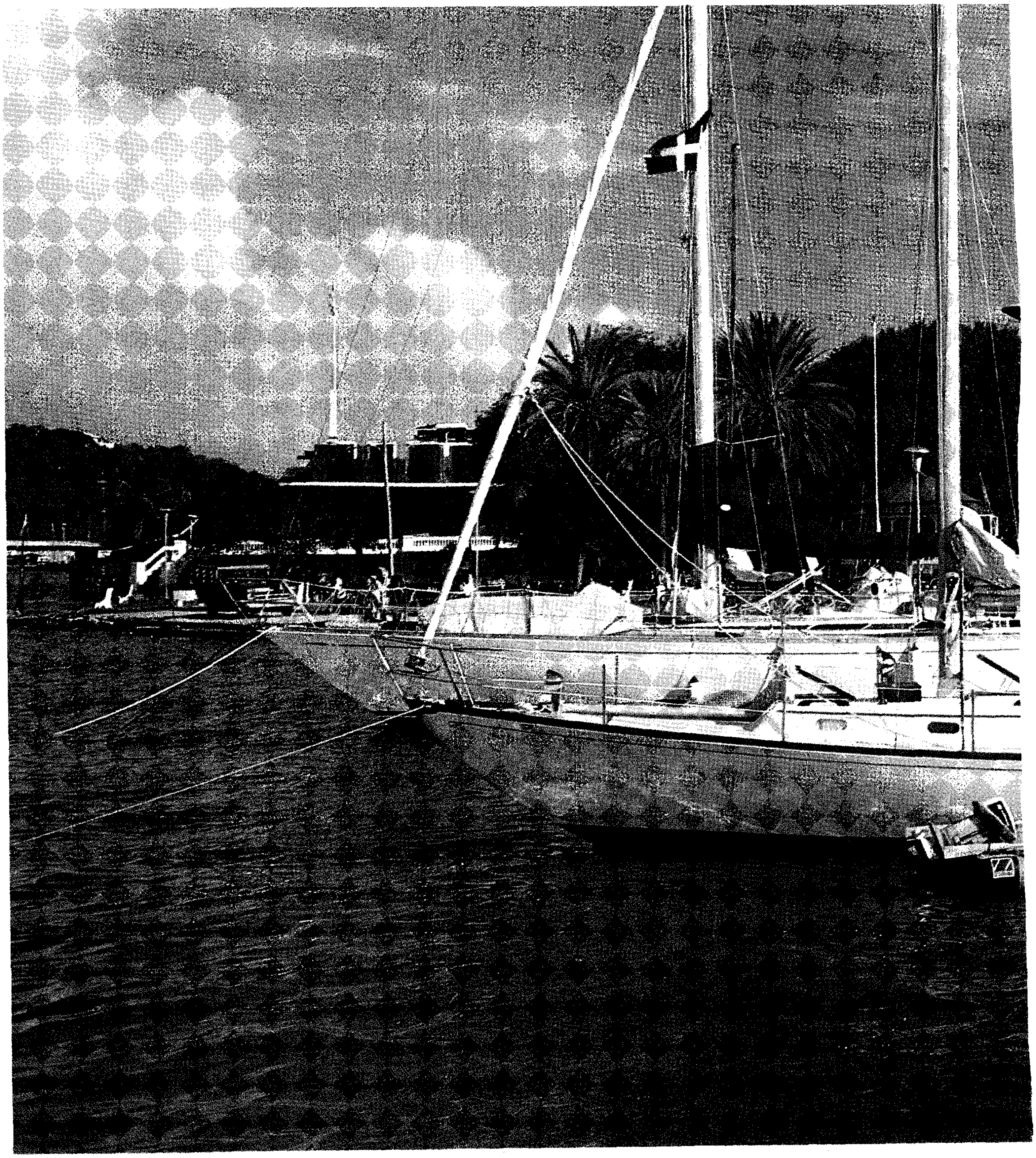
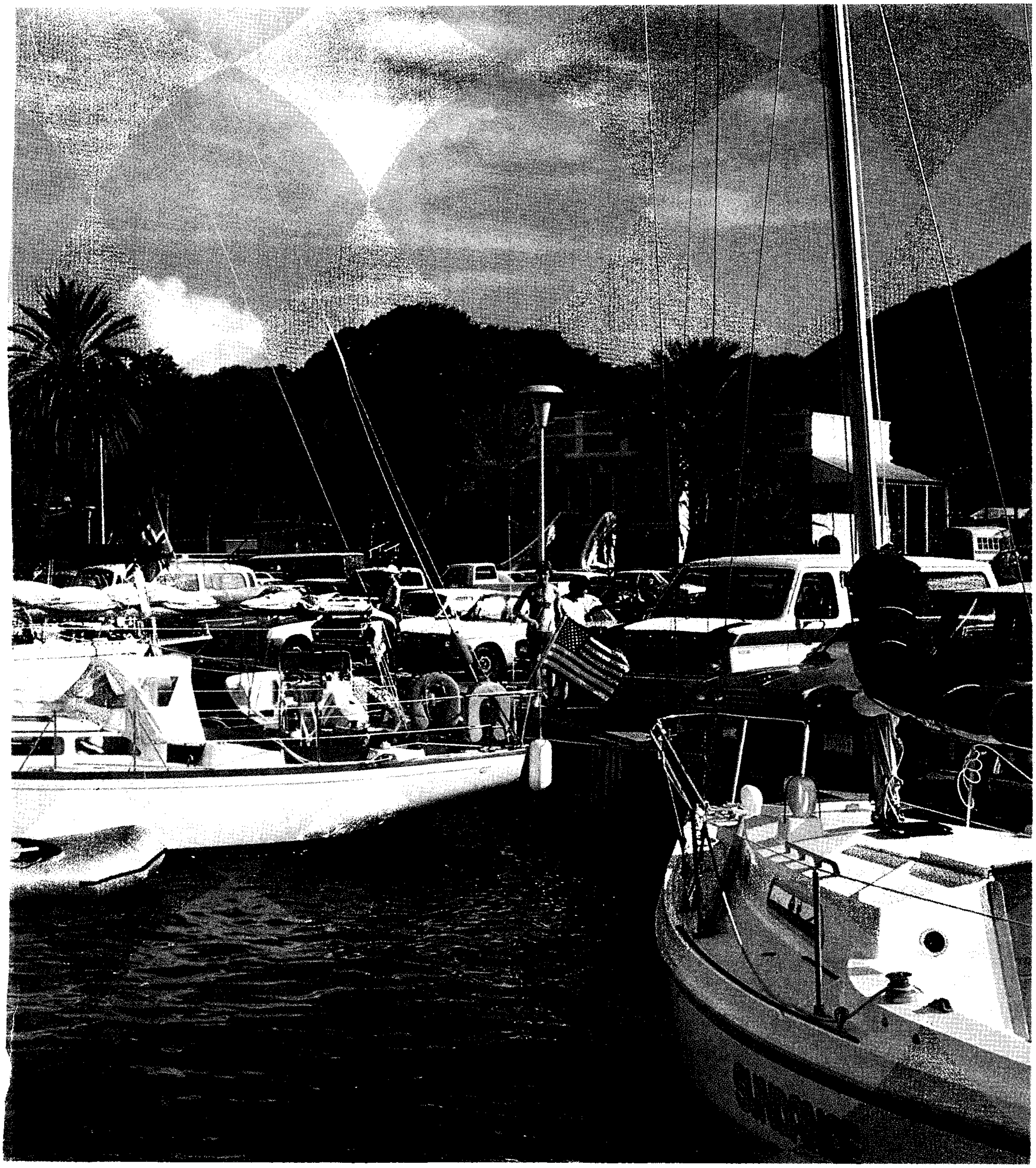


"An island of superlatives."

"Vogue" magazine discovers St. Croix, Dec. '81.



"most attractive"…"a joy"…"superb"…"magnificent"…"luxurious"… "excellent"…"special"…"greatest"…"staggering beauty"…"incredible"… "overwhelming"…"the best!" These are just *some* of the adjectives in "Vogue's" fabulous review of the island of St. Croix. Send for a copy of the entire review–then make this the year *you* see what all the excitement's about. See your travel agent.

St. Croix

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And a good many of these newcomers claim to perform 'like' a BMW.

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The 320i is engineered according to a belief that hasn't changed for decades:

Namely, that performance is, and will always be, the ultimate measure of a car's worth—a belief that permits a car to grow by gradual refinement, instead of hasty responses to changing fashions.

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In fact, despite all the flurry of emulation, the 320i—with its fully independent suspension, precise steering, and decades of technological refinements bred on racecourses—remains unique.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Coronet; through April 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 16-22. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting April 16.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967)—John Huston directed this sensuous and intense version of Carson McCullers' Georgia-set short novel of 1941; the visual style, which suggests paintings made from photographs, has a measured lyricism. The movie doesn't find a way to give us the emotional texture of the interrelationships and dependencies in the book (one can probably enjoy the film much more if one knows the book), but the principal actors (Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris) were able to do some startling things with their roles. The stifled homosexuality of Brando's duty-bound Major Penderton is grotesque and painful. This is one of Brando's most daring performances: the fat, ugly Major putting cold cream on his face, or preening at the mirror, or patting his hair nervously when he thinks he has a gentleman caller is so pitiful yet so ghastly that some members of the audience invariably cut themselves off from him by laughter. Taylor is charming as the Major's silly, ardent, Southern-"lady" wife, who makes love to Keith in a berry patch. Keith, underplaying, has one of his rare opportunities to show depth; at moments he seems the most *believable* of actors—these are great moments. The movie is most garishly novelistic just when it departs most from McCullers—when it attempts to clarify the original and bring it up to date. which means bringing in the sexual platitudes that in sixties movies were considered Freudian modernism. The story has been furbished with *additional* fetishes, as if McCullers' material weren't Southern and Gothic enough. The Major's wife gives him a horsewhipping and then explains that the whipping cleared the air; we are cued to crank out the Freudian explanation "Oh, yes, he wanted to be beaten." With Robert Forster and Zorro David. The script is by Chapman Mortimer and Gladys Hill; the offensive score is by Toshiro Mayuzumi; the cinematography is by Aldo Tonti. The first release prints were in a "desaturated" color process—they were golden hued, with delicate sepia and pink tones; when the movie didn't do well at box offices, this stylized color was blamed, full-color prints were substituted, and the film lost its dreamy, mythic ambience. The picture's bad luck was capped when it was condemned by the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 18-20.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 15.)

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The Shout (1979)—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (Thalia; April 20.)

Southern Comfort—The members of a National Guard squad lost in the maze of the green-gray Louisiana marshlands are hunted down and ambushed by vengeful Cajuns. The director, Walter Hill, uses the locale for its paranoia-inducing strangeness (it suggests Vietnam), and he uses the men to demonstrate what he thinks it takes to survive. Hill has a dazzling competence as an action director. The movie is built like a trap; it's an infernal machine that closes in on the characters, who are designed to be trapped. (Each of the men seems to shed his anonymity and be given an identity just before he's picked off.) The film is very intense, and there's an unusual sequence, edited to Cajun dance music, in which the two principal characters (Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe) take refuge in a village that is having a celebration. Its limitation is that there's nothing underneath the characters' macho masks, and—partly because there were so many fine, shallow action films made in the studio-factory era—we want more from movies now. The action format colors everything with its own brand of action politics: you get the feeling that the world is threatening your manhood every minute of the day. With a good cast: T. K. Carter as the live-wire dope dealer, Carlos Brown as the high-school teacher, and Peter Coyote, Lewis Smith, Fred Ward, Franklyn Seales, and Les Lannom. (Even the Cajuns—usually a joke in movies—are fairly convincing.) Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo, music composed and arranged by Ry Cooder. Written by Michael Kane, Hill, and the producer, David Giler. (11/23/81) (Cinema Village; April 21-22.)

Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the nation. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 15.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a terrorist kidnapping centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Eastside Cinema; April 16-22.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids off them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. With Michael Beck, Deborah Van Valkenburgh, David Patrick Kelly, David Harris, Dorsey Wright, James Remar, Thomas Waites, Roger Hill, and Marcelino Sanchez. Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo; art direction by Don Swanagan and Bob Wightman. (Cinema Village; April 18-20.)

Weekend (1968)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois is exact and funny. The picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable. With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Film Forum; April 22-24.)

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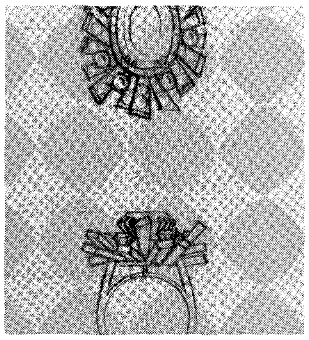

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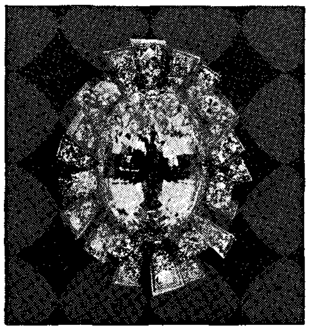

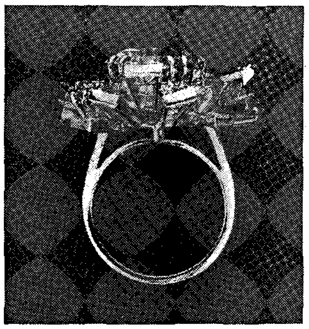

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

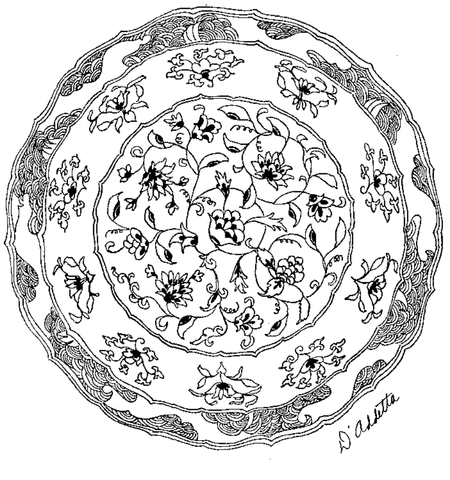
Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know who lives in the country writes:

My little horse is named Sunny, and he has more lives than a cat. Each time I think he is done for, he gathers some mysterious resources and routs the dark angel once more. He has just done it again—ten minutes ago. For a moment, I couldn't believe my eyes. Now the episode is over. The vet has packed his needle in his bag and driven off in his van. No thanks to me. Sunny took command of his own destiny and saved his own life.

Sunny is a chestnut-and-white gelding fourteen hands high; by strict definition, he is a pony, but I always think of him as a small horse. I bought him eighteen years ago. He was the first horse I had had since I quit riding, at the end of childhood. I learned all over again on Sunny. Now eighteen years ago seems almost as long ago as my childhood. I bought Sunny from a farmer who took consignments of horses of unknown background. Such horses have a chancy future. They may find a good home or they may go to a summer camp and be overridden and neglected, and if they break down or don't behave the next step is the glue factory. Horrid but true. A horse doesn't often have much to say about its future, but on this occasion, an afternoon eighteen years ago, Sunny took charge of his. There was a bunch of horses grazing in a field. My main concern was to pick out a gentle one. As the farmer and I entered the field, Sunny lifted his head, strolled over to us, and sniffed my hands and pockets. I know now that it was his unquenchable appetite that motivated him, but then I took it for pure friendliness. After a brief trial ride, I bought him, for a hundred and fifty dollars. The farmer said that all he knew about him was his name: Sunny Day. He delivered him that afternoon. I can still see Sunny arriving, standing in the farmer's truck, head high as he braced himself against the bumps on the dirt road, ears up straight, neck arched, white mane blowing, nostrils flared. It struck me with a thrill that I had got myself a beautiful little horse. The farmer unloaded him. I snapped a lead rope on his halter and led him toward the pasture. Sunny looked at everything, quivering a little, alert and questioning. I felt that he must be wondering, What now? I replied, "Don't be scared, Sunny. You've come to a good place, I promise. Please be a good horse."

Sunny kept the bargain. He was gentle and friendly and, with a few exceptions, good. Some ten years passed, during which I relearned the joy of riding. Then one spring—I forget just when, but I know the grass was newly green, the air was soft, and the birds were singing—Sunny foundered. Foundering is another name for an ailment called laminitis, about which I now know a lot more than I want to. To describe it briefly, the problem can arise from an allergic reaction to eating certain proteins, and it causes a horse's blood vessels to swell. The swelling would subside uneventfully were it not for the way a horse's foot is constructed. The horn of the hoof is rigid, and when the tissue inside it swells, the pressure becomes intense and causes acute pain; it is like having your foot jammed into a tight shoe. Furthermore, the swelling acts like a tourniquet, and cuts off the flow of blood in and out of the hoof, causing further pain and damage. One morning, I found Sunny standing in the pasture almost immobilized. He'd lean forward, as though to take a step, and then rock back on his haunches. I led him hobbling, very slowly, very painfully, to his stall. The vet came and diagnosed the illness at a glance. Sunny had eaten too much lush, new grass, which is rich in protein. The vet said that with treatment the inflammation and the pain would lessen but that in most cases foundering causes permanent damage. Once foundered, a horse is usually unsound. He may stumble unpredictably and thus is unsafe to ride. Furthermore, he is prone to further attacks. It's a tough decision, the vet said, but most people put a foundered horse down. I shook my head no. The vet said that was fine, and went to work with shots to shrink the tissues and kill the pain. He left me a long list of instructions and several kinds of medication.



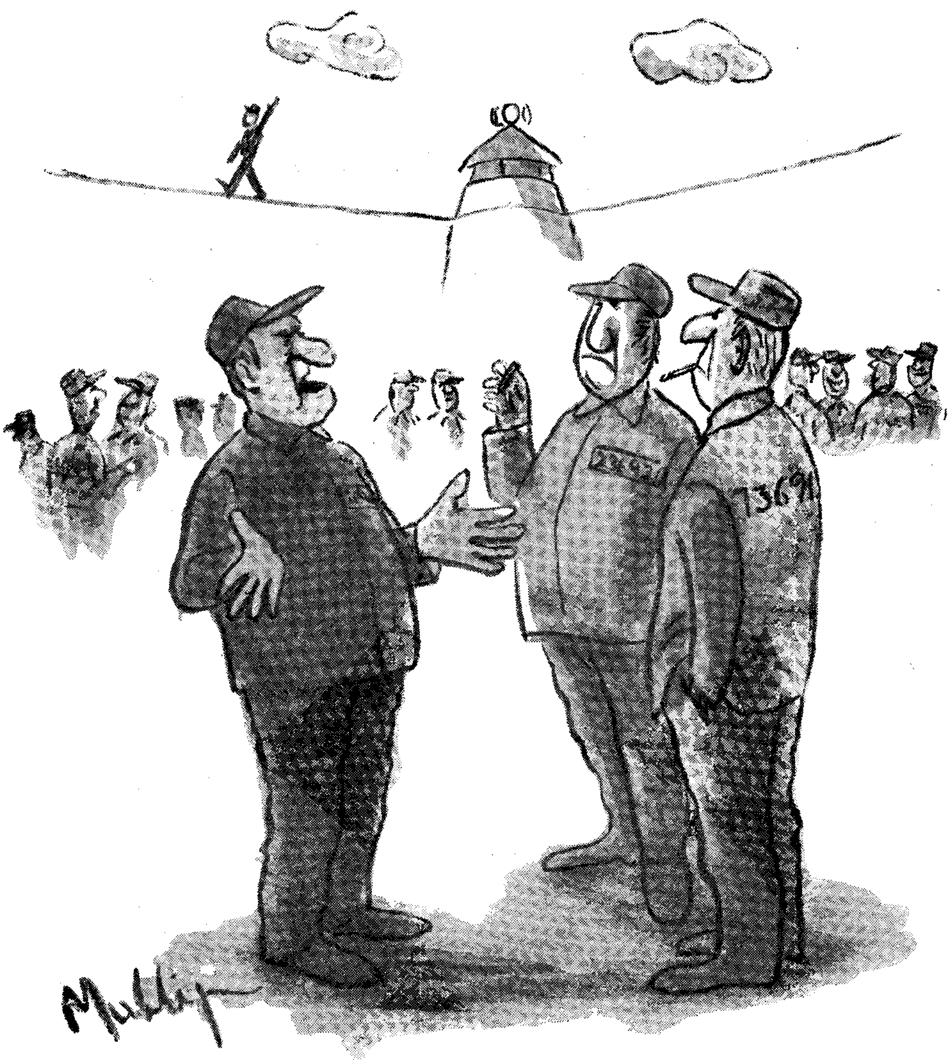
It was a long siege. Sunny was very sick. A lot of the time, he lay in his stall, because his feet hurt too much to stand. It is impossible to explain how a horse's feelings show in his face, since it has little mobility, but his eyes and ears, the poise of his head, and other, more subtle signs are extraordinarily eloquent. A horse in pain breathes heavily, and his eyes half close. A horse is an awfully big lump of pain, and Sunny very nearly didn't make it. The vet came back a number of times, and we conferred about whether it would be better to give up. I remember one day he stood looking at Sunny as he got ready to give him a shot and said, "Old man, you're getting down to your last chance."

Slowly, Sunny got better. As the summer waxed, I spent hours sitting on a convenient log in the paddock holding a slack rope while Sunny stood with his front feet planted in two rubber tubs filled with hot water and Epsom salts. It was a period of great intimacy, and in this position I saw Sunny in a different way from when I'd ridden him. Then he'd carried me. Now I was carrying him. By midsummer, Sunny was well again, glossy, bright-eyed, and full of beans. In the autumn, I began riding him. He was as vital and eager as ever, but now and then he'd trip and almost go down. It made me nervous. I bought a nice chestnut mare and never rode Sunny again.

Every year when the grass gets green, I keep my fingers crossed and let Sunny graze only a short while each day. Some years, we've got by; other times—maybe four or five—there have been new attacks of founder, as the vet predicted there would be. Fortunately, because I know the signs and nip trouble in the bud (lean diet, walking, and thirty grains of aspirin three times a day), none of these attacks was severe, until the one that began a few weeks ago.

At this point, I realize there is a danger of sentimentalizing Sunny and our relationship. In honesty, I should say that neither of us is a saint. Sunny can be willful and tricky, and in his riding days he bucked off any unwary rider who let him get away with that sort of thing. His love for me is cupboard love. If I have food, he comes to me. If I don't, he walks away. He can be impossible to catch, driving me to a frenzy of frustration as he grabs an outstretched carrot and adroitly ducks from my grasp. A love of food is his besetting sin. There is a small window in the barn door that opens into the paddock. At feeding time, Sunny presses his face to the window, watching me open the big galvanized-tin garbage cans that hold the grain, and bangs imperiously on the door with his hoof. If the door is left ajar, he's inside like a flash. I've put chains on the lids of the grain cans, but still there are times when I hear a great clattering and come running to find dented cans, a mess of spilled grain, and Sunny munching greedily—and dangerously, since too much grain can bring on foundering. When this happens, I shout and curse and yank at his halter and get red in the face and jab him with my knee and hit him with anything handy in my efforts to get his busy jaws out of the grain and remove him from the barn. In a fury, I have dragged his balky six-hundred-pound bulk back to the paddock, aimed a kick at his retreating rear, and yelled, "Jeesus, Sunny, you are a pain in the ass!"

I figure Sunny is now twenty-five or twenty-six years old, and recently he's shown his age. His feet are so deformed by laminitis that they turn up at the toes like rockers. His back sags, and there is a break in the once flowing line where neck meets withers. Nobody comments on his good looks anymore. The cost of keeping a horse—feed and hay, routine vet care, and hoof trimming—has gone up tremendously. Spring is the season of greatest danger for Sunny and bother for me, and, frankly, for the past several years I've wondered, as I take care to keep him from killing himself by eating too much green grass, if it might not be a great relief if somehow Sunny were gathered to his ancestors. But things don't happen "somehow." They happen because someone makes them happen. This year, Sunny foundered unexpectedly before there was any green grass at all. I think there must have been alfalfa, which is high in protein, in his hay. He was worse off than I'd seen him since that first time, so long ago. He could barely hobble. He stood in obvious misery. He lay down a lot. I discussed the situation on the phone with the vet a number of times. This is a new vet: a sincere, humane young man. He doesn't like to kill horses—even old, useless ones—but he couldn't promise that this time Sunny would pull through. Possibly, the bones inside the hoof were so damaged that the horse would be in pain for the rest of his life. In that case, of course, there would be only one thing to do. So I nursed Sunny and gave



"So we got apprehended. At least we tried."

him bute, a painkiller, and, as the vet and I had agreed we would, waited to see what would happen. Sunny got a little better, but not much. The weather was cold and depressing. The mud around the watering trough, frozen in sharp peaks, hurt Sunny's feet so much that I had to haul water to his stall. I had to clean the stall often, and I found the work harder than I used to. Nursing him, I was with him a lot; it was like old times.

Early last week, I called the vet. He agreed to come on Saturday and give his prognosis. If it was negative, he could kill Sunny right then. The procedure would be to lead him into the pasture and give him an injection of a lethal drug. It would be painless and brief. A man would come later with a backhoe and dig a horse-size hole. Never mind how I felt in the days preceding Saturday. It's enough to say that the imminence of Saturday was with me every moment of every day. Sunny stood in the paddock immobile, looking shaggy and dirty, as sad to my eyes as a fallen tree. He was starting to shed, in anticipation of spring, and tufts of hair hung off him. I thought of cleaning him up, winced, and crossed it off. I had just enough bute pills to last through Saturday morning. I counted them a few days ago and watched them dwindle like the sands of Sunny's time. I gave him the last ones this morning.

It was a misty morning, but the cold broke, and there was a damp warmth in the air when I went out to the barn to give Sunny his breakfast. When I returned to the house, I called a friend and asked her to be here when the vet came. She made a very generous offer: If, after the vet had looked at Sunny, things went the way we expected, I would hand the lead rope to her and go away. The morning was long. Waiting for the vet, I went out-of-doors, restlessly picking up wood and doing other things like that. I tidied the barn, and was sweeping old hay out the back door into the paddock when the vet's van drew up, with my friend, Gale, in her car behind him. He'd been to her house first to look at her pregnant mare. We three greeted each other gravely. The vet took his black bag out of the van and said, "Where's the horse?" As I was turning to the barn, I heard a tremendous, tinny clatter. Gale was ahead of me. "Here he is," she called. "In the grain can!" We hurried in, and there stood Sunny, munching spilled grain from an overturned can. I couldn't believe it. He hadn't moved all morning. I realized that as I went to meet the vet I'd left the back door ajar. Sunny must have spotted it and, galvanized, as ever, by an open door, sprinted into the barn. I grabbed his halter and yanked his head up. Gobbling, Sunny resisted vigorously. The vet looked amazed. "I thought you said he couldn't walk," he said.

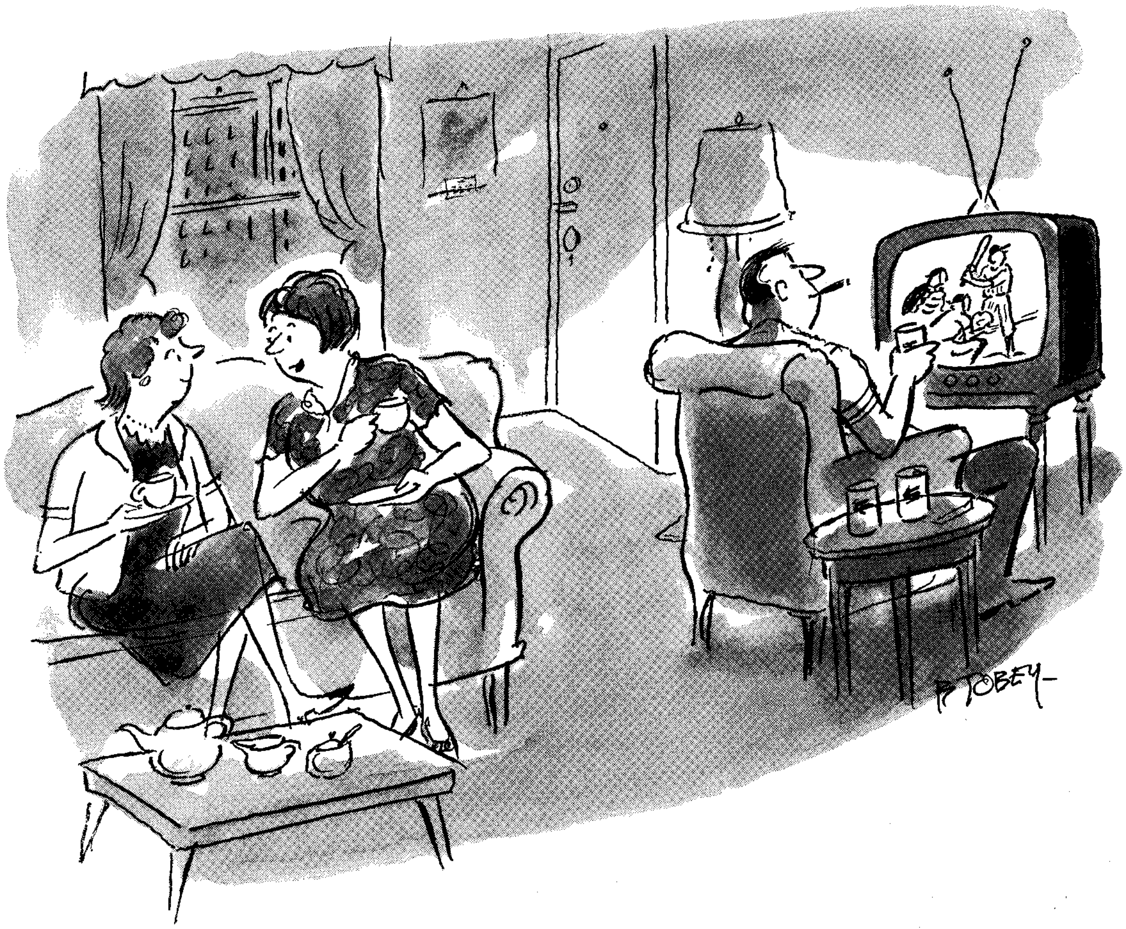
I said, "He couldn't, five minutes ago." I hauled Sunny away from the can and into the yard. He walked reluctantly, on tender feet, but he walked. The vet examined his hooves. The question of killing Sunny then and there was never even raised. The vet suggested trimming his feet differently and increasing the bute. This vet doesn't believe in foot-soaking. He gave Sunny an injection of something or other. In sum, his opinion was that when Sunny got over this attack he'd be O.K. until the next one. He gave me a bottle of bute pills and a bill for fifty-five dollars, and left. Gale and I slowly walked Sunny back to the paddock.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I thought he was hopeless."

"So did I," I said.

I realized suddenly that if the vet had seen Sunny as I had earlier that day, and so many days before, standing in the paddock, apparently rooted to the ground by pain, he would no doubt have recommended a merciful end. Instead, he had seen Sunny virtually prancing around the grain can. That's how Sunny saved his own life.

Gale and I, smiling and shaking our heads, said goodbye, and she went home. A few minutes ago, I gave Sunny two bute pills smeared with mo-



"From now until October, he'll be quiet as a pussycat."

• •

lasses and stood beside him in the stall while he attacked a rackful of hay with his customary zest. Clearly, the pain in his feet does not diminish the good taste of the hay. Watching, I could almost taste its deliciousness myself—a taste made up of the sweetness of stored sunshine and summer rain, and now sweet also with the promise of a new summer to come. I left the stall and walked across the paddock, soft with spring thaw where yesterday it had been rock hard, and in the distance I heard the faint, clear sound of peepers trilling in the swamp. The first time this year! Right now, I am so happy that I feel certain Sunny is an immortal horse.

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Boomerang

HOW did it happen that we found ourself, on a cold Sunday morning, walking out into space from the thirty-second-floor terrace of the old McGraw-Hill Building? A good question. The narrow, white-painted steel walkway along which we moved, step by careful step, is an integral part of a work of sculpture entitled "Boomerang." It was installed last December by some intrepid ironworkers under the direction of Owen Morrel, an equally intrepid sculptor, and for some weeks after that, even though it had received very little publicity and was open to visitors only on Saturday afternoons, scores of people had come to look at it and, in many cases, to brave the walkway. No visits were allowed during the pinch of winter, because of ice and snow, but the site is now open once again to the public on Saturdays. We had accepted Mr. Morrel's invitation to a private viewing, and there we were, inching into space.

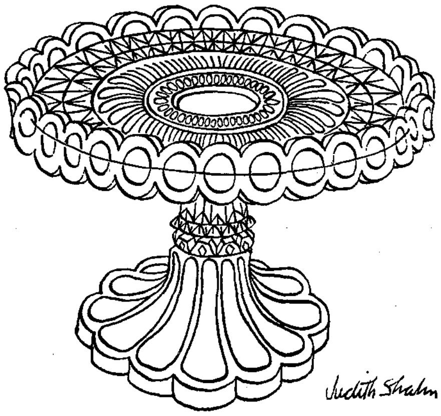
Fortunately, there was no wind. A lot of bad weather appeared to be heading our way from New Jersey, but it hadn't arrived yet, and the view, under lowering clouds, was phenomenal. It stretched all the way from New Jersey to the East River and beyond. Keeping tight hold of the steel railing on both sides, we hoisted ourself up some steps and gained the forwardmost point, the apex of a narrow triangle thrust into the empyrean, at what Mr. Morrel, behind us, cheerfully described as "just the height you'd like to fly at in a plane, if they'd let you." To us, the sensation was more like being in the bow of a sailboat. The walkway was canted about seven degrees to the left, as though it were on the starboard tack. What made us feel even more afloat was that the walkway seemed to have no solid connection with the McGraw-Hill Building. Directly behind where we were standing was a large, winglike brace covered with a reflective material, which gave back sky and clouds. Under our feet was the same material, tilted so that it gave back reflections of the street, a long way down. Looking down was not such a hot idea, actually. The sweeping, east-west scan, accompanied by deep breaths, worked better. Gradually, we began to feel O.K. about it all. Quite superb, in fact. A chap could stay out here all day, cruising the skyscrapers.

Adopting a vein of nonchalance, we asked Mr. Morrel, who is a compact, friendly young man, how on earth he had managed to install the thing.

"It was surprisingly easy," he said. "Well, not easy, of course. I had to go through a lot of different processes and get a lot of special permits—this is a landmark building, you know. But from the original idea to completion took just eighteen months. The actual installation took only three weeks. The ironworkers loved it. They all wanted their pictures taken with the piece."

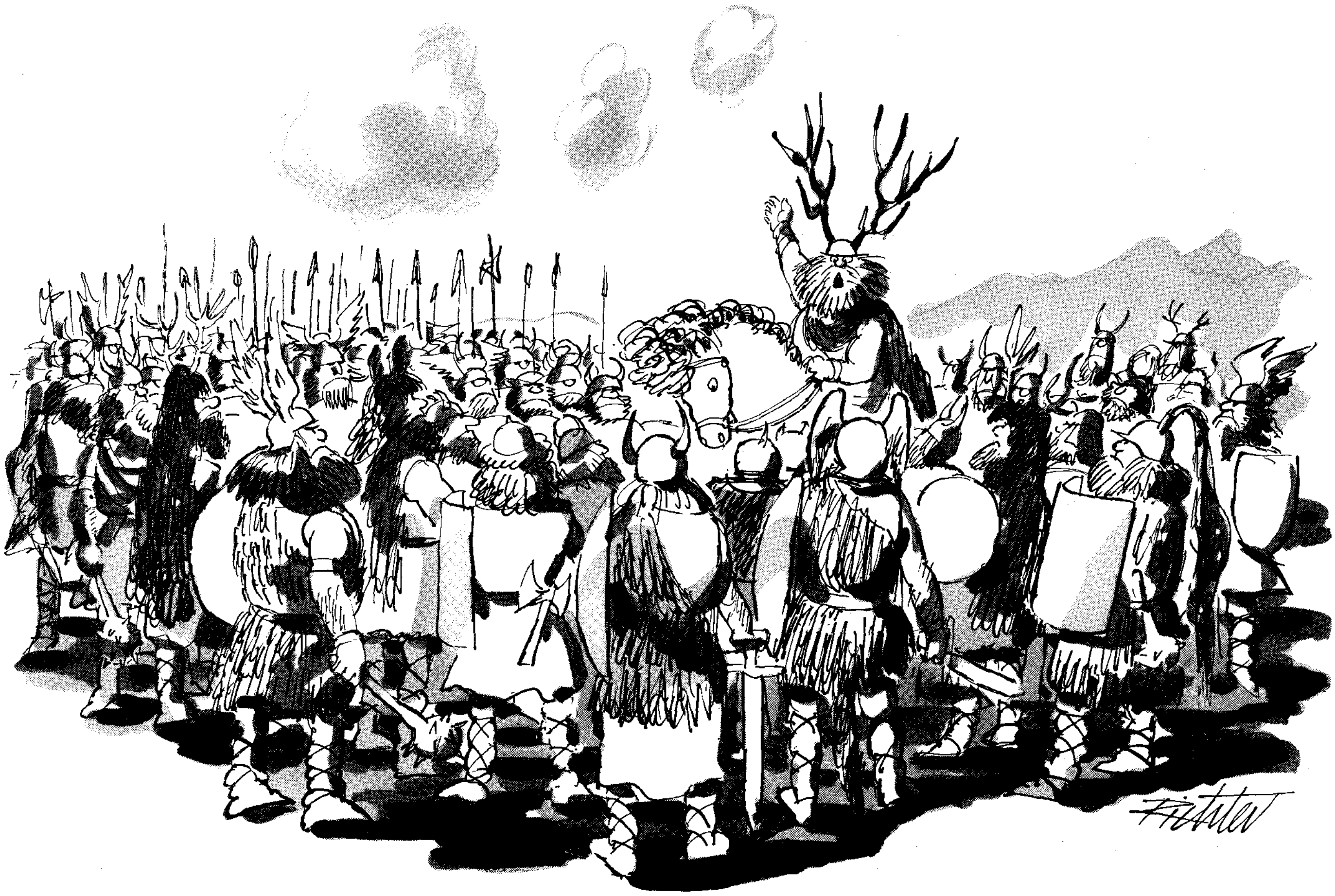
Was Mr. Morrel by any chance a lover of boats?

He was. Having grown up on the South Shore of Long Island, he told us, he had spent a great part of his childhood in boats of one kind or another, and much of his work as a sculptor seemed to him to aim for the quality of being on the water. He did not become a sculptor until fairly recently. All through college (Colgate), and for several years thereafter, he wanted to be a writer. In 1972, while living cheaply on an island in the Cyclades and trying to write, he met the island potter and got interested in pottery. Mr. Morrel's pots got bigger and bigger—so big that they exploded in the kiln when he tried to fire them. This suggested to him that maybe what he wanted to do was to make large sculptures. Back in the United States, he fooled around with metal-and-wood constructions, and made a number of pieces that included telescopes, which gave them a projection into space. Before very long, he discarded the telescopes. His first major work was a small, cell-like room, called "Asylum," which he persuaded the owners of the American Thread Building, on West Broadway, to let him install on the roof. It was fitted out with mirrors that made anyone going into it feel as though the cell were floating in midair. During this period, Mr. Morrel supported himself mostly by driving a truck and teaching at the School of Visual Arts. Eventually, he and his wife started a moving company; they hired other young artists to drive the truck, and pretty soon Mr. Morrel was able to spend all his time doing sculpture.



"Omega," a huge steel structure on a cliff near Niagara Falls, turned out to be the hit of the 1980 Artpark (the annual summer festival of visual- and performing-arts events in that area). It cost a quarter of a million dollars to build, most of which Mr. Morrel had to raise himself, and in the two summers of its existence it has caused thousands of visitors to feel greatly disoriented as they climb and then cling to its tilted viewing platform, which is cantilevered high above the gorge. "Omega" made Mr. Morrel's reputation as an environmental sculptor, and the experience of building it helped him learn how to deal with steel companies, riggers, ironworkers, and other useful types. Mr. Morrel was not a bit interested then in getting a New York gallery to show his work. (He recently did have a show of drawings at the brand-new Bonlow Gallery, in SoHo.) What he mainly wanted to do was to build large sculptures in New York City, but not the sort of sculptures we are used to seeing. "I'm not interested in plaza art," he told us. "I'm interested in building things that have to do with the verticality of New York—something not many sculptors have been in touch with."

Using his contacts in the construction industry, he went to see Jeffrey Gural, the real-estate man whose firm



"Fellow barbarians!"

• •

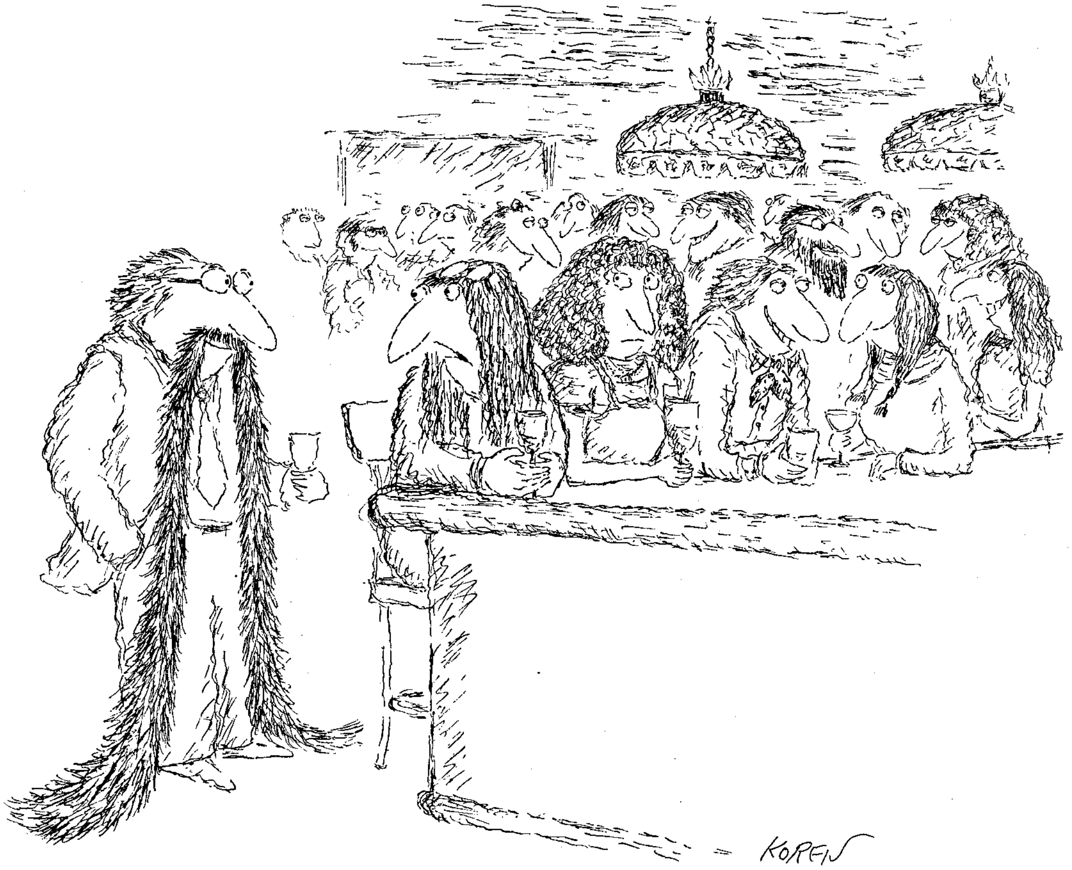
owns and manages the McGraw-Hill Building, among many others. Mr. Morrel had had his eye on the McGraw-Hill Building for some time, mainly because of its location—far enough west on Forty-second Street to be a little detached from midtown, with an unparalleled view in all directions. A landmark building in every respect, Raymond Hood's 1931 Art Deco masterpiece (known for decades as the Jolly Green Giant) had not been in the best of shape, economically or physically, since McGraw-Hill moved its offices uptown, in 1972, and it is not inconceivable that Mr. Gural saw the proposed sculpture as a potential shot in the arm. At any rate, he was receptive to the idea, and the permits were arranged in record time.

"Boomerang," which juts out from the southeast corner of the building, and which looks from certain angles like an extra-large hang glider taking off, has received a lot of attention from people in neighboring buildings. In fact, while we were up there talking four policemen suddenly appeared in the doorway to the thirty-second-floor terrace, and asked what was going on. Someone in a building across the street had reported suspicious persons on the roof, they said. Mr. Morrel explained the situation, and the cops took it in stride. They said it must have been a hell of a job to install the damn thing. One of them asked another what he thought it looked like; the other thought a moment, and then said, "It looks like lightning striking you." A third said that at this height he didn't even want to look. They asked when it was going to be open to the public, and said they would have to come back for a guided tour. Nobody seemed to be upset that it was sculpture.

A Discipline

THE other day, we walked over to the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum to see our friend Stella Blum and talk with her about the immensely successful exhibit "The Eighteenth-Century Woman," which opened December 16th and will run until the end of August. Stella Blum is the Costume Institute's curator. Diana Vreeland, who, along with Mrs. Blum and an assistant curator, Paul Ettesvold, selected the clothes and organized the show, is Special Consultant for Exhibitions. If Mrs. Vreeland's elegance (her usual outfit consists of Saint Laurent jersey pants, a cashmere sweater, and slightly savage jewelry; she often mixes the true and the fake in the Chanel manner) has the incandescence of a diamond, Mrs. Blum, though her look is not particularly "high fashion," radiates a soft glow not unlike that of a pearl.

We sat across from her at a wide desk in her large and airy office while she drank coffee out of a paper cup and buttered a muffin. "I live on Long Island," she said, "and all I can swallow when I get up is wakeup coffee, so by the time I get here I need a little *starch*." She has a boyish look, and that morning it was also somewhat medieval: silver hair cropped close around her face, slacks, and a long, hand-knitted pale-gray turtleneck sweater, all in purl stitch, that reminded us of a coat of mail. The gaze from her light-blue eyes is steady,



"I'm sorry, I don't like men with a mustache."

and she has a cool, level voice. She has a vast knowledge of her field, and she often pauses to reflect.

"This exhibition was not set up like an exhibition of paintings, where you can say, 'This goes up here, and this goes over there,' " Mrs. Blum told us. "This exhibition *grew*." She paused, took a last sip of coffee, and lit a cigarette. "Of course, the eighteenth century was an extraordinarily interesting period from the socioeconomic-cultural point of view—a century in which women were extremely *powerful*. You must not underestimate the power of the salons, where the hostesses played the role of Renaissance patrons. These women led a tumultuous existence: they went out to lunch, they went out to dinner, they went to after-dinner concerts."

Mrs. Blum stopped for a moment, then continued, "The French monopoly of fashion began in the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century, the dress was an open robe over a matching petticoat: the 'robe à la Française,' popularized by Mme. de Pompadour. It had a free-flowing, box-pleated back panel that often ended in a train. You know, fashion changes, but it never really repeats itself. The most obvious changes started with the fabrics. At first, the colors were heavy and baroque, and the patterns were large, unidentifiable forms. In the eighteenth century, under Louis XV, these forms softened and straightened, until, in the time of Louis XVI, they became stripes, in the same way that the cabriole leg straightened. It is perfectly amazing that these fabrics have survived. Even the sources of the textiles are known, whereas the names of the early fashion designers did *not* survive. Men like the French painter Jean Pillement signed their designs as if they were pieces of furniture. Of course, there was at that time a great respect for craft. A change in fashion appeared around 1775. The *desire* for change had been there; the change came in terms of the more practical clothes that country people wore, as a reaction to the 'ennui' of court life. Fashion also changed under the combined influences of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the finds at Pompeii-Herculaneum."

Mrs. Blum paused again, and put out her cigarette. "Of course, you know, in fashion, as in everything else, all is timing—'structuring the field,' according to psychologists. At some point, fashion begins to look *down*, the way it does with modern-day jeans. Anyway, country women were thought to have more *fun*. So by 1770 fashion had become countrified, as you can see in the works of Fragonard. At the same time, the French started to look to the English, who had never had as rigid a dress code as theirs, and the French style of dress was modified to the 'robe à l'Anglaise,' in which the pleats at the back are shaped to the body, and the train disappears."

Mrs. Blum lit another cigarette. "The 'redingote,' from the English 'riding coat,' made its appearance. So did the jockey cap. The French took note of the 'chemise' that women wore under their dresses, and of the dresses little English girls wore—the ones that fell freely from their shoulders, in lawn or white linen. In 1783, Vigée-Lebrun painted a portrait of Marie Antoinette in a white chemiselike dress, and it became a scandal—it was said that the Queen had posed in her underwear. Within a year, though, the 'chemise à la Reine' had become a hot fashion item. Women did not abandon their corsets, but the number of stays in the corsets was reduced. (The 'chemise à la Reine' was the ancestor of the Empire dress, that marvel of femininity.) Another change was the removal of fashion leadership from Versailles to Paris, but while France was still the leader for women, men began to look to England, where Beau Brummell was knotting his exquisite ties. The English had what French men were looking for: in this case, non-embroidered fabrics, woollens, less lace. Fashion becomes whatever people search for. Look at the kids today—the ones in their twenties have never had to dress for a 'situation,' because in the sixties everything collapsed. Fashion, after all, is a *discipline*, a respect for authority. Today, we're in a non-fashion period. Only when authority returns can fashion resume its identity."

A MILD ‘COMPLAINT’

I DO not know exactly ‘what’ it ‘is,’ but ‘something’ about a close and reverent ‘exposure’ to the work of Henry James seems to lead his commentators into a virtually ‘manic’ use of quotation marks. I have recently read—or, rather, ‘read’ until my eyelids became abraded ‘beyond endurance’ by incessant typographical ‘pricking’—the introduction, by Alma Louise Lowe, to ‘the master’ ’s ‘English Hours.’ The edition was ‘printed in England,’ so the intrusive ‘marks’ are ‘single.’ Some ‘specimens’:

> Because he listened ‘with proper credulity’ at Haddon Hall, he seemed to hear the ‘ghostly footfalls’ of Dorothy Vernon and Lord John Manners ‘on the flags of the castle court.’ On occasions he ‘did see’ ghosts ‘as we see ghosts nowadays.’ . . .
>
> The material he plucked while travelling accounts in a large measure for the ‘air of reality’ in James’s fiction. . . .
>
> That James, the ‘master,’ the celebrity so devoted to the ‘art’ of writing . . .
>
> There were scores of other Americans who felt the ‘pull’ of Europe. . . .
>
> He was reminded of ‘the early pages of “Oliver Twist” ’ as he watched . . .

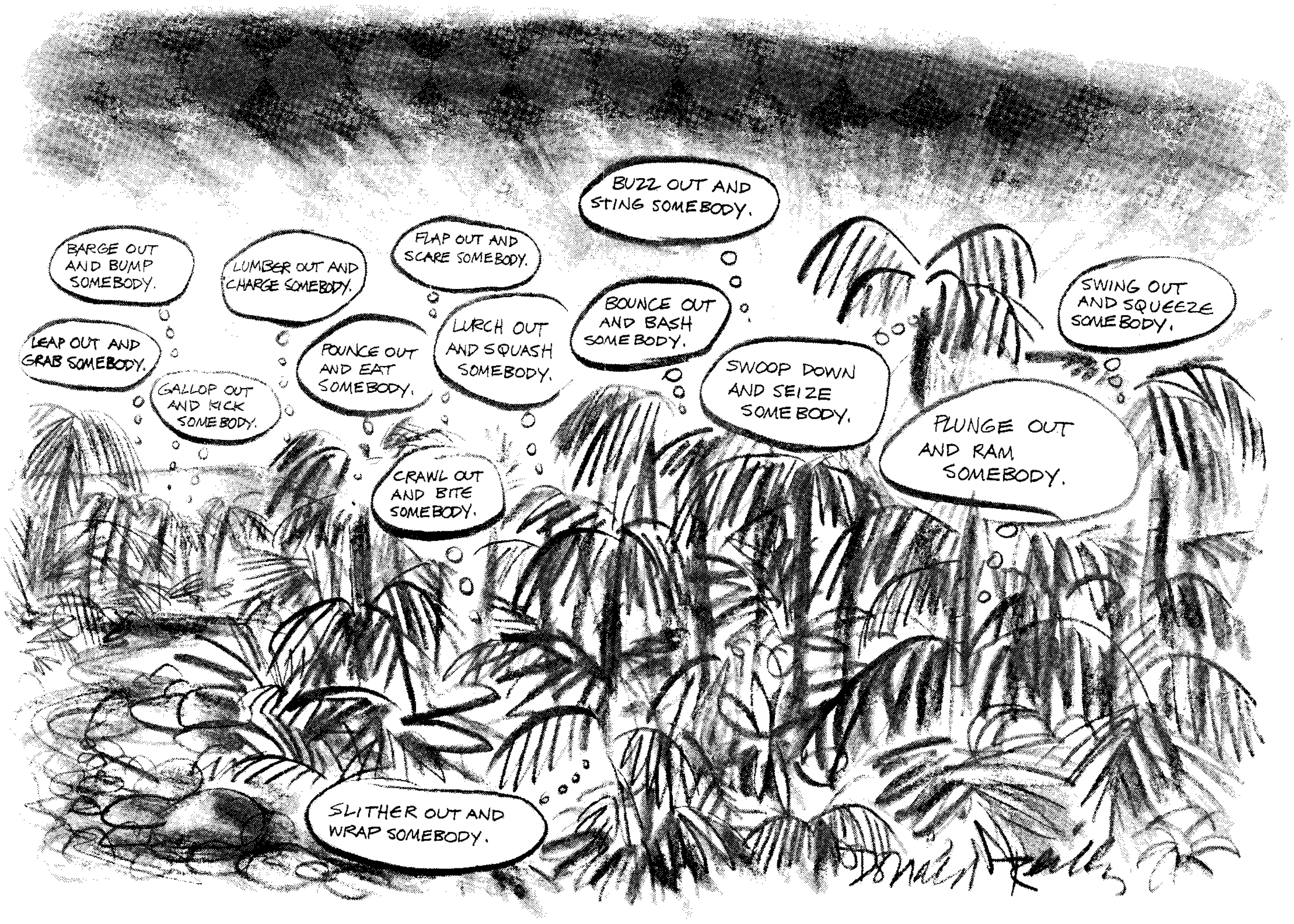
Now, what is the ‘point’? Are we to assume that ‘commonplace expressions’ such as ‘air of reality,’ ‘art,’ ‘pull,’ and ‘the early pages of “Oliver Twist,” ’ by their presumed preappearance in the ‘vast body’ of James’s prose, have acquired a ‘magic,’ a ‘special sense,’ which their ‘unadorned’ use would allow to ‘slip through the net’? Or is it merely that the ‘good’ Miss Lowe wishes to demonstrate her ‘fingertip mastery’ of ‘the material’? Thinking that it might be an ‘eccentricity’ peculiar to her, I turned to John L. Sweeney’s introduction to ‘The Painter’s Eye’ and ‘in an instant’ encountered

> His eye and memory were thus filled with images of a ‘world’ . . . long before discriminations had begun to ‘bristle.’ . . .
>
> . . . what he expected of them in terms of ‘subject’ and why, for example, he ‘detested’ Winslow Homer’s . . .
>
> We have no conclusive evidence that James eventually ‘embraced’ the Impressionists. We have, however, some convincing hints that he learned to appreciate them and to utilize their ‘suggestion.’

And Morton Dauwen Zabel’s introduction to ‘In the Cage and Other Tales’ yielded, in American typographical style, a ‘double harvest’:

> The “germ” that gave James his story . . . that the “spark” of his tale was kindled by the “wonderment” of his “speculation” . . .
>
> And it was thus that his “young woman,” the “caged telegraphist” . . .

Without denying that in some ‘instances’ an ‘atom’ of ‘pertinency’ may be glimpsed in this ‘practice,’ ‘wonderment’ is nevertheless aroused. It is not ‘enough’ to observe that here we have a ‘contagion’ originating in the ‘punctuational excesses’ of James’s own ‘later style.’ The ‘effect’ is ‘different.’ In James himself, these bootless exclamation marks serve as a ‘kind of spice’ to the ‘lavish feast’ whose most ‘delicious’ ingredient is the host’s visible relish in the ‘fare’ he is ‘setting forth.’ Whereas with the scholars ‘barnacled’ to the underside of his ‘stately gliding’ reputation, the ‘marks’ are ‘symptomatic of’ a mere ‘itch,’ if for which an appropriate cure, or at least ‘implement for scratching,’ can be located, I will, indeed, ‘be grateful.’ —JOHN UPDIKE


BARGE OUT AND BUMP SOMEBODY.
LUMBER OUT AND CHARGE SOMEBODY.
FLAP OUT AND SCARE SOMEBODY.
BUZZ OUT AND STING SOMEBODY.
LEAP OUT AND GRAB SOMEBODY.
GALLOP OUT AND KICK SOMEBODY.
POUNCE OUT AND EAT SOMEBODY.
LURCH OUT AND SQUASH SOMEBODY.
BOUNCE OUT AND BASH SOMEBODY.
SWOOP DOWN AND SEIZE SOMEBODY.
SWING OUT AND SQUEEZE SOMEBODY.
PLUNGE OUT AND RAM SOMEBODY.
CRAWL OUT AND BITE SOMEBODY.
SLITHER OUT AND WRAP SOMEBODY.

WHERE THE MOUNTAINS ARE

ANDERSON sat at the tiny airport bar in Idaho Falls, drinking bourbon and waiting anxiously for his mother's plane to land. Around him, some Mormons dressed in patterned acrylic fabrics that smelled of chemicals were sipping lemonade, and one of them remarked rather loudly that the incoming flight had been delayed. So Anderson ordered another drink. It was his third, and he worried a little, in a silly teen-age way, that it might make him seem drunk. He would not *be* drunk, not on three watery airport bourbons, but the slightest tendency toward inebriation brought a scowl to his mother's Baptist face. He had not seen her for several years, since his father's funeral, and he was hoping this time not to offend her.

When Mrs. Forché—she'd remarried after Anderson's father died—entered the terminal, however, she seemed not to notice anything, except the temperateness of the air. She wore a heavy tweed suit with a silver armadillo pinned to the collar. She was seventy-three and moved with great vitality, which she credited to a series of yoga-like exercises that a visiting minister had demonstrated at her church in Houston.

"Why, this is not bad at all!" she exclaimed, taking hold of Anderson's arm. "It must be eighty degrees!"

"It's June, Mom," Anderson said. He kissed her cheek, and discovered that she still used the same creamy makeup base she'd used when he was a kid. "Almost July."

"I know what month it is," said Mrs. Forché. "But the West is so unpredictable. It could have been snowing!" She slipped off her white gloves, and peered into the crowd. "Where's Arthur Earl?" she asked.

Arthur Earl, Anderson's only child, was about to graduate from high school. This grand event had occasioned Mrs. Forché's trip; it had also provoked Anderson's spirit of reconciliation.

"Graduation practice," Anderson said, lying.

"You'd think he'd skip it to meet his grandmother."

"He couldn't. It was required."

"I'll bet he came out to meet Carol's mother," said Mrs. Forché.

"She doesn't get here until tomorrow," Anderson said. "Listen, I have to warn you about something. Arthur Earl doesn't want to be called Arthur Earl anymore."

"Why ever not?" Mrs. Forché said. Arthur Earl had been named in honor of her late husband.

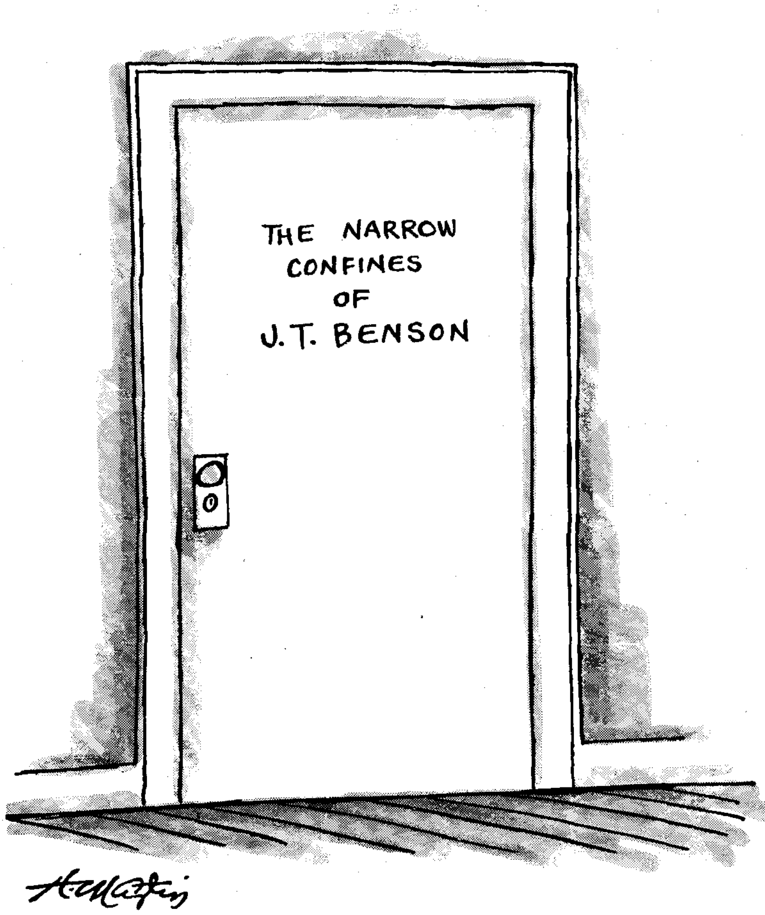
Anderson shrugged. "He says it makes him feel like a redneck."

"Redneck?" said Mrs. Forché in disbelief. "Why, that name has a history." She peeled off the jacket of her suit, as if preparing to do battle. "What does he *want* to be called?"

"Ted."

"*Ted*? Isn't that a sissy name?"

"Not in Idaho," Anderson said. "He's just going through a stage. He'll get over it."


THE NARROW CONFINES OF J.T. BENSON

Mrs. Forché wrinkled her nose and sniffed at her son's breath. "Have you been drinking again, Buddy?" she asked.

"I had a bourbon while I was waiting for you," Anderson said, recoiling.

"Well, I'm not going to make a big deal out of it," said Mrs. Forché. "It doesn't do any good to lecture a man your age."

Anderson—known to everybody else in the world as Robert—was forty-seven, although he looked much younger because of his thick black hair. He wore an inoffensive beard, the kind that bureaucrats favor, and worked as a technical writer for Arkton Industrials, a consulting firm dependent on government contracts for its survival. This was not what he'd planned to do with his life. He had wanted to be a real writer, and, in fact, had published a number of promising stories in little magazines during the late fifties, when he'd resided in Paris and earned his keep—like James Joyce before him—teaching English to upwardly mobile merchants and their daughters. He had married one such daughter, then lived for a while at her father's country house in Gironde composing a serious novel, until the daughter left him for a filthy motorcycle mechanic, whose only passion was riding his Lambretta through the vineyards at a murderous clip.

He met Carol, his present wife, on the rebound. She was travelling across Europe with a college study group, but her interest in academic matters faded when she saw Anderson, in his beret and navy-blue turtleneck, making journal entries at a café table. "Nobody cares about art," he told her moodily over a half litre of vin ordinaire. Over the second half litre, he shouted, "But art has the power to unify!" Over the third, he invited her back to his so-called studio, a cold, bathless hotel room in which a wellthumbed copy of "Ulysses" served as central icon, and showed her stacks of manuscript and fumbled badly with the buttons of her dress.

They were wed in August of the following year, and departed immediately for San Francisco, where they remained for almost a decade. Anderson paid the rent on a small apartment near the Haight by selling free-lance articles to every magazine and trade journal in the Bay Area. He became an expert in esoteric information—the temperature at which gasoline boils, the capital of Rumania. At night, he smoked high-quality dope and listened to music, while laboring like a jeweller on one or another of his novels—many were in progress now. Perhaps he could have continued in this fashion forever, but Arthur Earl kept growing and his future had to be considered. What if he wanted to go to college someday? How could they possibly afford it? Anderson was thrown into a turmoil of guilt, during which he alienated most of his friends by confessing, over and over again, that he'd been a bad provider. He looked everywhere for a steady job, but he had no success until he attended, in desperation, a widely advertised recruitment seminar sponsored by Arkton Industrials. The seminar was held at the downtown Hilton, and Anderson, billing himself as an industrialist manqué, spent hours in the bar, knocking back tequila with a good old boy from Galveston, who happened also to be an Arkton vice-president.

PEDRO'S
MEXICAN INITIATIVE
RESTAURANT
Menu
Dana Fradon

A month later, Anderson was living in Idaho Falls, wearing polyester shirts and commuting daily to a huge, wedge-shaped building on the outskirts of town. He so enjoyed the novelty of a regular paycheck that all thoughts of Joyce, and the unifying power of art, were banished from his mind. He learned to cut his own firewood, change the points and plugs on a three-quarter-ton pickup, to bowl, square dance, ski, and fly-fish. On warm summer evenings, like those that were just beginning, he bolted from the office at five and drove out to a fast-flowing creek that most locals avoided because of its rattlesnake population. Occasionally, he persuaded Arthur Earl to come along, and together they fished the riffles, using elk-hair caddis flies to attract rainbow and cutthroat trout. They always stopped in the little town of Bone on their way home. From the porch of the general store, they watched the sun drop behind the hills, and then watched the surrounding wheat fields and cattle ranches turn a dusky shade of purple. Anderson drank beer, so cold it numbed his tongue. Usually, Arthur Earl had a 7Up, but on a recent night he'd asked for a Coors. After a moment's hesitation, Anderson said, "Sure, why not?" and plunked down seventy-five cents with such confidence that he felt, for the first time, exactly like a father, and could not resist hugging his son, much to Arthur Earl's embarrassment.

IT was this newfound sense of maturity that Anderson wished to demonstrate to his mother. He was proud of his house, for instance—the first he'd ever owned. Big and green, it occupied a large corner lot and had a redwood deck in the back yard, from which you could see the outlying mountains.

"Guess what it cost me," he asked, parking in the driveway.

"Oh, I wouldn't have any idea," said Mrs. Forché. She wished that her new husband, who had a head for figures, was with her.

"C'mon, take a guess."

"Eighty thousand?"

Anderson laughed—he was preening. "Sixty-two five," he said. "And that included the power mower."

"I'd say you got yourself a real bargain," Mrs. Forché said, although, in truth, the house seemed boxy and awkward to her, lacking in the stout-hearted landscaping—broad-needled pines and luxuriant St. Augustine grass—that made the suburbs of Houston so comforting.

Carol stood in the doorway, waving. She was a thin, virtuous woman, who'd developed a bad habit of biting her fingernails during the lean San Francisco years. Her lingering fear of poverty had caused her to take a part-time job as a typist for a local manufacturer. She spoke seldom, but she always knew what she was saying.

"How was your flight?" she asked,

depositing Mrs. Forché's cosmetics case on a table.

"We were delayed for an hour in Salt Lake," said Mrs. Forché. "I ate a hot dog and read the Psalms."

In the bathroom, Mrs. Forché freshened up. She took off her nylons, marvelling at the heat, then splashed some water on her cheeks and set off on an exploratory tour of the house. She peeked into the guest bedroom, where her luggage was stored, and into the master bedroom, which was decorated with reproductions of famous paintings. Then she peeked into the third bedroom and found Arthur Earl. He was stretched out on his bed, with headphones shielding his ears, reading a Stephen King novel. He didn't seem to recognize his grandmother when he looked up.

"Yes, it's me, all right," she said brightly.

Arthur Earl blinked his heavy lids. He removed the headphones and placed them carefully on a pillow, where they lay cradled, like some precious infant of technology.

"Have you got a kiss for me?" Mrs. Forché asked. "How did your practice go?"

"Practice?"

Anderson appeared in the room, transported magically from the kitchen. "Graduation practice," he said, winking above his mother's blue-gray hair. "You must have finished early."

"We must have," said Arthur Earl.

He rolled off the bed. At six foot three, he was five inches taller than Anderson, and seemed to have extra arms and legs. There were gaping holes in his socks.

"I thought I told you to throw those out," Anderson said in annoyance.

"Well, you *didn't* tell me," said Arthur Earl, contorting his face as if Anderson had accused him of a heinous crime. "Maybe you *thought* you told me, but you didn't." He exhibited a naked toe. "Anyway, they're not so terrible."

"Just cut the crap," said Anderson disgustedly.

Arthur Earl kissed his grandmother. She seemed to float up into his arms. When he set her down, she patted his shoulder and stared knowingly at him.

"I can see Grandpa in your eyes," she said. "You resemble him, Arthur Earl."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," he said. He put an anguished hand on his hip and turned toward Anderson. "You were *supposed* to explain, Dad."

"I did explain. Grandma probably forgot."

But Mrs. Forché had not forgotten. She grabbed Arthur Earl by his T-shirt sleeve and adopted an inquisitional tone. "Why would you want to change your name, boy? What kind of a name is Ted, anyhow?"

"I like it better, is all," he said.

"I certainly don't," said Mrs. Forché. "I don't like it a bit."

Arthur Earl chewed on his lip, in an effort to be polite. "I'm sorry you don't, Grandma," he said. "But it's my life. I'm the one who has to live it." He turned to his father. "Give me the keys to the truck, will you?"

"What for?"

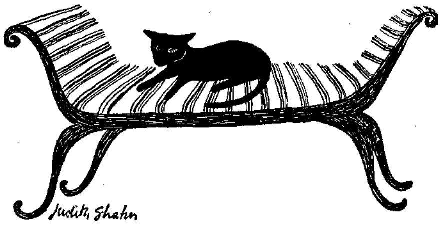
"I want to get it washed."

"You have a date?" Anderson asked slyly.

"None of your business," said Arthur Earl, sounding irritated. "I have some very important errands to do tomorrow. So just hand 'em over."

As soon as the keys touched his palm, he vanished. Some residual Aerosmith music seeped out of his cradled headphones.

He did not return in time for dinner, so they ate without him, grouped around a wrought-iron table on the deck. Anderson prevailed upon his mother to have a taste of wine. She avoided the offering for a few minutes, then began to sip delicately at it, hummingbird style. It went right to her head and added to the surprising sensation of warmth and well-being that had attended her since arrival. It seemed odd to her now that the pros-



IN TRAFFIC

Even if the highway had been moved to dance,
the stalled traffic, stuck in a line,
choreographed into something interesting—
Chevettes going sideways in a field,
or up, up into a cloudless sky
where so much space cries out for movement—
still the Real would be on to us again
on this little trap of a road adorned with
a diner, a garage, and a nursery,
whose trees are struggling to produce more leaves.

How gradual spring is here! How impatient
all of us are to be getting home,
as if home were some sort of transfigured instant.
We're stymied, as usual, by the unknown—
a broken-down truck up ahead, an accident,
a Harvester dragging gigantic claws
too wide for one lane, or an animal
refusing to budge—and we begin to wonder
who we all are: the anonymous
taking on interest, the way a tree
stands out suddenly, exempt from its species.

Nothing is really dancing except
an insect or two, whose lives will be smashed
against a windshield once we begin
to move, which we're beginning to do;
that truck full of trees is carting its garden
away toward somebody's landscaped Eden,
and we're picking up speed, single file,
driving through towns too pretty to be—
a pond displaying its steadfast green
to let us know it was worth the trip.

—Howard Moss

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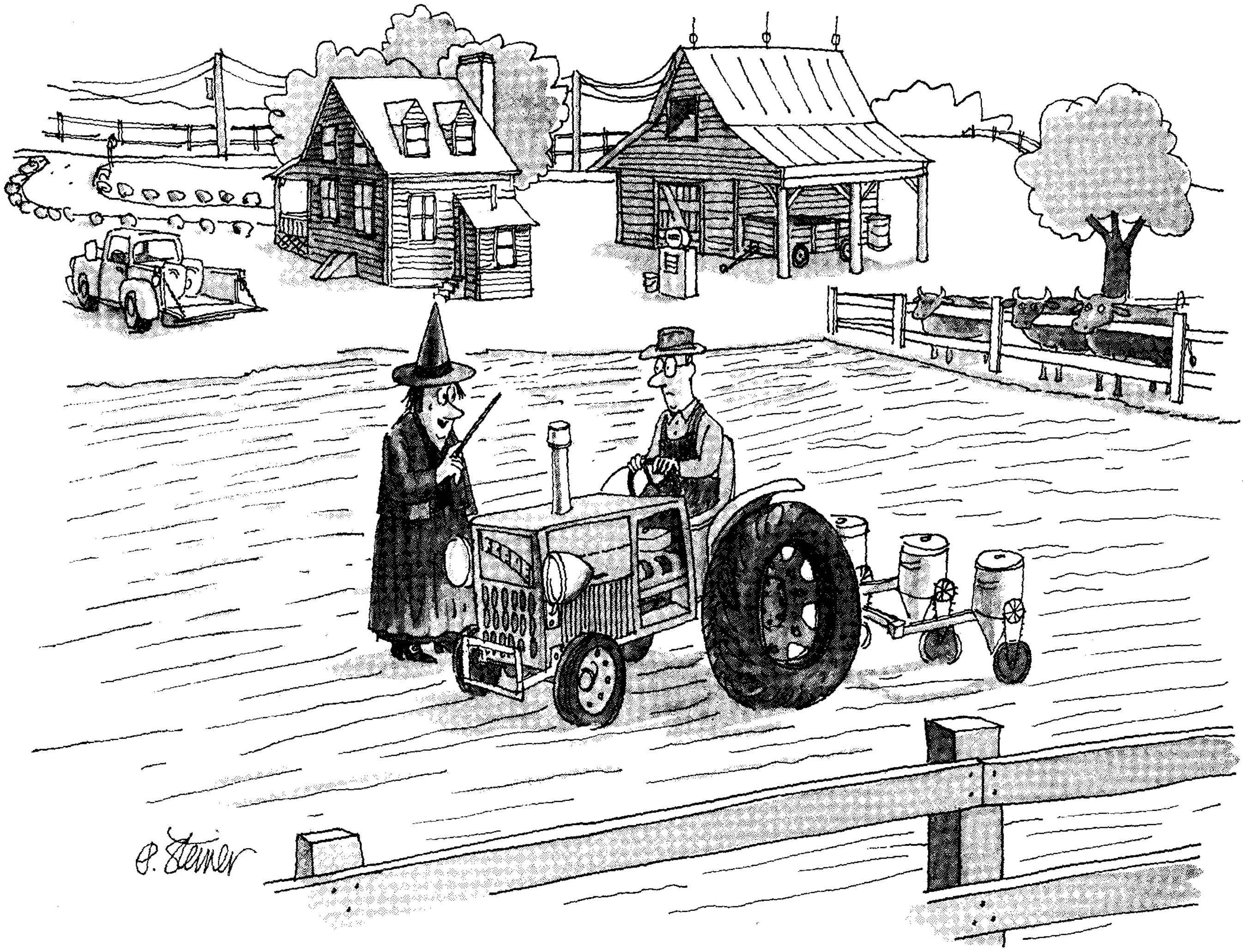


"Every twenty minutes, another small farmer disappears. You're next."

• •

pect of the trip had once filled her with dread.

"That Arthur Earl," she said, eyes flashing, "he takes after you, Buddy. He's such a feisty child!"

She told Carol how Anderson had run away from home when he was ten, and then again when he was twelve, managing to jump a freight the second time and ride it all the way to Beaumont, before he got scared and turned himself in at the police station. His father, an explosive hardware salesman who chain-smoked Luckies, had to drive for hours through a miserable hailstorm to claim him, and afterward their battling—which was already fierce—became more intense than ever. They clashed over the most insignificant things—a scrap of meat left on a plate, the distance the family Buick should be parked from the curb. Mrs. Forché, asked to choose sides, chose her husband's. She had never really got close to Buddy, not even later, when he was a young man brimming with enthusiasm for literature, actively seeking her approval. She didn't understand him—that was it. The magazines he sent her from Paris were upsetting. What pleasure could she derive from seeing the name Anderson sandwiched between vulgar words and pen-and-ink drawings of women showing off their breasts? She stuffed them in a bottom drawer and never mentioned them to anybody. Instead, she explained her son's wandering by inventing stories of her own—Buddy translating articles for the American consul, Buddy teaching the children of diplomats at an exclusive school on the Champs-Élysées.

She expected him to begin an intelligible career when he settled in San Francisco with his new wife, but he acted more scattered than he had in Europe. He had no sense of responsibility. He dressed like a hippie and mailed her pamphlets criticizing the government. There was a nasty scene in Houston, when he came to his father's funeral in bluejeans, with hair down to his shoulders and a wispy little psychopath's mustache on his upper lip. "Don't you have any respect for the dead?" she shouted at him, refusing to believe that he hadn't meant to insult or offend her, that he had boarded the plane in a condition of obliterative rage, wishing he could raise up the old man and forgive him for everything. She wouldn't answer his letters—even the apologetic ones—for months after. They were beautiful letters, she had to admit, full of poetry, but all the poetry on earth wasn't going to feed poor Arthur Earl, or put something other than ventilated sneakers on his feet. So she was glad when Buddy gave up his literary quest, and near to ecstasy when he accepted the job in Idaho Falls. Already she could tell that the acquisition of some basic American household goods—a couch, a guest bed, a toaster oven—had altered the texture of Buddy's marriage. He no longer picked at Carol; there was a bit of fat under his chin.

After eating, Mrs. Forché felt tired and went to her room. She put on her nightgown, sat on the rug, and performed a few of the exercises she'd learned from the visiting minister. But an irresistible weariness infected her limbs, and, gradually, she was drawn into bed. She could hear Arthur Earl laughing at the television set, downstairs in the family room. This gave her a feeling of continuity—children in their secret places. She tried to read her Bible, but she couldn't concentrate. Mountains, in all their spatial wonder, kept impinging on her mind.

IN the morning, Anderson drove to the airport to meet Mrs. Whiting, Carol's mother. He was somewhat in awe of her—she had an annealed quality that intimidated him. Her ex-husband, a stockbroker with whom he'd once played a duffer's round of golf, called her Sister Impenetrable, which wasn't fair, really, because she was open and generous and had come to Anderson's financial assistance on several occasions. His account with her was still slightly in arrears.

She was the first one off the plane and carried a large, gaudily wrapped package and a bottle of Chivas Regal still in its carton.

"You would not believe what happened to me on the way to Kennedy," she said, striding briskly toward the baggage-claim area. "A terrorist tried to steal my taxi! At least, I thought he was a terrorist. You know the type—beady eyes, a dirty raincoat?" She stopped to light a cigarette. "Anyway, there we were, parked on Third, when this little terrorist jumps into the back seat and orders the driver to take him to the West Side. I nearly died," she said, exhaling smoke. "Fortunately, he was unarmed. In fact, he had a screw loose. But we couldn't get him out of the cab. He just sat there mumbling, 'West Side, West Side.' Finally, the driver flagged down a cop. Then it was goodbye, little terrorist. I was sure I'd miss my flight." Suddenly she quit talking and gave Anderson a military peck on the cheek. "Be a dear, Robert," she said, "and help me with this stuff."

Mrs. Whiting, who lived in Manhattan and considered herself something of an urban guerrilla, had visited Idaho Falls twice before, and consequently she entered Anderson's house with a tremendous lack of ceremony. She dropped her bags in the living room, poured herself a tall Scotch, and perched on a wicker stool in the kitchen, waiting for Carol to return from work. When the front door opened a bit later, she shouted, "In here, dear!," but instead of her daughter she saw a small, bright-eyed woman in a Houston Oilers sweatshirt.

"This is my mom," Anderson said. "Gertrude Forché, Louise Whiting."

Mrs. Forché was breathing hard. She clasped Mrs. Whiting's hand in hers. "Pardon my sweat," she said. "I was out for my walk."

"I used to go walking all the time," said Mrs. Whiting, "until I got arthritis in my knee."

"I know some good exercises for joint problems," said Mrs. Forché.

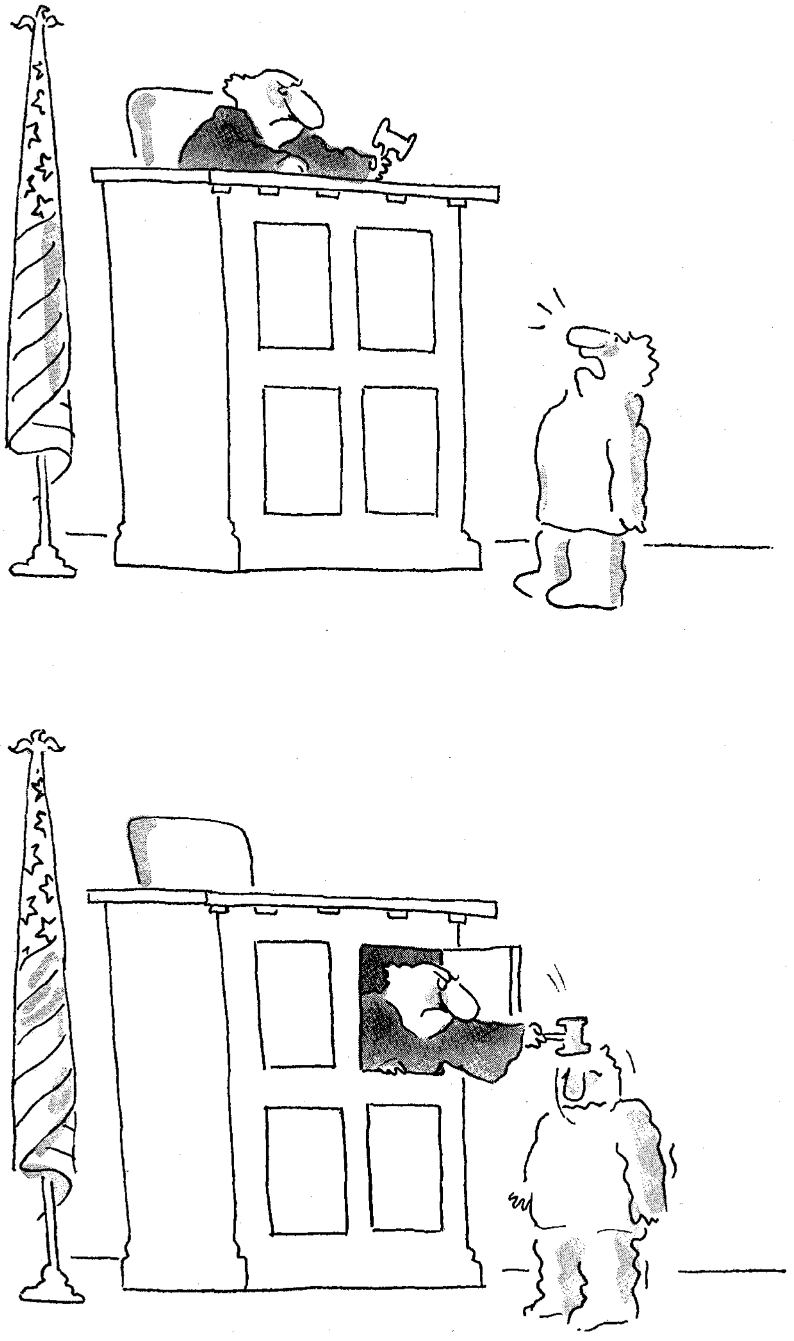
Both women were lying on the rug when Carol got home.

"I can't get up right now," Mrs. Whiting yelled, throwing a kiss. "I'm learning to cure myself."

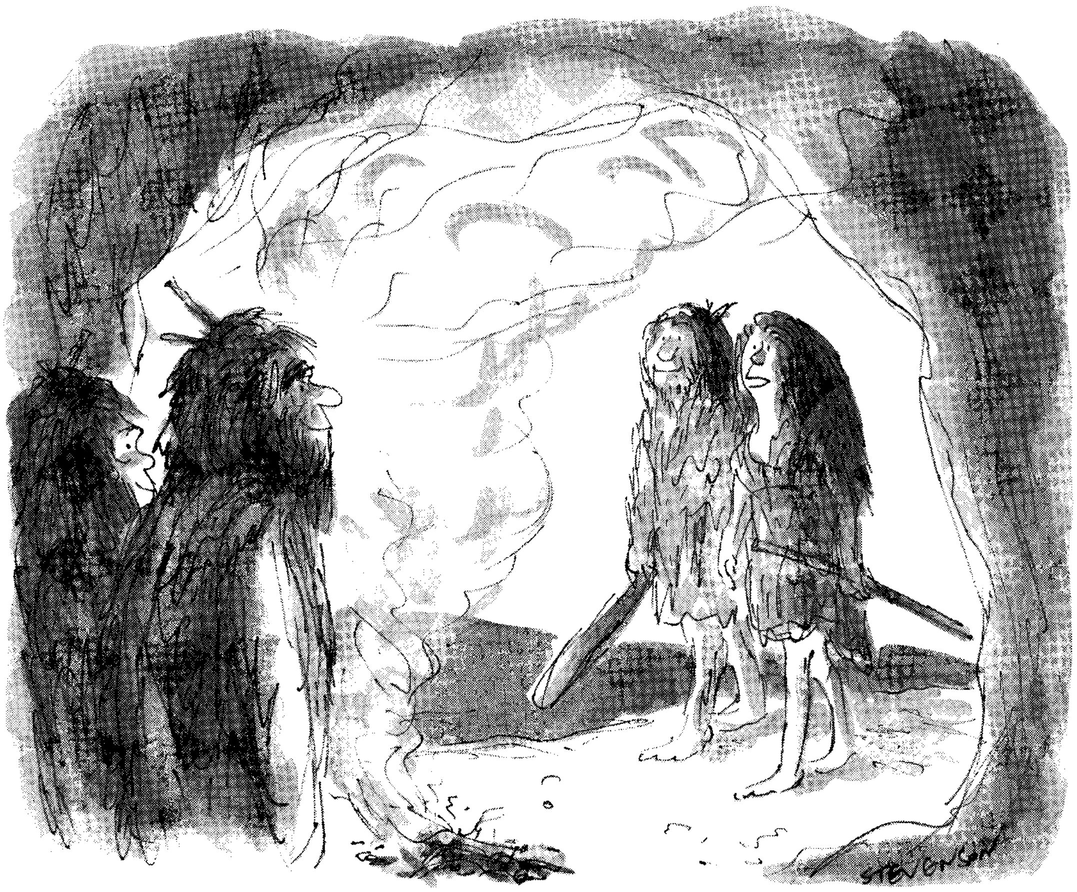
"She's much more dexterous than she thought," said Mrs. Forché.

"Watch how this leg bends!"

Carol observed the bending of the leg, smiling wryly. Nothing her mother did came as a surprise anymore. "Robert," she said, surveying the clutter in the living room. "Why is Mom's



Bernard Schoenbaum.



"We already found fire, thank you. Right now we're looking for a good party."

luggage all over everywhere?"

"Haven't had a chance to take it downstairs yet," Anderson said.

Mrs. Forché, still supine, registered an objection. "Those steps would be murder on her knee," she said. "You move my things down there, Buddy."

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Whiting, pressing her diaphragm with her fingertips. "I have steps in my apartment building and manage them just fine."

"But it's no *bother* to me," Mrs. Forché insisted. "We'll switch, and that's that."

Further argument was curtailed when the phone rang. It was Arthur Earl, calling from a gas station near Ashton, forty miles away, where the pickup had broken down.

"What the hell were you doing in *Ashton*?" Anderson asked angrily.

"I gave this girl a ride up there to her uncle's house. She missed her bus."

"I'll bet."

"Listen, Dad," said Arthur Earl. "You don't have to believe me if you don't want to. But it's not my fault the damn truck doesn't run right. The mechanic, he said the oil hadn't been changed for probably five thousand miles."

Anderson knew this was true. He modulated his voice in order to make a request. "How'd you feel about sleeping downstairs in the family room for a couple nights?"

"Forget it."

"That means I'll have to put Grandma Forché down there."

"I'd do it any other time," Arthur Earl said. "*Any* other time. But not now. Not with graduation coming."

"Thanks, sport," said Anderson.

Anderson transferred his mother's bags while Mrs. Whiting chatted on the phone. He felt terrible about it. The family room—a section of converted basement panelled in pseudo mahogany—was damp and moldy and decorated with wine-spattered posters from the old Fillmore auditorium. An upright piano, its keys frigid to the touch, was shoved against the far wall. On top of it rested a rubber Richard Nixon mask that Anderson used to wear at political rallies. He put it on and opened his arms wide in a gesture of embrace.

"Welcome to Siberia, Mom," he said.

But Mrs. Forché wasn't paying attention. Instead, she was testing one of her favorite Sunday-school lessons: trying to make the best of things.

"I guess this must pull out into a bed," she said, examining a worn purple couch. "It's nice and comfortable." Then her eyes encountered a patch of dried orange matter, and she balked. "There's a pretty bad stain on this cushion, Buddy," she said.

Anderson, mask in hand, investigated. "It's that cheese junk Arthur Earl sprays on crackers," he said bitterly. "I'll probably need a blowtorch to get it off." He flopped onto the couch and tugged at his beard. "I'm sorry about this, Mom," he said. "It never occurred to us, about her knee. We've never *had* more than one guest before."

"You're getting yourself worked up over nothing," said Mrs. Forché.

Anderson had heard this sentence maybe eight million times. In the past, it had always been addressed to his father.

"I'm *not* worked up," he protested. "It's just that I wanted you to have a good time."

"I *am* having a good time. Besides, this is only for a day or two. Louise goes back to New York on Sunday."

"That's right," said Anderson, taking consolation where he could.

"Not everything can be perfect," said Mrs. Forché. "You've got to make the best of things."

"I've got a little space heater I'll bring down," said Anderson, rising.

"Quit *worrying* about me now," Mrs. Forché scolded. "I'll be plenty cozy here," she said, although in fact she was extremely disconcerted to have surrendered her view of the mountains for one of Jimi Hendrix wreathed in psychedelic flames.

BUT the beauty of the landscape was redeemed for Mrs. Forché later in the evening, when she saw the Snake River coursing through downtown Idaho Falls and observed the splendid cleanliness of Mormon architecture; there was a temple as white as the salt of the Great Salt Lake. She was impressed, too, by the restaurant where Anderson took everybody—except Arthur Earl, who was still stranded in Ashton—for dinner. It had a cathedral ceiling inset with stained-glass windows, and plants grew so thickly in the dining room that Mrs. Forché seemed always to be peering around leaves. The waiter was young and handsome and introduced himself as Bob. After dinner, and a half glass of wine, Mrs. Forché felt rather young herself. She popped a peppermint into her mouth and linked her arm through Anderson's for a stroll along the dusky boulevards. At a variety store, she twirled around a postcard rack and asked Anderson, who was intimate with art, to help her select a few extraordinary panoramas to send to her friends in Houston. She liked especially a packet depicting the natural wonders of Yellowstone Park: eagles, cataracts, geysers—an accordion of miraculous images.

"The last time we camped at Yellowstone, a bear almost got us," Anderson told her.

"You're kidding!" Mrs. Forché exclaimed.

"No, I'm not. He came right up and scratched at the truck windows. We were sleeping in back. Ask Arthur Earl about it—he's the one who forgot to put the food away."

Mrs. Forché studied a tinted photo of deer browsing on a ridge. "I'd like to go there someday," she said. "I don't believe we have anything like it in Texas."

Ultimately, she bought four packets, along with a funny graduation card in which she planned to enclose a check for Arthur Earl.

"Do you think fifty dollars would be too much?" she asked.

"Far, far too much," said Anderson, thinking about his poor abused truck.

At home, Mrs. Whiting brought out the Chivas Regal and suggested a nightcap. Mrs. Forché, elevating an eyebrow, did not partake; in her opinion, Mrs. Whiting had just crossed the subtle line separating social drinkers from alcoholics. She was becoming rather critical of the New York woman, who talked too much and mistook pushiness for energy. Instead of joining the others in the living room, Mrs. Forché sat by herself at the kitchen table, soberly studying Yellowstone, its glories and dangers. The effort to encompass the park with her imagination began to exhaust her, and she was about to retire, when Mrs. Whiting, whose cheeks were inflamed with Scotch, begged Carol to play a few songs on the piano.

Carol knew it was useless to argue; after a certain point, her mother's demands were non-negotiable. She led the company downstairs, then played "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." She played "Unchained Melody" and the theme from "Moulin Rouge." Then she played some Mozart.

"Play 'Clair de Lune,' " said Mrs. Whiting in a husky voice. "You *know* how I love it!"

Carol was playing Scott Joplin rags when Arthur Earl came clumping down the steps, shortly after midnight. He had a goofy expression on his face—the kind that only drugs or sex can provoke in adolescents.

"Nice of you to stop by," Anderson said. "Is the truck O.K.?"

"Truck's fine," said Arthur Earl, grinning broadly. "It's sleeping."

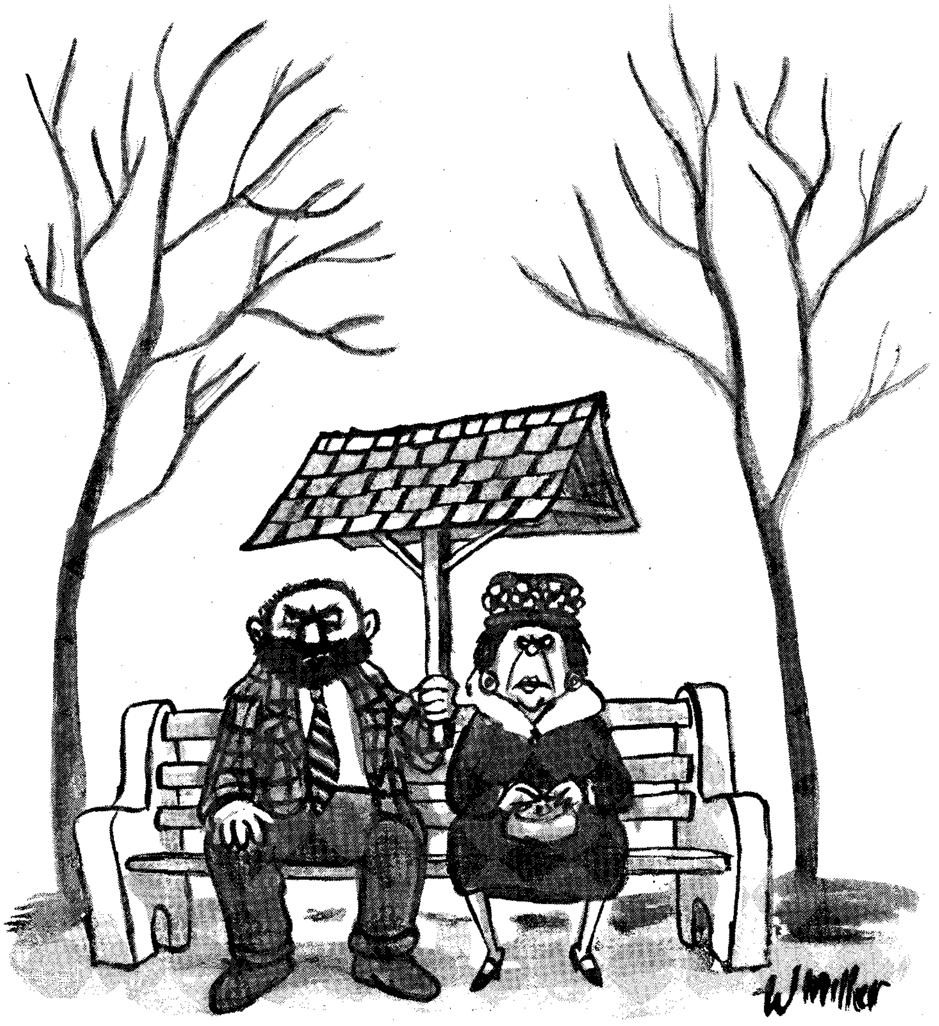
"Always a joke," said Anderson.

"Oh, Robert," said Mrs. Whiting. "Leave him alone. He's practically a grown man."

"Right on, Grandma," said Arthur Earl. "Hey, did you try the buffalo-meat chili? Was it great, or was it great?"

Mrs. Whiting looked perplexed. "Buffalo-meat chili?"

"Didn't you take 'em to Lester's Cafeteria, Dad?" Arthur Earl wailed. "You were supposed to take 'em to Lester's."



"So we've always had a roof over our heads. Big deal!"

"We had steaks instead. Plain broiled steaks," Anderson said. "Where did you eat?"

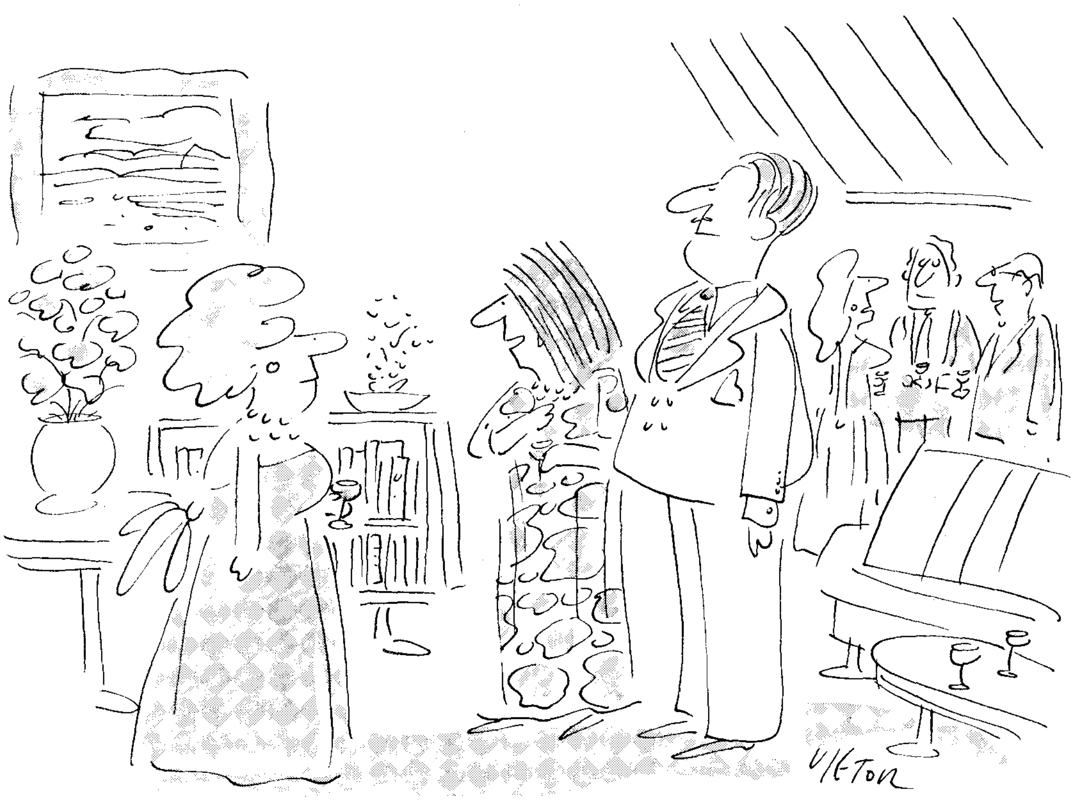
"The girl's uncle, he fried up some trout he got at the Henry's Fork. Hey, check these out!"

Arthur Earl reached into his shirt pocket, then dumped a handful of tiny blue-winged flies on the piano top.

Anderson inspected them for craftsmanship. "The uncle tied these?" he asked.

Before Arthur Earl could answer, Carol said, "Where did your mother go, Robert?"

They found her upstairs, napping on the living-room couch, a borrowed ski parka covering her legs and her postcard packet shielding her eyes from the light.



"Mrs. Edwards, I'd like to introduce you to the great sounds of Harlan Atwood III."

• •

ON graduation morning, Anderson, in his bathrobe, watched his mother, who'd awakened early, setting the table for breakfast. She moved quite stiffly. Her housecoat, pink and flowered, was wrinkled in places, and Anderson thought he could see imprinted on it the lumps of the mattress on which she'd been forced to sleep. From the guest room, in contradistinction, came the resonant breathing of Mrs. Whiting—the imperturbable snoring of somebody who occupies a comfort zone as lumpless as a sea becalmed.

Arthur Earl bounded to the table. He threw a leg over a chair back and let his yawning bulk sink into a seat.

"What's this?" he asked, reaching for an envelope propped against the saltshaker.

"A little something for you," said Mrs. Forché.

Arthur Earl smiled and attacked the envelope. He made a big show of reading the card inside before examining the check.

"Fifty dollars!" he whooped. "You must be crazy!" He caught himself. "I don't mean crazy—I mean, you know, *thanks!*" Then he looked at Mrs. Forché and seemed to realize for the first time how old she was—her hands, as she mixed the pancake batter, were like claws. "But really, Grandma," he said, very solemnly, "I can't take this. It's too much. You need it."

"If I needed it, I wouldn't have given it to you," said Mrs. Forché. "So just hush your mouth and go spend it on something wild."

For Arthur Earl, the whole day was like this, lit with potency and recognitions. When he put on his new blue suit, his baby fat seemed to disappear, and he acquired an elegant taper of the sort he had long imagined would accompany the onset of maturity. At school, he covered the suit with a graduation gown, but even this obligatory nod in the direction of uniformity did not diminish his shapeliness. He was a reed; his body felt light and airy. He joined the other graduates in a queue that stretched from the football team's locker room to a point near the main parking lot, and stood next to his friend Terry Andrews, a mole-faced boy who was intensely proud of his parents' wheat farm near Bone. They joked about events that now seemed historical, linked to a past they would not soon forget, but they had to quit when the impassioned baton of Mr. Dante Ferrigno led the school band into the initial chords of "Pomp and Circumstance."

Moving forward, Arthur Earl was gripped by unexpected emotion. The band's brass section, always notorious for its tinniness, roared in his ears. He walked through the goalposts and across the ten-yard line, keeping his eyes on the worn green grass, so he wouldn't start crying. But then he saw the bare feet of the girl—Marcia Amwell—marching ahead of him, which made him giggle audibly and poke Terry Andrews in the ribs. He bet Andrews a dollar that the principal would use the word "responsibility" at least five times in his speech. He won. He felt prescient and gazed toward the distant bleachers, certain that he could divine the figures of his family in the otherwise undifferentiated mass of flesh.

They were there, of course—Anderson and Carol and the two grandmothers, both of whom had dressed in shades of red so vivid that they obliterated the delicate beauty of the orchid corsages Anderson had ordered from the florist. Mrs. Whiting had already removed her corsage, because it irritated the membranes of her nose. Presently, she was complaining to Carol about the hardness of the bleacher slats, which had caused a numbness in her bottom. As usual, Carol only half listened to the complaints, preferring instead to observe the ceremony and fan her face with a rolled-up graduation program. It was the program that had most upset Mrs. Forché—or, more accurately, that had served as the focus of her many discontents. She could not understand how Arthur Earl had chosen to list himself as Ted, especially on such a formal occasion. She interpreted it as an act of betrayal, which went against every notion of justice she'd ever entertained.

"I'm glad his granddaddy's not alive to witness this," she whispered to Anderson. "That boy needs a haircut, too!"

Anderson ignored her. Graduation had filled him with a devout, if predictable, melancholy, which pursued him onto the field when the ceremony ended and made him stumble, like an elderly pensioner, over slippery heaps of discarded caps and gowns. Finally, he found Arthur Earl—huge, beaming—among the others and embraced him as best he could, but he was overwhelmed by the strength he felt emanating from his son. His melancholy deepened when Arthur Earl introduced him to a raven-haired girl from Ashton, whose ecstatic beauty seemed not really vivifying but as perishable as orchids.

The family rode home in silence, then went about preparing for Arthur Earl's party. Anderson, still in a black mood, opened a bottle of champagne and reflected on how the cork echoed hollowly down the hallway, presaging centuries of emptiness. Carol set out a buffet of cold cuts, cheese, bread, and salads, which waited in compositional isolation, preserved under Saran Wrap, for Arthur Earl and his pals, who arrived only twenty minutes later than they'd promised and devoured most of the food before Mrs. Forché, in an ill-fitting apron, could pour them some punch.

"Hey!" shouted Arthur Earl, heading for the stereo. "We need music!"

"Wait, wait, *wait!*" cried Mrs. Whiting, rising spiritedly from the couch, where she'd been drinking champagne and discussing wheat futures with Terry Andrews. She returned from the guest room with the large package she'd brought from New York. It was another gift for Arthur Earl—an expensive portable radio whose miniaturized speakers afforded the utmost in fidelity to the listener.

MARRIED LOVE

The trees are uncurling their first
green messages: Spring, and some man
lets his arm brush my arm in a darkened
theatre. Faint-headed, I fight the throb
of groin and blood. Later I dream
the gas attendant puts a cool hand
on my breast, asking a question.
Slowly I rise through the surface of the dream,
brushing his hand and my own heat away.

Young, I burned to marry. Married,
the smolder goes on underground,
clutching at weeds, writhing everywhere.
I'm trying to talk to a friend on burning
issues, flaming from the feet up,
drinking in his breath, touching his wrist.
I want to grab the pretty woman
on the street, seize the falcon
by its neck, beat my way into whistling steam.

I turn to you in the dark, O husband,
watching your lit breath circle the pillow.
Then you turn to me, throwing first one limb
and then another over me, in the easy brotherly
lust of marriage. I cling to you
as if I were a burning ship and you
could save me, as if I won't go sliding down
beneath you soon, as if our lives are made of rise
and fall, and we could ride this out forever,
with longing's thunder rolling heavy in our arms.

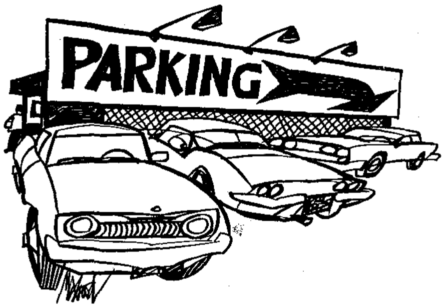
—L. M. Rosenberg

• •

"This must have cost a fortune," Terry Andrews sighed, lying on the rug so he could scrutinize the elaborate dials and gauges more closely.

Mrs. Forché knelt beside him and nodded in rueful agreement; the radio made her check seem insignificant. "It's even got shortwave," she said.

"Let's fire it up, Grandma," said Arthur Earl. He tuned in some hard rock, snapping his fingers gleefully, but Anderson intervened, after another bottle of champagne, and switched to a compromise station that played more placid, James Taylor-type music. He started the dancing by whisking Carol around the room in an exaggerated foxtrot. He held her tightly, recalling Paris and the erstwhile sexual energy that had resulted in Arthur Earl. He danced next with the raven-haired girl, studying the movement of her hips to see if she was a virgin. She moved freely; he took her for an initiate. Next, he asked his mother to dance, performing a few funny steps to entice her.



"You've had too much to drink," she said, scowling. "You smell like you fell into a vat."

"Relax, Mom," he said. "This happens once in a lifetime." He kept dancing by himself, feeling better now.

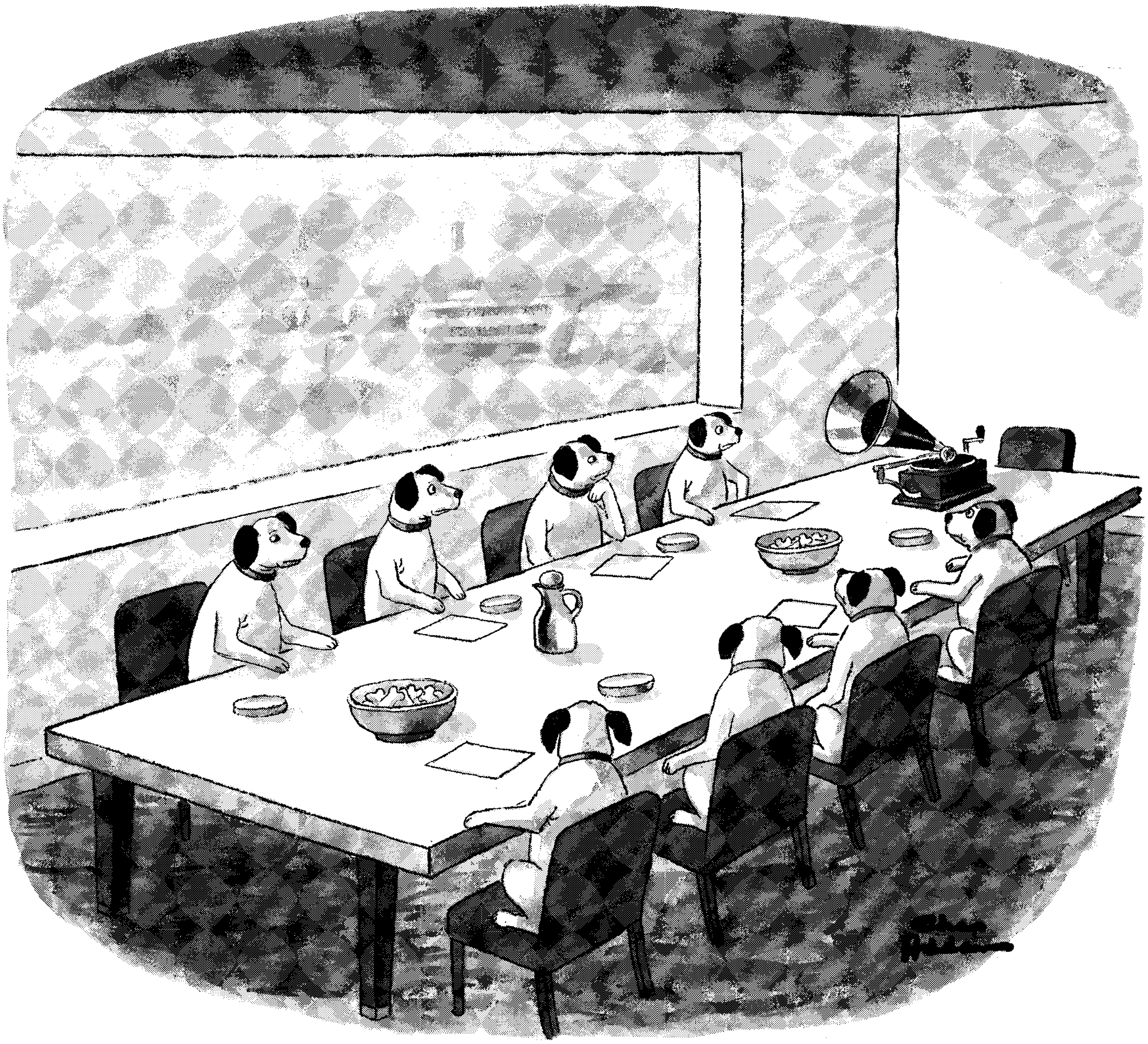
After a while, Mrs. Forché said, "I think fifty dollars is plenty to give to a young boy, don't you?"

"I sure do. Besides, Arthur Earl would rather have money than anything."

"That's what *I* thought," said Mrs. Forché, adjusting her glasses. "She"—nodding at Mrs. Whiting—"is just showing off."

"I don't think she meant to."

"Well, you don't know her like I do. I've been keeping an eye on her. She can be wicked."



• •

"Come on and dance," Anderson said. He was doing a variation of the Twist.

"I will *not* dance with a drunken man!" yelled Mrs. Forché.

Anderson had forgotten how nasty she could be when wounded. He watched as she chewed on a fingernail and tried to compose herself.

"I'm sorry, Buddy," she said. "I don't feel too well."

"You're probably tired. It's been a long day."

Mrs. Forché confessed that she hadn't slept at all the night before. "It's chilly down there, even with the heater," she said.

"I'll put some extra blankets on the bed," Anderson said.

"I doubt they'll help," Mrs. Forché said. She daubed at her nose with a Kleenex she kept stored in the sleeve of her blouse. "That draft, it goes right through me."

"We'll fix it for you."

But Mrs. Forché had turned away to stare in awe at Mrs. Whiting, who was dancing animatedly with Terry Andrews, moving with surprising grace.

"You see, Buddy?" she said. "There's nothing wrong with that woman. She's as nimble as I am!"

"It's the champagne, Mom. She's feeling loose."

"Don't give me that," Mrs. Forché said contemptuously. "The woman's wicked, all right—she tricked me out of the good bedroom."

As if cursed by this harsh accusation, Mrs. Whiting lost her balance quite suddenly, clutched at her bad knee, and dropped like a deadweight to the floor.

IT was only a mild ankle sprain, the doctor said. He prescribed three days' bed rest, followed by a week on crutches.

"What a stupid thing to do!" Mrs. Whiting said. She was lying regally on the guest bed, surrounded by the family, plus Terry Andrews, who felt so guilty about the accident that he kept stuffing fresh ice cubes into the ice pack on Mrs. Whiting's head. "I had no business dancing! No business whatsoever!"

"It was the champagne," said Mrs. Forché, who was sunk in her own apocalyptic version of guilt. "You were feeling loose."

"Champagne is no excuse. A person with my medical history should *not* have been on the dance floor. That's enough ice, Terry," she said, pausing to wipe her forehead. She motioned Mrs. Forché to her bedside. "Gertrude, this is so awful for you. I know what a difficult time you've been having downstairs."

"Difficult?" asked Mrs. Forché. "Why, it hasn't been difficult at all!"

Arthur Earl spoke up. "Anyway, she can have my bed, now that graduation's over."

"No need for that," said Anderson. "We're going to take a trip to Yellowstone."

This came as a surprise to Mrs. Forché—the trip had never been proposed to her before. At first, she refused to go. She was very tired, and her sniffling was much worse. But Anderson wore her down with his emotionally charged logic: Hadn't she expressed a deep admiration for Yellowstone? Wouldn't she like to spend a night or two in the wonderful lodge there? How many chances would she have to visit the park, especially in company with her only son?

So the next morning, grumbling a little, Mrs. Forché dressed in her tweed suit, swallowed an antihistamine, packed a small bag with essentials, and joined Anderson in the cab of the pickup truck. She sat on an embroidered pillow, which permitted her to see over the dashboard and observe their gradual ascent into the mountains. She was still tired; her bones ached with apprehension.

About forty miles from Idaho Falls, the Henry's Fork of the Snake River came into view. It was a slow-flowing band of glistening water, over which insects sailed in great profusion. Anderson passed several fishermen before giving in to temptation and pulling to the side of the road.

"Why are we stopping?" asked Mrs. Forché. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Anderson said. "I want to fish for a minute or two."

His mother frowned. She studied the map, using her fingers like calipers to measure distances.

"It's still a long way to Yellowstone," she said. "It won't be any fun if we get there after dark."

Anderson had already assembled his rod. "Plenty of time, Mom," he said, starting for the river.

Mrs. Forché trailed him, throwing his down jacket over her shoulders as added protection against the chill in the air. She perched on a tree stump and watched him sift through the pine needles and organic debris at the river's edge.

"What ever are you looking for?" she asked, zipping up the jacket.

"Insect casings. The bugs shed them as they grow."

"Is that your bait?"

"No, but what I find tells me what the trout are eating. I try to match the natural with an imitation. Some of these bugs, they have a brief life cycle."

This reminded Mrs. Forché of a sermon on cosmic time that the visiting minister had delivered one Sunday. "What seems brief to you might be forever to them," she said.

"I won't argue with that," said Anderson, tying on one of the Ashton uncle's tiny blue flies.

"Buddy," she said, caught up in resemblances. "Do you ever think about your daddy?"

Anderson considered the question. For a minute, he thought of lying, but then he told the truth. "Not very often," he said. "On his birthday, maybe. Or around the holidays, when we all used to be together. But the memories are very intense, you know? Almost like electric shocks."

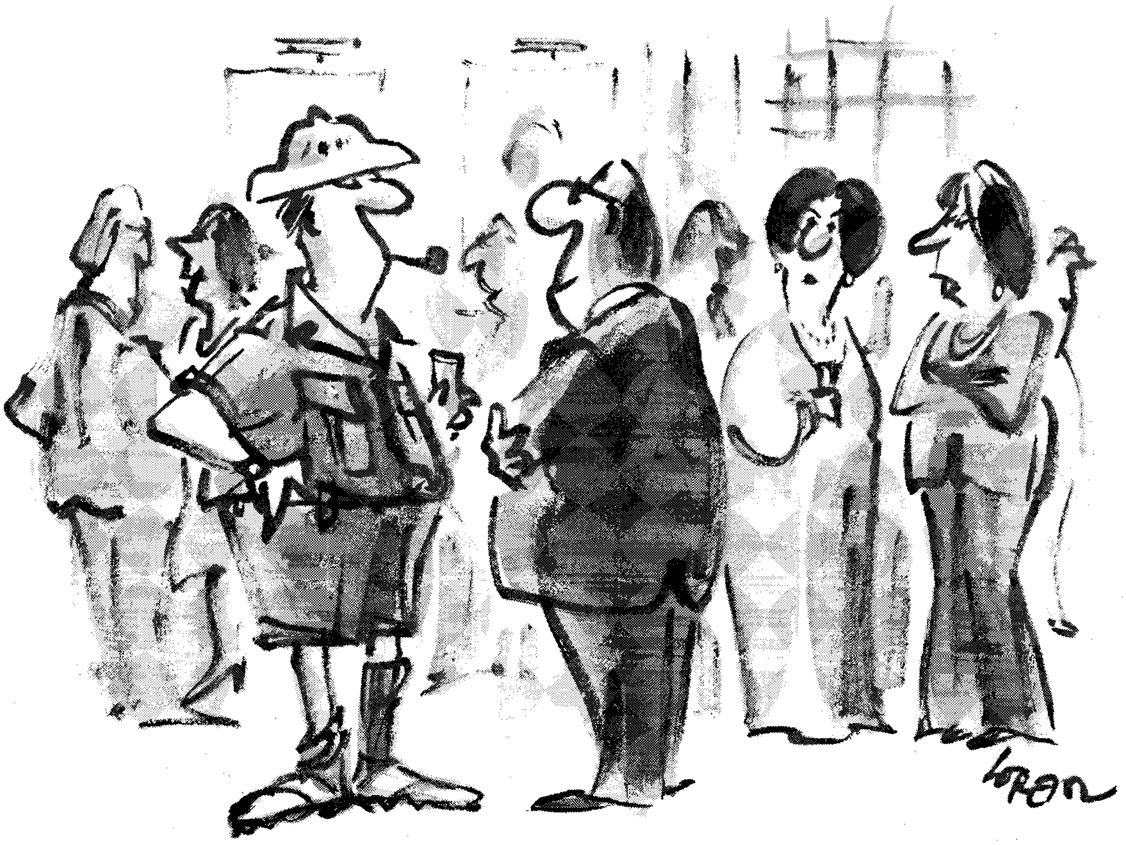
"Isn't that odd?" said Mrs. Forché. "I feel his presence constantly. It must be different for the children."

"What's odd to me," said Anderson, "is that the memories never make me sad."

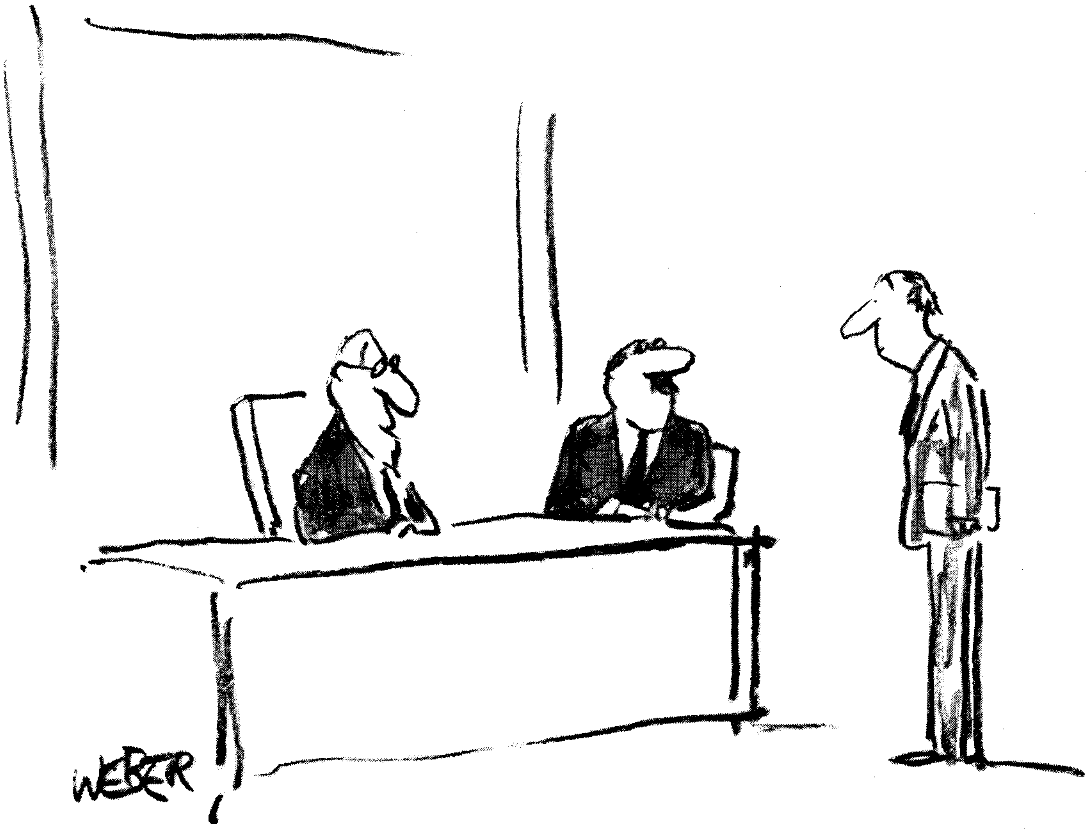
"Oh, he's happy in Heaven!" cried Mrs. Forché.

Anderson smiled and waded into the river, casting to rising fish. In a half hour, he hooked only one small rainbow, which he held aloft for his mother's approval before releasing it.

"That's a pretty fish!" she shouted. "But have you noticed those clouds, Buddy?" She pointed to some dark thunderheads on the horizon.



"The David Attenborough look."



"Turnbull, I was just telling Mr. Hartley how much I like the way you do things. Do something."

"We're practically in Big Sky Country," Anderson said jovially. "Those clouds blow through all the time."

"I don't want to get trapped in a storm!"

"You won't get trapped," said Anderson, picking up slack line.

Moments later, the clouds opened, and rain fell in thick sheets. Mrs. Forché covered her head with the jacket and walked away at a brisk pace, scratching her legs on the underbrush. Anderson was drenched when he got to the truck; rivulets coursed down his cheeks and dripped from his beard onto the seats.

"Are you O.K.?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm fine," said Mrs. Forché. "But I tore my hose all to pieces." She plucked sorrowfully at the runs in her stockings. "I can't go into any hotel looking like this."

Anderson turned the heater up full blast and sipped from the half pint of whiskey he kept in the glove compartment. "Well," he said, "we'll just have to make the best of it." He passed the bottle to her. "Here, have a drink," he said. "For medicinal purposes. Like they do in the Alps."

"I'd sooner freeze," said Mrs. Forché.

IT did not stop raining until just before they drove through the park gates. By then, they were no longer on speaking terms. Mrs. Forché was sniffling loudly, extracting one Kleenex after another from her sleeve, while Anderson surreptitiously probed the itchy skin rash forming under his damp jeans.

He tried to interest his mother in an osprey circling above the Madison River, but it held no more fascination for her than a common vulture might. The pluming geysers near the Firehole also left her cold. Even a herd of elk grazing in a meadow failed to rouse her—she thought they looked ordinary when compared to the pictures on her postcards. But Yellowstone wasn't really to blame—she was simply too bone-weary to appreciate it. It made her feel insignificant, dominated by things beyond her control. She was homesick for the unsurprising flatlands of Houston.

All this was apparent to Anderson, who'd been captured by a gloom far more insidious than the melancholy he'd experienced during graduation. With Arthur Earl, he had years left, if he was lucky, but his mother was fading from him, and he had not yet touched her in any essential way. The many errors that now seemed to compose the fabric of his life rose before him, mountainous in intensity, and he surrendered briefly to the self-pity that had governed his sentimental youth.

"Buddy," said Mrs. Forché, shivering inside the down jacket, "I've seen enough for today."

He took her to the park lodge, a pine-timbered structure jammed with tourists, and led her to a chair by the huge stone fireplace, in which a fire was burning. Then he went to the registration desk and received another severe disappointment—there were no reservations in the name of Anderson.

"I don't believe this," he groaned. "I phoned early in the morning. I reserved two singles."

"I show no record of it," the clerk—Kim from Wyoming, by her name tag—said. "It's probably a computer error." She shuffled through some index cards. "But I can give you a nice big room with twins, up on the second floor."

Anderson pleaded his case before the assistant manager, Arnold from New Jersey, but without success. The lodge was booked solid. So he carried the bags to the room, then helped his mother climb the steps.

"Why, there's two beds in here!" she said.

"We're roommates, Mom," Anderson said. "It's not my fault. The computer made a mistake." He set down his tackle box. "I don't know why the hell they allow computers in national parks."

Mrs. Forché was too tired to become involved in another controversy. She stepped into the bathroom and emerged wearing a long red nightgown.

Anderson was dismayed. "Aren't

you hungry?" he asked. "I thought we'd go get something to eat."

"Let's have room service," said Mrs. Forché, who was looking through the bureau drawers.

"They don't have room service."

"Maybe you could bring me something, then," she said. "About all I could eat with this cold is a cup of soup, and tea and toast." She got beneath the covers of the bed farthest from the window. "Isn't there supposed to be a Bible in here?" she asked querulously. "Aren't the Gideons supposed to put Bibles everywhere?"

"I'll see if I can find one downstairs," Anderson said, departing.

In the restaurant, he ordered the food, including a hamburger for himself, and told the waitress he'd come back for it in a little while. He bought a bourbon in the lobby bar and walked out onto a terrace, hoping to take solace from the sunset, as he did so often in Bone, but a bitter wind was blowing through the canyon. Even the month of June had let him down—the temperature was thirty-eight degrees.

Inside, he searched for a Bible. There was a small bookcase in an alcove off the lobby, but the only religious item among the condensations and faded mysteries was an essay collection by Norman Vincent Peale. Next to it was a thick, moldy paperback called "The World's Greatest Stories." He took it down and, sitting by the fire, browsed through the contents. Predictably, he encountered Chesterton, Saki, and O. Henry, but he also found, much to his surprise, his favorite Joyce story, which told of the Misses Morkan's annual dance and the secrets revealed during it. Again the words brought an ease to his being, and he was halfway through the text before he remembered his food.

Upstairs, Mrs. Forché was busy draping a blanket over a piece of monofilament fishing line she'd strung between a nail and a curtain rod. She seemed refreshed by her nap; her wispy hair was freshly brushed.

"Just like Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert," she said, accepting the carton of soup and digging right in. She worked her plastic spoon past some limp vegetables and tasted the yellowish broth. Then she frowned. "Buddy, this is barely warm," she said. "How am I supposed to eat it?"

Anderson chewed on his hamburger.

"Did you find me a Bible?" his mother asked.

"There weren't any around. I've got something else here I'd like to read you."

"Read me?" She laughed. "I'm not a child." Then she peered at the book in his hand. "What is it?"

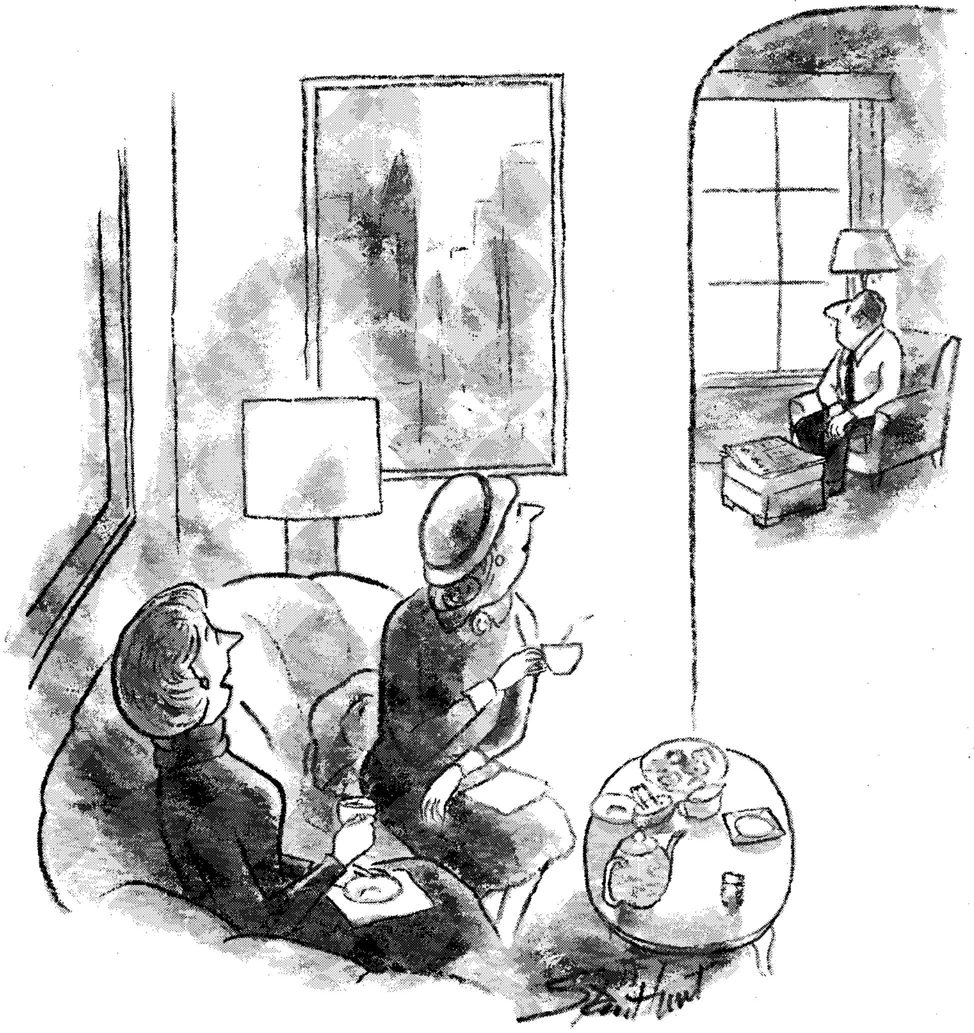
"It's a story by James Joyce," he said.

"Oh, I don't like that kind of thing!"

"Now, listen," said Anderson, hearing a bit of his father's outrage creep into his voice. "Don't take that attitude. This is a wonderful story. You're going to love it."

He started to read it aloud, even faking an Irish accent, and after a few paragraphs Mrs. Forché admitted that the story had merit. It was not in the same league as David and Goliath, for instance, or Daniel in the lions' den, but it was soothing nonetheless. She finished her tepid soup and returned to the warmth of her covers; in a moment, she was asleep. Anderson, who knew the story by heart, closed the book. He stared at his mother's face, which, in repose, projected a girlish innocence, and then tidied up the blanket separating the beds. He stretched out, fully clothed, and soon he was snoring. Of his dreams, little can be said, but when he awakened later and went to the window, the earth, in all its observable latitudes, was dusted with a fine powder of snow.

—Bill Barich



"Ralston has all the ingredients for success, but unfortunately no success."

•

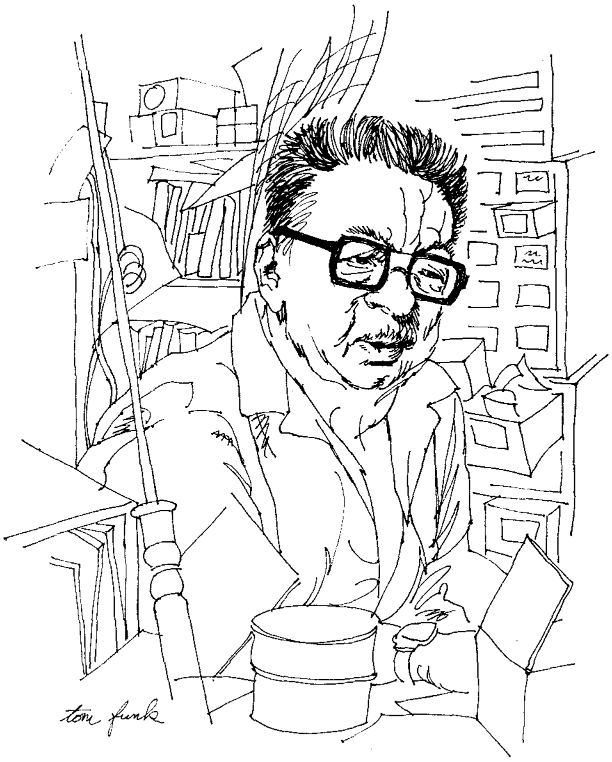
Watching the Florida sun splash into the Gulf of Mexico is a natural pageant that has become quite traditional at our Longboat Key Club. Like a fingerprint, every royal sunset on Longboat is different. And each is admired as an original performance by our guests and property owners at Longboat Key Club.

It is fitting that these oft-poemed sunsets occur at the close of the day at Longboat Key Club.—*Adv. in Eastern Review, an in-flight magazine.*

"Fitting" is putting it mildly.

PROFILES

AN ANGLER AT HEART



Jim Deren

OFTEN during the past seven years, I have taken a walk from the offices of *The New Yorker* along Forty-third Street—across Fifth Avenue, across Madison Avenue, across Vanderbilt Avenue—then through Grand Central Terminal, across Lexington Avenue, up to Forty-fourth Street, into the elevator at 141 East Forty-fourth Street, up to the third floor, and through the belled door of a small fishing-tackle shop called the Angler's Roost, whose sole proprietor is a man named Jim Deren. Since I've been taking this walk, the Biltmore Men's Bar, which I used to pass at the corner of Madison and Forty-third, changed to the Biltmore Bar, which then became a different bar, named the Café Fanny, which was replaced by a computer store called Digital's, which moved (along with a lot of other stores on the block) after the Biltmore Hotel closed and disappeared under renovators' scaffolding. Once, on this walk, I had to detour around some barricades inside Grand Central, because a film crew was working on the movie "Superman." Valerie Perrine and Gene Hackman were supposedly there, but I did not see them. Since then, I have seen the movie in a theatre, and have noted the part that the crew must have been working on when I passed by. I have also seen "Superman" on television; a sequel came out last summer, and they're working on another sequel. During these seven years, the huge Kodak display in the station near the Lexington Avenue wall, which people say ruins the station's interior light and makes it difficult to distinguish the beautiful Venetian-summer-night starscape on the ceiling, has featured photographs of water-skiers behind motorboats, a Bicentennial celebration with men dressed as Continental soldiers, the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacán (by night, lighted), the opening ceremonies of the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, the Great Wall of China, and, one spring, a closeup shot of a robin, which looked frightening at that size. One time, I came in through the door at Forty-third Street and there before me, across the echoing well of the concourse, was a view of a rock-cluttered desert, barnred under a pink sky, with a little piece of the foot of a space probe visible in the foreground—Mars, photographed by Viking 2.

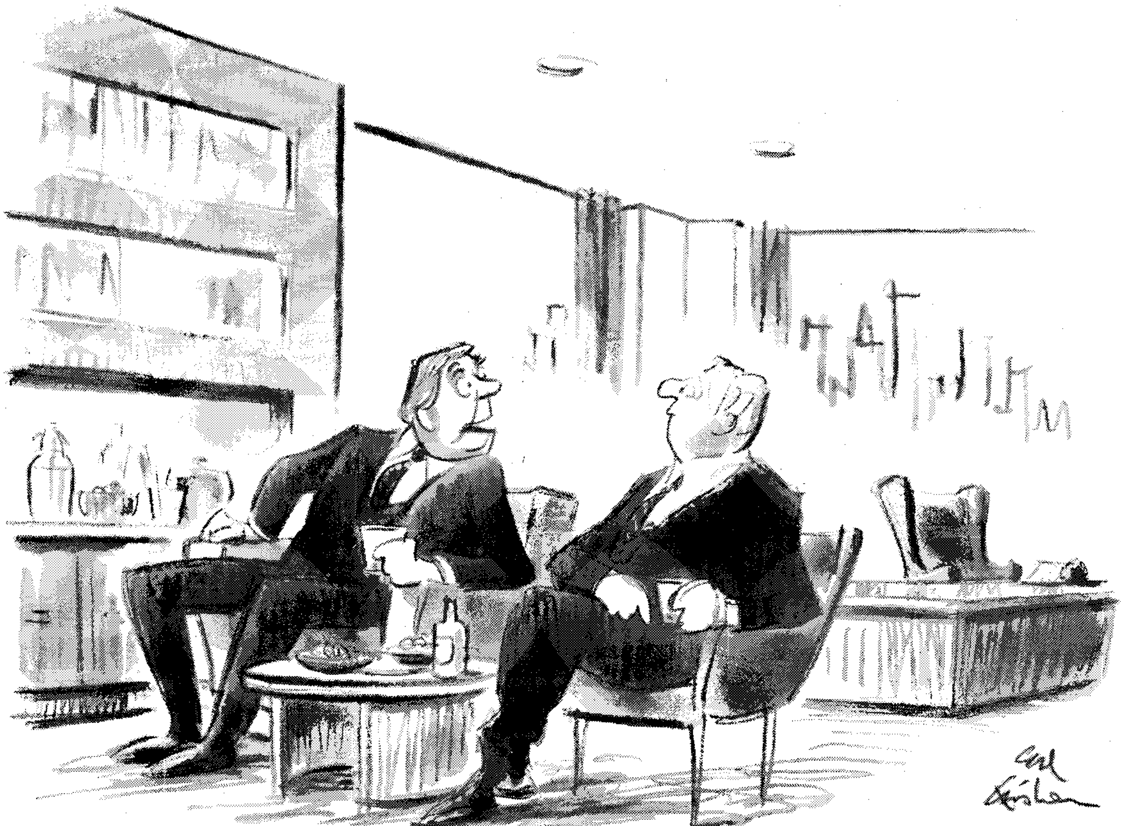
A fisherman can look at some sections of any trout stream clean enough for fish to live in, and say with confidence, A large fish lives there. The water should be deep, and it should be well aerated; that is, it should be free-flowing, rich in oxygen, and not stagnant. There should be a source of food: a grassy bank with beetles, grasshoppers, field mice, and frogs; or a little tributary creek with minnows, chubs, dace, and sculpins; or an upstream section with a silt bottom for large, burrowing mayfly nymphs. There should be cover—downed logs, overhanging tree branches, undercut banks. Where these conditions are found, the chances are very good that at least one large fish will be found as well. Such sections of a river are called good lies. A good lie will usually have a good fish lying in wait, gently finning, looking upstream for whatever the current may bring him.

I have always thought that, as lies go, it would be hard to find a better one than Grand Central Terminal. It is deep—water that deep would be a dark blue. Aerated streams of humanity cascade down the escalators from the Pan Am Building, and flow from the rest of midtown, the rest of the city, the rest of the world, through trains and subways and airport buses and taxis, into its deep pool and out again, and the volume of this flow makes it rich in the important nutrient called capital. Well, in this good lie the big fish of the fishing-tackle business is Jim Deren, of the Angler's Roost. For over forty years, he has had a shop in the area—a shop that has outlasted changes in fishing fashions, changes in the economy, competitors who gave their shops names intentionally similar to his, and finally even Abercrombie & Fitch, his biggest competitor, which went out of business in 1977. All this time, Deren has remained in his good lie, gently finning behind the counter in his shop, consulting with fishermen from just about every place where there's water, selling every kind of angling supply imaginable, taking in cash and checks as gracefully as a big brown trout sips mayflies from the surface of a Catskill stream.

THE first time I met Jim Deren, I was looking for a particular dry fly (a pattern called the Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear, with a body that goes all the way back over the bend of the hook), which had worked well for me in Wyoming, and which I could not find anywhere. I came across the entry for the Angler's Roost in the Yellow Pages:

ANGLER'S ROOST
FISHING TECHNICIANS
Tackle, Salt & Fresh, Lures, Flies
Fly Materials, Waders & Clothing
Repairs, Books & Advertising Props
JIM DEREN ADVISOR

That impressed me. I called the shop one Saturday afternoon around

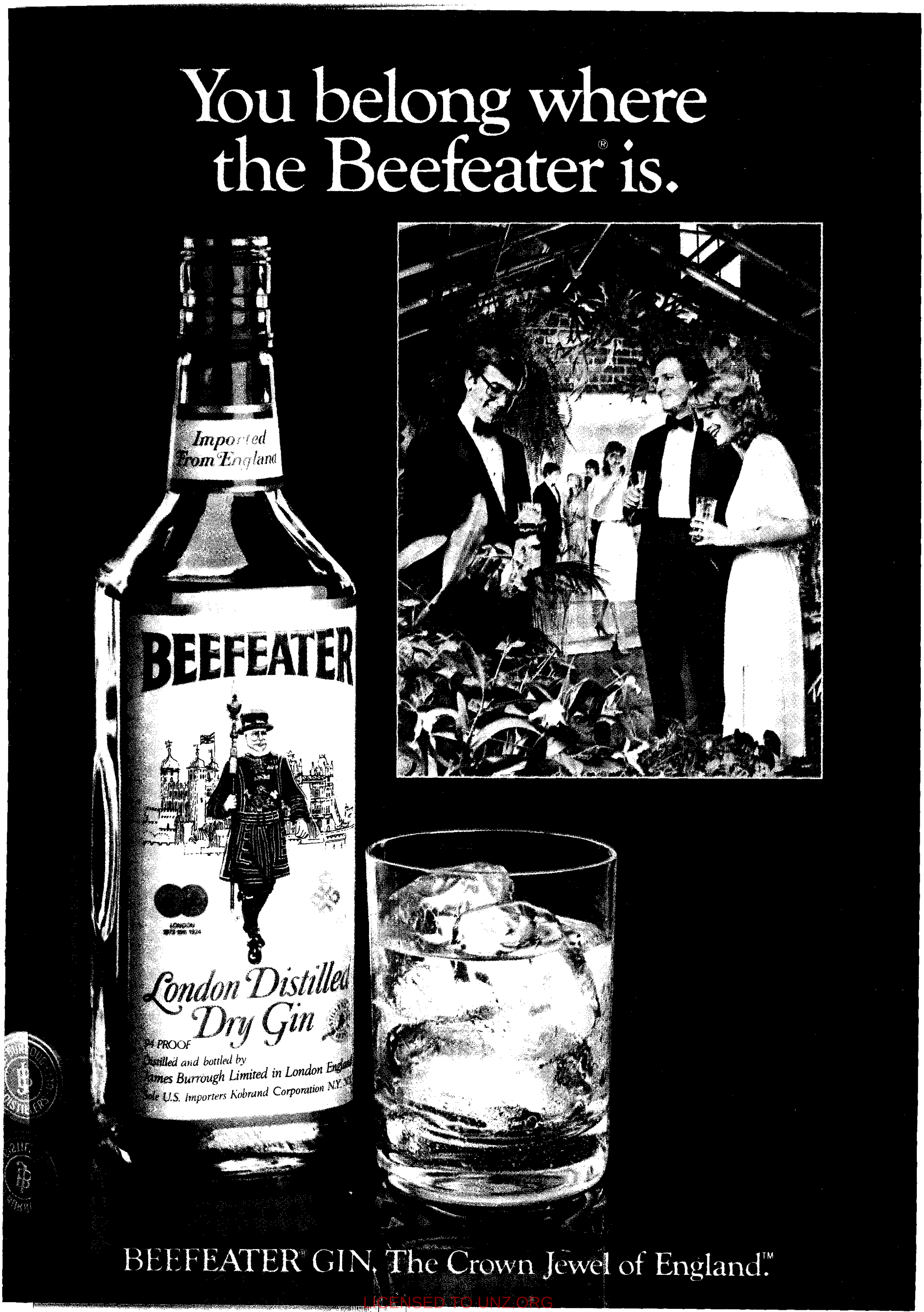


"From Day One of my career, I've always been perceived as marching to a different drummer. But the truth is I've never marched to any drummer at all."

• •

six o'clock, and was surprised to find Deren there. In later years, I have learned that he is in his shop at all hours: I have found him in at seven-fifteen on a beautiful Sunday evening in June; I have found him in on all sorts of holidays, when midtown is nothing but blowing papers. On that first Saturday, Deren told me that he was about to go home but that if I came in soon he would wait for me. I arrived at the shop half an hour later. He did not happen to have the exact fly I wanted, but he told me where to get it. We talked for a while, and I left without buying anything—the only time that has ever happened.

A few months later, during a really warm April, I decided I had to go fishing, even though I had never been fishing in the East and knew nothing about it. I bought a fishing license at the Department of Environmental Conservation office on the sixty-first floor of the World Trade Center, and then I went to see Deren. He told me the book to buy—"New Streamside Guide to Naturals and Their Imitations," by Art Flick. He said that, because it had been so warm, certain mayflies that would usually be on the stream later in the season might have already appeared. He sold me flies imitating those insects. He told me where to fish—in the Beaverkill, the Little Beaverkill, and Willowemoc Creek, near Roscoe, New York. He told me what bus to take. I left his shop, went back to my apartment, got my fly rod and sleeping bag, went to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, boarded a Short Line bus, and rode for two and a half hours with Chassidic Jews going to Catskill resorts and women going to upstate ashrams. On the bus, I read the "Streamside Guide," which says that mayflies live for several years underwater as swimming nymphs, hatch into winged insects, mate while hovering over the water, lay their eggs in the water, and die; that recently hatched mayflies, called duns, float along the surface and are easy for trout to catch, and so are the stage of the mayfly's life cycle most sensible for the angler to imitate with artificials; that different species of mayflies hatch at different times of the year, according to water temperature; and that the different species emerge every year in an order so invariable as to be the only completely predictable aspect of trout fishing. I got off the bus in Roscoe about four in the afternoon, walked to the Beaverkill, hid my sleeping bag in some willows, set up my fly rod, and walked up the river until I reached a spot with no fishermen. I noticed mayflies in the air, noticed dragonflies zipping back and forth eating the mayflies. I saw a dragonfly pick a mayfly out of the air so neatly that he took only the body, leaving the two wings to flutter down to the surface of the stream and float away. I caught a mayfly myself after a lot of effort, compared it with the pictures in my "Streamside Guide," decided that it was the male of the *Ephemerella subvaria* (Deren had been right; according to the book, that insect wasn't due for about two weeks more), tied on its imitation (a pattern called the Red Quill, in size 14), made a short cast, caught a little trout, made a few more short casts, caught another little trout, and waited while a fat guy with a spinning rod who said he wasn't having much luck walked by me up the river. Then I made a good, long cast under a spruce bough to a patch of deep water ringed with lanes of current, like a piece of land in the middle of a circular freeway-access ramp. This patch of water had a smooth, tense surface marked with little tucks where eddying water was boiling up from underneath. My fly sat motionless on this water for a time that when I replay it in my mind seems really long. Then a fish struck so hard it was like a person punching up through the water with his fist. Water splashed several feet in the air, and there was a flash of fish belly of that particular shade of white—like the white of a horse's eye when it's scared, or the white of the underside of poplar leaves blown by wind right before a storm—that often seems to accompany violence in nature. The fish ran downstream like crazy (I don't remember setting



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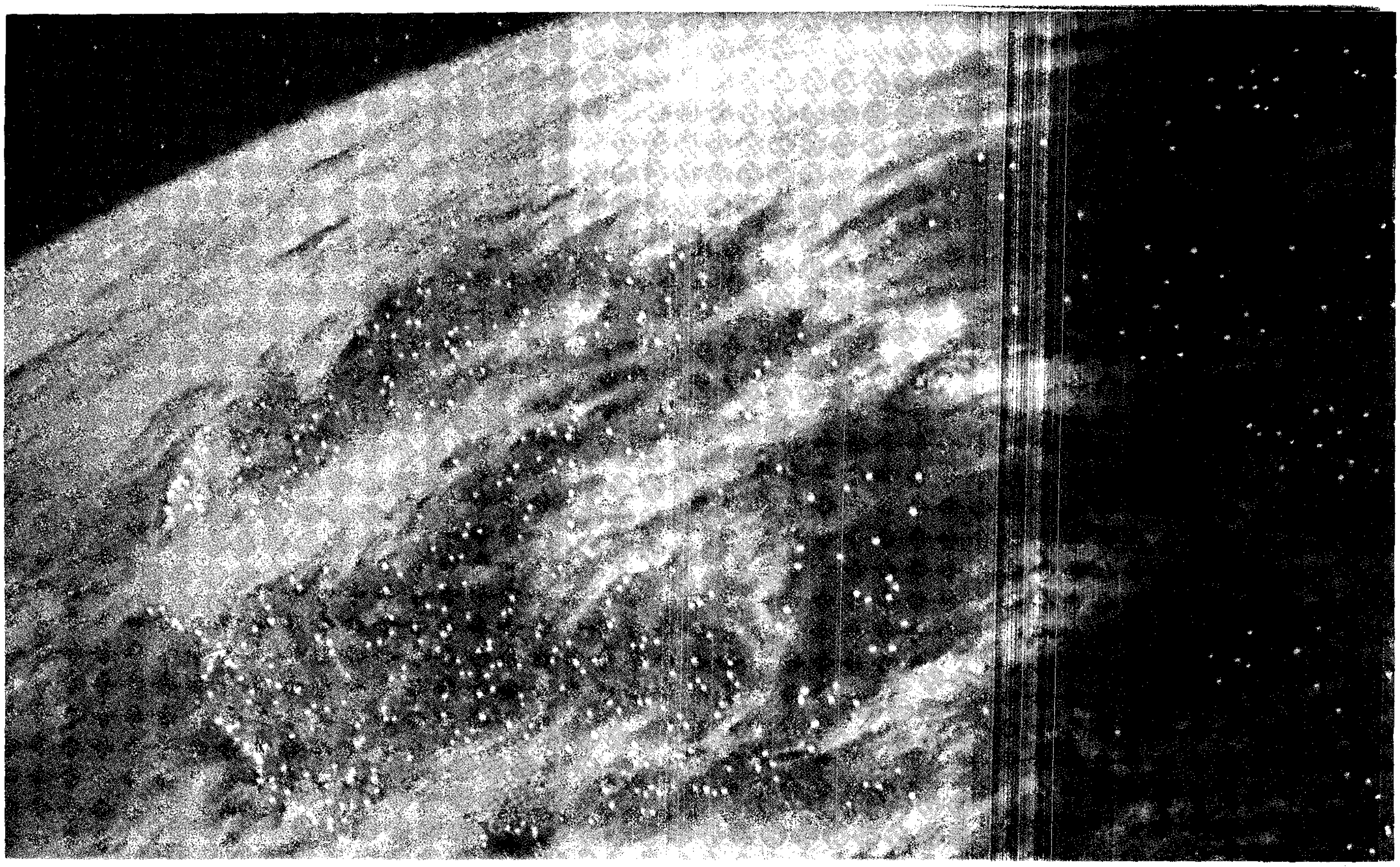

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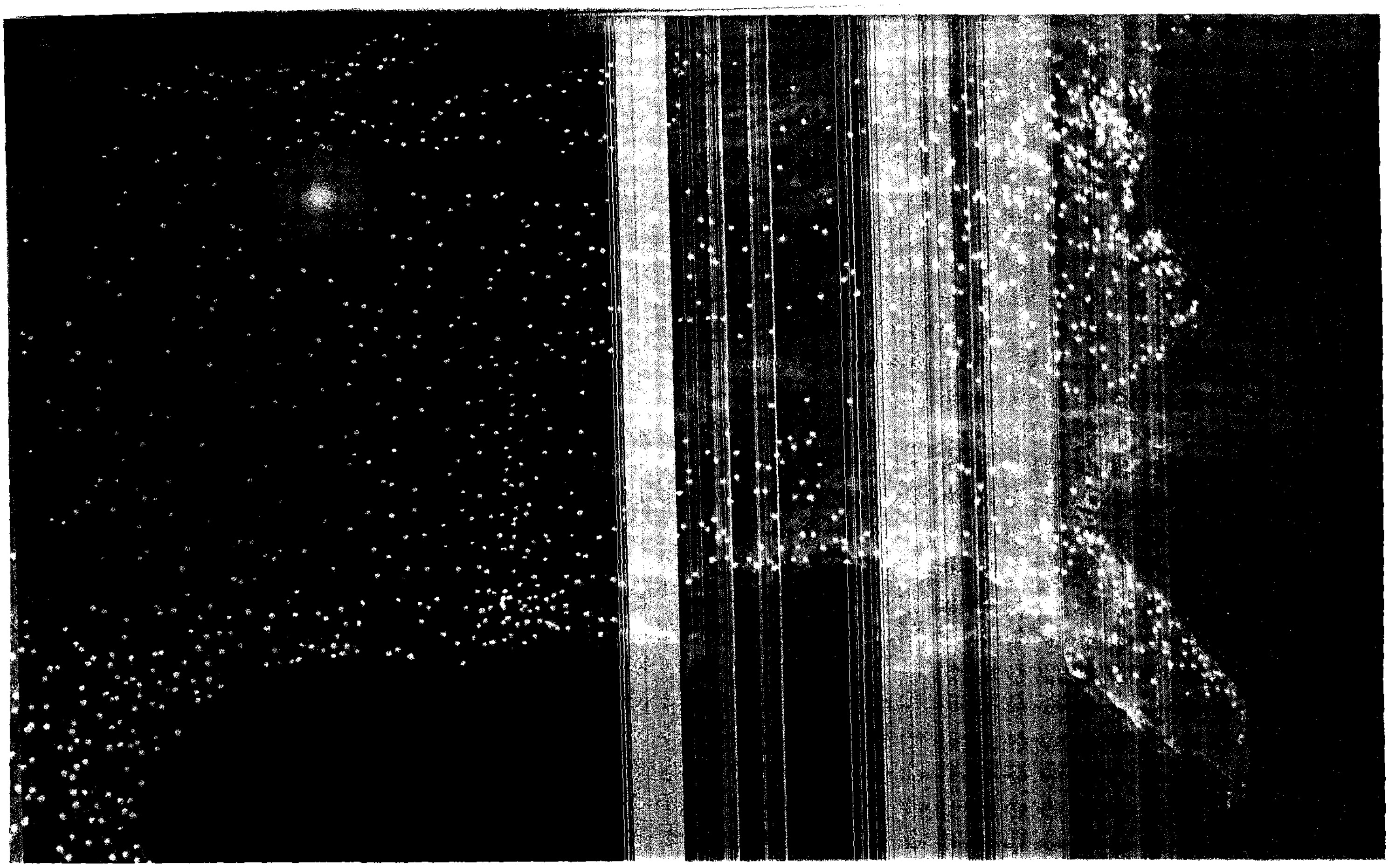

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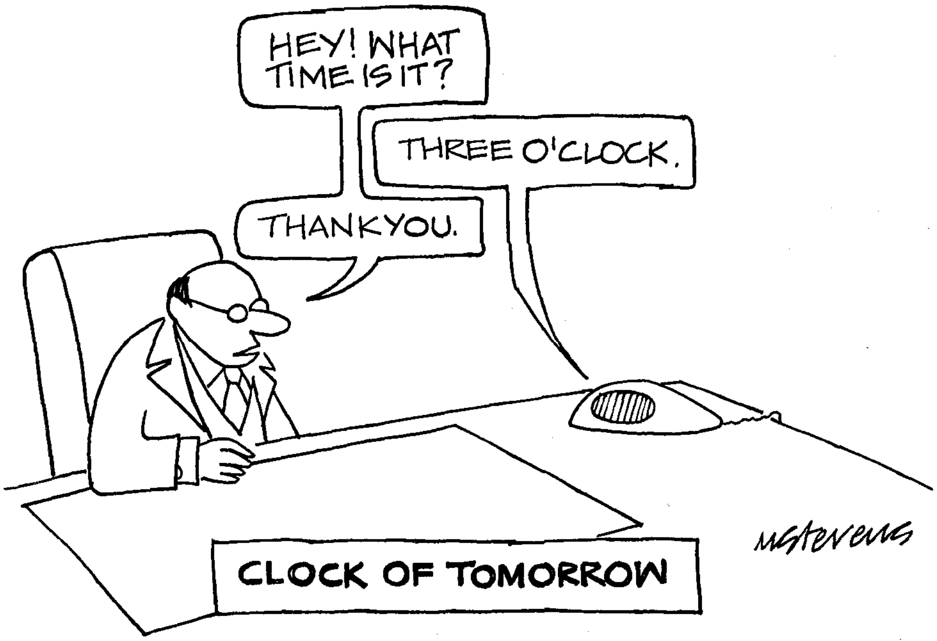

HEY! WHAT TIME IS IT?
THREE O'CLOCK.
THANK YOU.
CLOCK OF TOMORROW
M. Stevens

the hook), then he ran upstream, then he ran downstream again. He jumped several times—not arched and poised, as in the sporting pictures, but flapping back and forth so fast he was a blur. Line was rattling in my line guides; I was pulling it in and he was taking it out, until finally there was a big pile of line at my feet, and the fish, also, in the shallow water at my feet. He was a thirteen-inch brook trout, with a wild eye that was a circle of black set in a circle of gold. The speckles on his back reproduced the wormlike marks on the rocks on the stream bottom, and his sides were filled with colors—orange, red, silver, purple, midnight blue—and yet were the opposite of gaudy. I hardly touched him; he was lightly hooked. I released him, and after a short while he swam away. I stood for maybe ten minutes, with my fly rod lying on the gray, softball-size rocks, and I stared at the trees on the other side of the river. The feeling was like having hundreds of gag hand-buzzers applied to my entire body.

Since that day I have always loved the Red Quill dry fly, and particularly the Red Quill that Deren sells, which is the most elegant I have ever seen. For me, the Red Quill is a shamanistic medicine bundle that called forth the strike, the flash of belly, the living palette of colors from that spring day, and, years later, even in situations where it is not remotely the right fly, I find myself tying it on just to see what will happen.

Also since that day I have believed that Jim Deren is a great man. He is the greatest man I know of who will talk to just anybody off the street.

IN appearance, Deren is piscine. He is stocky—probably about five feet ten inches tall. His hair is in a mouse-brown brush cut, about half an inch long. His forehead is corrugated with several distinct wrinkles, which run up and down, like marks of soil erosion on a hill. His eyes are weak and watery and blue, behind thick glasses with thick black frames. There is a large amount of what looks like electrical tape around the glasses at the bridge. His eyebrows are cinnamon-colored. His nose is thick, and his lips are thick. He has a white mustache. His direct, point-blank regard can be unsettling. People who have fished their whole lives sometimes find themselves saying when they encounter this gaze that they don't know a thing about fishing, really. Deren has a style of garment which he loves and which he wears almost every single day in his shop. This garment is the jumpsuit. For a long time, he wore either a charcoal-gray jumpsuit or an olive-green jumpsuit. One or both of the jumpsuits had a big ring on the zipper at the throat. Recently, Deren has introduced another jumpsuit into the repertoire. This is a sky-blue jumpsuit with a green-on-white emblem of a leaping bass on the left breast pocket. Deren's voice is deep and gravelly. I can do a good imitation of him. The only sentence I can think of that might make his accent audible on paper (in the last word, anyway) is one I have heard him speak several times while he was talking on one of his unfavorite topics, the "flower children": "In late October, early November, when we're driving back from fishing out West, with the wind howling and huge dark snow clouds behind us, sometimes we pass these frail girls, these flower children, standing by the side of the road in *shawwwwwwwwls*."

I say Deren is probably about five feet ten inches tall because even though he often says, "I've been running around all day. I'm exhausted," I have actually seen him standing up only a few times. Like a psychiatrist, Deren is usually seated. I have seen him outside his shop only once—when, as I was leaving, he came down in the elevator to pick up a delivery on the first floor. (Ambulant, he seemed to me surprisingly nimble.) It is appropriate for Deren to be seated all the time, because he has tremendous repose. There is a lot of bad repose going around these days: the repose of someone watching a special Thursday-night edition of "Monday Night Football;" the repose of someone smoking a cigarette on a ten-minute break at work; the repose of driving; the repose of waiting in line at the bank. Deren is in his sixties. The fish he has caught, the troubles he has been through, the fishing tackle he has sold, the adventures he has had lend texture to his repose. On good days, his repose hums like a gyroscope.

DEREN talking about the Angler's Roost while sitting in his shop on a slow afternoon in March: "It seems only natural that I would have gravitated to this business. I've been tying flies ever since I was in short pants. When I was in grade school in New Jersey, I used to go without lunch because I wanted to save my money and buy fishing tackle. I remember fashioning a fly from a jacket of mine when I was a kid just barely big enough to be let out of sight. I tied it out of a lumberjacket that my mother had made for me—"

The phone rings.

"Hello. Angler's Roost."

". . . . ."

"Christ, I don't know a thing about Chinese trout fishing, Doc."

". . . . ."

"Well, they gotta have trout fishing. The Japanese have trout fishing. Just the other day, I sold some stuff to Yasuo Yoshida, the Japanese zipper magnate. He’s probably got more tackle than I got. He’s *kichi* about trout fishing. *Kichi*—that’s Japanese for nuts.”

“. . . . .”

“Well, I think the Russians should open one or two of their rivers for salmon fishing, certainly. They just have to have terrific salmon fishing.”

“. . . . .”

“Look at it this way—next time you’ll know.”

“. . . . .”

“Whatever you find out, Doc, let me know when *you* get back. Have a good time.

“Anyway, I had this blue-gray lumberjacket, and there was this little blue fly on the water. The goddam fish weren’t considering anything but this fly. Well, between the lining and the thread of my jacket, I made a fly that looked something like the insect, and so, glory be, after some effort I caught a fish. The fish made a mistake, and that did it. This was on a little stream in Pennsylvania, a little tributary of the Lehigh. It was a day as miserable as this, but later in the year.”

Deren picks up a package of Keebler Iced Oatmeal and Raisin Cookies, breaks it open in the middle, and dumps all the contents into a white plastic quart bucket—the kind of bucket that ice cream comes in. He starts to eat the cookies.

“After that, I was really hooked. I collected all kinds of items for flytying. Cigarette and cigar wrappers, hairs from dogs. Christ, I cut hair off every goddam thing that was around. Picked up feathers in pet shops. I was always raiding chickens or ducks. I remember I tried to get some feathers from some geese and they ran me the hell out the county. Horse tails. Anything. It wasn’t long before I was selling some of the flies I tied. As far as I know, I was the first commercial nymph-tier in the country. I was selling flies in New York, New Jersey, and fairly deep into Pennsylvania. Fishing was a great thing for me, now that I look back on it, because in a lot of the contact sports I was always busting my glasses. But row a boat—I had a pair of chest muscles, looked like a goddam weight lifter. I was very well coördinated. I had coördination and timing. That has something to do with fishing. I was a good wing shot.”

Deren reaches under the counter and produces a banana. With a table knife, he cuts the banana in half. He eats one half, and leaves the other half, in the skin, on top of a pile of papers. Later, a customer will find in the pile of papers a copy of a fishing magazine that he has been looking for. He will take it out from under the half banana and buy it.

“I spent all my time in high school fishing, and one day I noticed this guy was watching me. He’d been watching me a few times before. He’d ask me questions. Well, it turned out this guy had a radio show about fishing and hunting. I think he called himself Bill the Fisherman. He started telling people about me—called me the Child Fisherman Prodigy. He told the proprietor of a fishing-tackle shop in the heart of Newark, right by Penn Station, and the man hired me, and eventually I became the youngest fishing-tackle buyer in the country. Not long after that, I was imported by an outfit in New York called Alex Taylor & Company, on Forty-second Street. I put them in the fishing-tackle business—”

The phone rings again.

“Angler’s Roost.”

“. . . . .”

“We’ve got all kinds of hook hones.”

“. . . . .”

“Fresh and salt, both.”

“. . . . .”

“Yes, some of them are grooved.”

“. . . . .”

“Two different grooves.”

“. . . . .”

“Each one comes in a plastic case.”

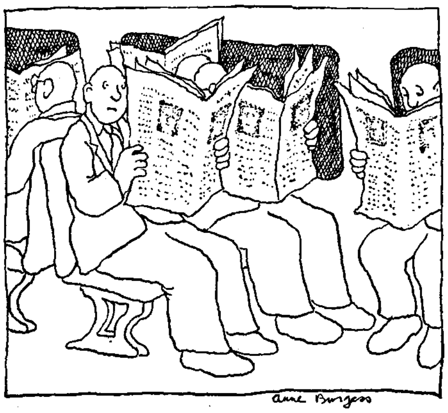
“. . . . .”

“Different lengths. I think two-inch and three-inch.”

“. . . . .”

“What the hell do you mean, who makes it? It’s a goddam hook hone! What the hell difference does it make who makes it?

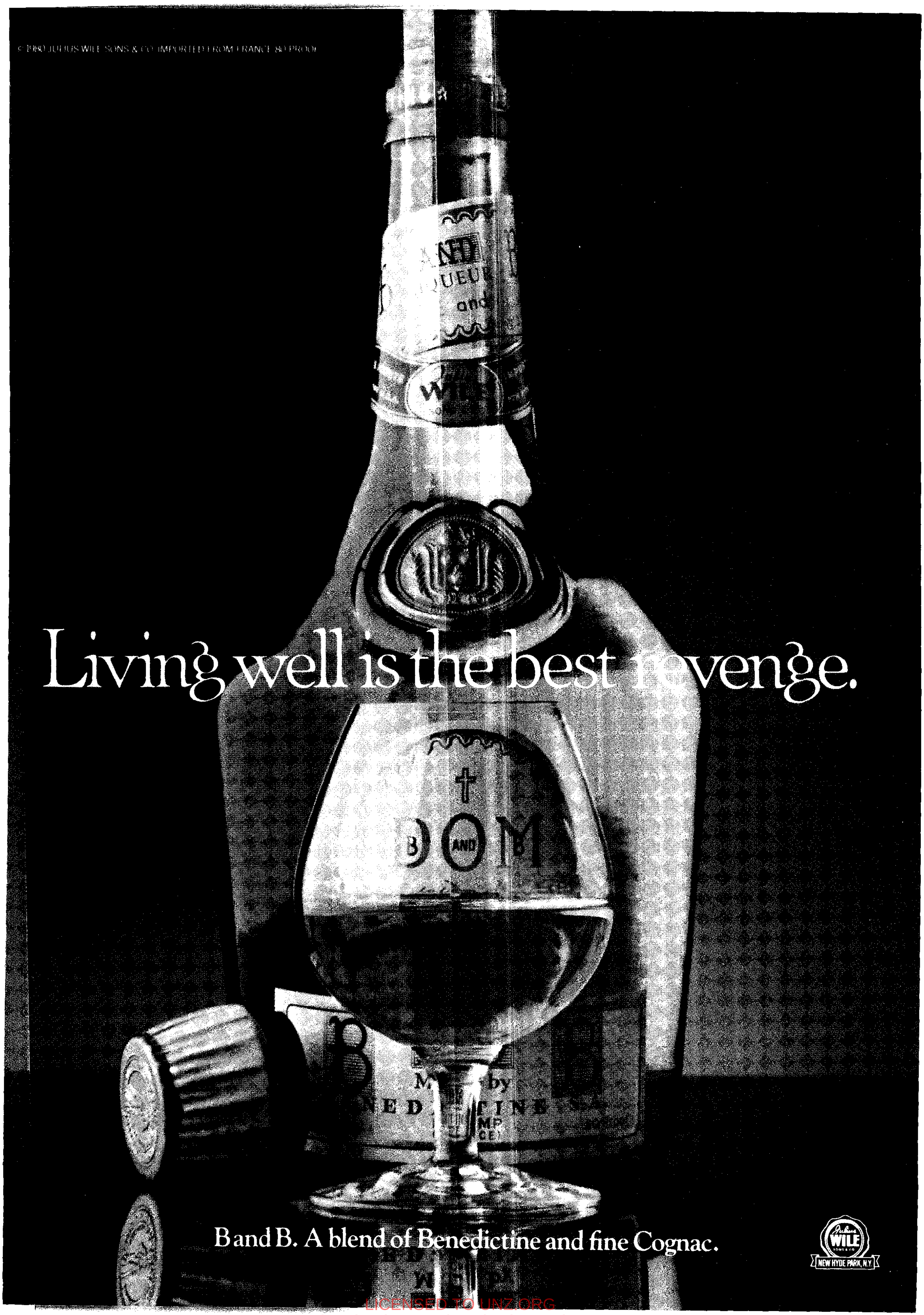
“Guy wants to know who makes the hook hone. Wants to know what *brand* it is. Christ. Anyway, after that I became a buyer and salesman for another house, called Kirtland Brothers, downtown. They’re now extinct. I advised their clients on the technical aspects of fly-fishing. Mainly, I handled their flytying material. About this time, I began my mail-order business, selling flytying material through ads in different magazines. I was working all day for Kirtland Brothers, then staying up all night to handle my mail orders. Finally, it got unmanageable as a side business. I wasn’t doing justice to either job. I finished my obligations to that firm, and then I opened up the first Angler’s Roost, at 207 East Forty-third, above where the Assembly Restaurant used to be. I dreamed up the name myself. You had the roost connotation because it was up off the street and you had guys that hung around all day with the eternal bull sessions. (I was thinking of selling coffee and cake there for a while.) Then you think of birds roosting, and, of course, a lot of what we sold was feathers. And a lot of the feathers were rooster feathers—capes and necks.”



Deren takes from the pocket of his jumpsuit a new pack of True Blue cigarettes. With a flytying bodkin, he makes a number of holes all the way through the pack. Then he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

“Since its inception, the Roost has been tops in its field. We’ve had every kind of customer, from the bloated bondholder to the lowliest form of human life. Frank Jay Gould, the son of the railroad magnate, once bought a boat over my telephone. Ted Williams used to stop by whenever the Red Sox were in town. He was a saltwater fisherman, but we infected him with the salmon bug. We’ve had boxers, bandleaders, diplomats, ambassadors. Benny Goodman used to come in all the time. I sold Artie Shaw his salmon outfit. So many notable people, I don’t even remember. Engelhard, of Engelhard precious metals. Marilyn Monroe’s photographer, Milton Greene. Señor Wences—the ventriloquist who did the thing with the box. Bing Crosby. Tex Ritter. He was an uncle of mine by my first marriage; I got a lot of other customers in Nashville through him. We’ve had more than one President. Eisenhower came in once. He was a nice guy—didn’t have his nose too far up in the air. We’ve had three generations of people come in here, maybe four. We’ve had some of the very élite. A lot of them don’t want their names mentioned.”

Deren looks left, cocks his wrist as if he were throwing a dart, and flips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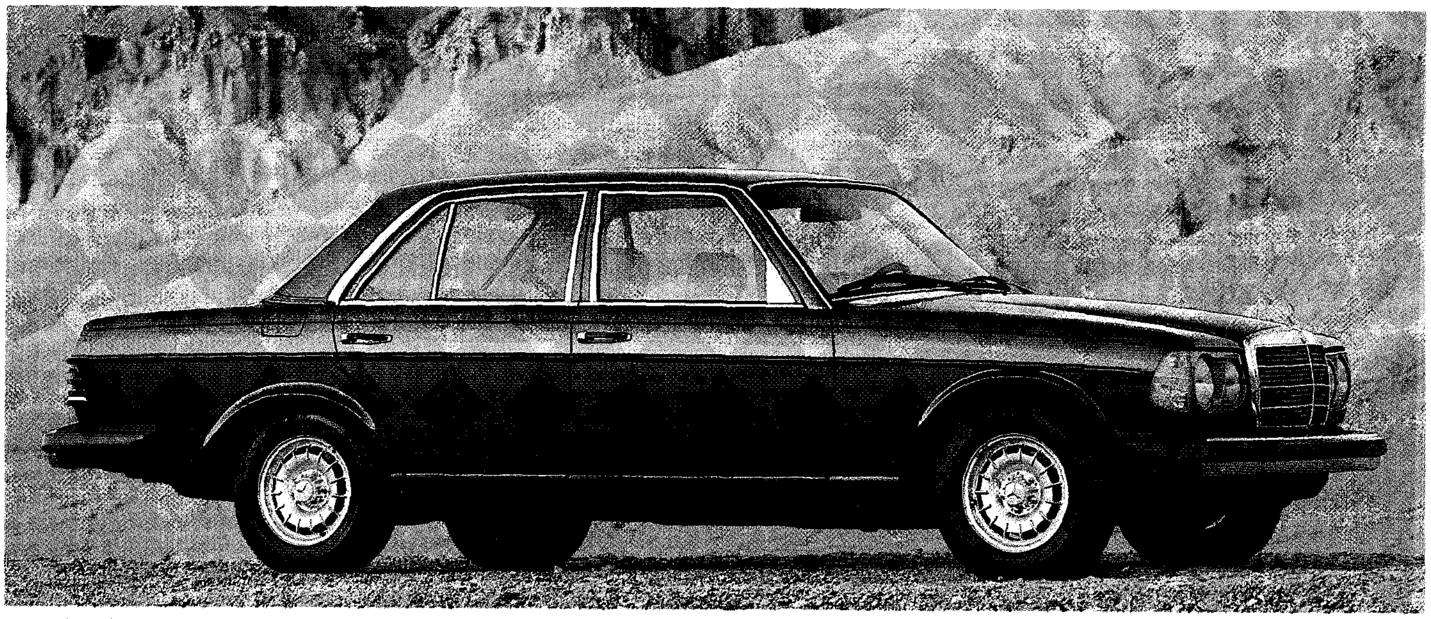
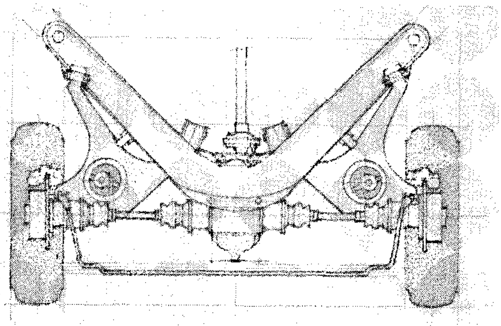
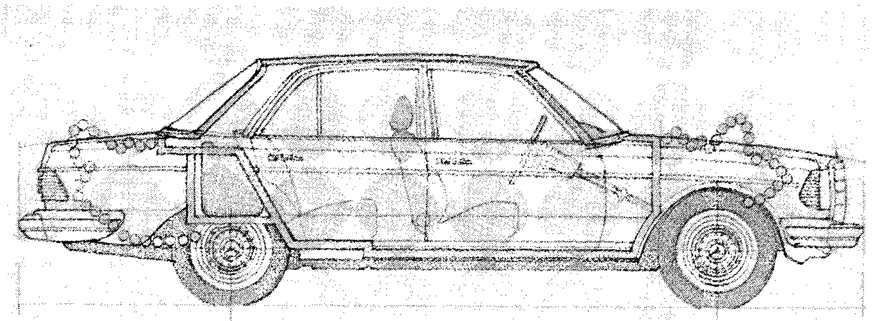
Julius WILE SONS & CO.
NEW HYDE PARK, N.Y.

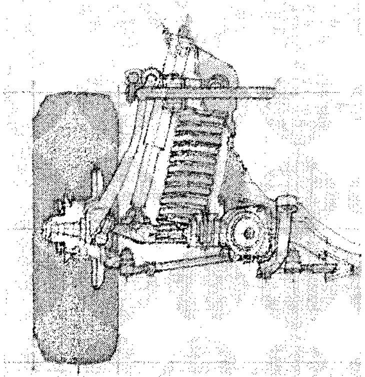




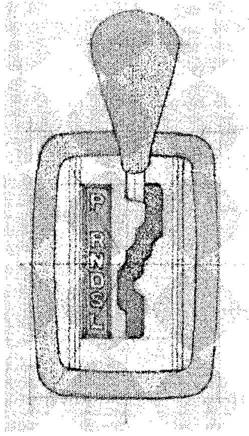
Overhead view of diagonal pivot rear axle, a key element of the 300D's elaborate fully independent suspension system. To Mercedes-Benz, sports car handling and sedan handling should be the same.



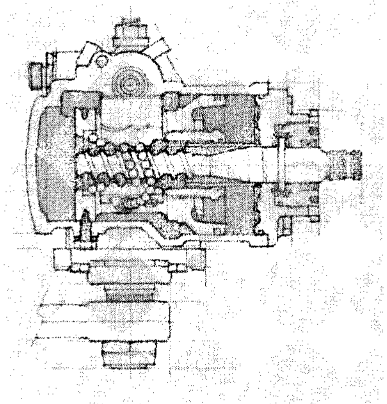
There are 120 safety features incorporated in every 300D—and the car's body itself is one. Front and rear sections are carefully devised to progressively yield on heavy impact (dotted lines), managing kinetic energy before it can be transmitted with full force to the passenger area within.



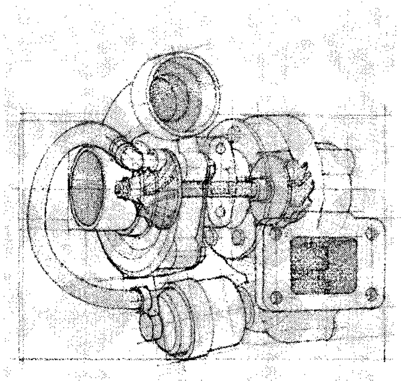
Zero-offset geometry of front suspension mobilizes esoteric physics to guide the 300D along a true forward path.



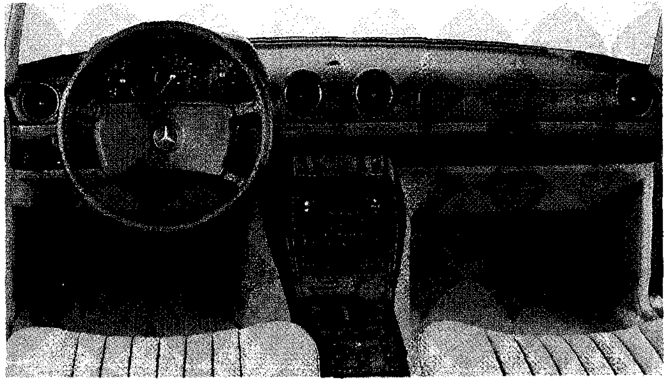
Floor-mounted shift lever connects to a rugged four-speed automatic gearbox.



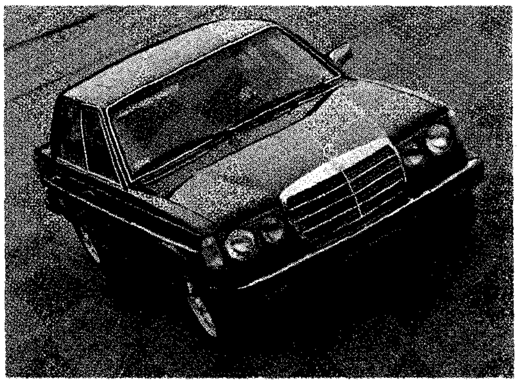
Twenty-four tiny ball bearings form the heart of the 300D's exquisitely smooth and precise recirculating-ball steering system.



The 300D's rank as America's most potent diesel automobile owes much to this 17-lb. piece of engineering brilliance: a turbocharger.



Instrument panel of the 300D is not decked out with gadgets but laid out with ergonomic exactitude. Look of rich wood is achieved by using rich wood.



300D's vivid performance is excelled by no other diesel automobile sold in America.

The 300D Turbodiesel: the Mercedes-Benz engineers' idea of a $30,000* luxury sedan.

The luxury of superb technology permeates the 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan, creating superb over-the-road performance. Mere sport is not the goal: tenacious roadholding, sharp reflexes and precise control simply make better drivers–of aficionados and housewives alike.

The 300 D Turbodiesel boasts such extravagances as six separate brakes, seven shock absorbers, and a rigid unit body welded at exactly 4,786 points.

If these seem less seductive than tufted velvet seats or razor-edged styling, Mercedes-Benz engineers can only shrug. Seduction is not their aim. Providing you with the most precise possible driving instrument is.

Not a blunt instrument

There is deep satisfaction in an automobile meant to elevate your driving standards more than your ego.

For example, this 3585-lb., five-passenger sedan yields no ground even to sports cars on roller-coaster back-country roads.

It will not panic if suddenly thrown into a maze of S-bends in the rain.

Its steering system is not a blunt instrument but an almost sensually responsive mechanism–a liquid-smooth *recirculating-ball* mechanism, guided by 24 ball bearings, seemingly friction-free.

The 300 D's automatic transmission is no ordinary luxury-car automatic. The shift lever is down beside your right thigh, and can be manually actuated when you want to select gears yourself. (Note that this is a *four*-speed automatic.)

The 300 D's four caliper-type disc brakes are meant to keep stopping the car squarely and safely–even after repeated hard panic stops, even in the wet.

Mercedes-Benz engineers care little if the world knows that each brake disc measures 11 inches in diameter, or that the car's front suspension geometry is engineered to help minimize braking "nose dive." They care only that the driver is better off as a result of these and myriad other technical details.

Most powerful diesel in America

Those engineers have squeezed more power from the 300 D's five-cylinder, three-liter engine than other engineers have yet been able to extract from any other passenger car diesel–even huge V8's.

The crucial factor is *turbocharging* and its stunning extra thrust. It helps make this the best performer of any diesel automobile sold in America.

The performance story should not overshadow the efficiency story. Powerhouse that it is, the 300 D bests the mileage of virtually every luxury sedan you can buy today–with EPA numbers of 27 mpg city estimated and 33 highway.** Conventional tune-ups? Never.

No artificial ingredients

The 300 D's designers made no attempt to decorate it like a luxury car. They were too busy making it an aerodynamically clean, spatially efficient car.

Electronic cruise control, electric window lifts, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player, bi-level climate control system–what conventional luxury sedans offer by way of conveniences, so does the 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan.

Only garishness is absent. The instrument panel is no entertainment center twinkling with gadgets but an exercise in ergonomic exactitude: white-on-black gauges, instantly activated controls, unobstructed visibility.

Seats are constructed and upholstered for the luxury of proper support on all-day drives. This explains the firmness that may startle the uninitiated.

Interior wood trim is genuine zebrano wood: handworked, fitted and finished. A small thing that epitomizes this car's unremitting honesty of design–as its 120 built-in safety features epitomize its seriousness of design.

The luxury of retained value

The 300 D Turbodiesel can point to one final advantage that no domestic luxury car can even approach: as a Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesel, it belongs to a group of cars that have been shown (according to the February 1982 *N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guide)* to retain over *88 percent* of their original value after the first three years.

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. **EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

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Engineered like no other car in the world

the cigarette out of sight behind the counter.

"We had our own television show, which ran for twenty-six weeks on the old DuMont Television Network. It was called 'The Sportsman's Guide.' It was sponsored by Uhu Glue—a miracle glue, kind of like Krazy Glue. The announcer was a guy named Connie Evans. I did the lecturing—like on a spinning reel—and then when we did a fishing trip I did the fishing. That television show wasn't on very long before people started calling me Uncle Jimmy. I don't know how it got started, but it stuck. I was also a technical panelist on a radio show called 'The Rod and Gun Club of the Air.' The other panelists and I shot the breeze amongst us every week."

A blond woman in a beige knit ski cap comes in. She asks Deren if he has an eight-foot bamboo fly rod. He says he doesn't but he can order one for her. The woman says, "Oh, that's great. I think he might marry me if I find him that rod." She leaves.

"Did I tell you about our television show? 'The Sportsman's Guide'? Did I tell you about our heavy involvement in the advertising field? Over the years, we've acted as consultant on hundreds and hundreds of ads. Sooner or later, everybody uses a fishing ad. Also, the slogan 'How's your love life?' started in the Roost. I used to ask my customers that when they came in, and then it became the slogan for a brand of toothpaste.

"We developed the first satisfactory big-game reel—the Penn 12/0 Senator. I guess there's six or seven miles of those things now. We also helped develop the concept of R. and R.—Rest and Recuperation—for the military. The idea was to take these guys who'd been through the horrors of war, get them fishing, get them flytying, get their minds off their former troubles. Some of the stuff I wrote on flytying for the Navy was posted in battleships that are now in mothballs. We also supplied the cord that made Dracula's wings move, for the Broadway show. We've always been an international business. Anglers come from India, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Norway, Iceland, Ireland, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Canada, Mexico, South Africa, South America—so many South Americans you'd think it was just next door, and they're all loaded. Bolivia, Tierra del Fuego. Any guy who's a nut about a fly comes to the Roost eventually. Anyplace a trout swims, they know the Roost. Not only trout. Also bonefish, tarpon, sailfish, striped bass, salmon—"

The phone rings again.

"Angler's Roost."

"........"

"Hello, my little pigeon."

"........"

"Just a few minutes. I'm leaving right now."

IN Deren's shop, three customers can stand comfortably. You can stand and put your hands in your pockets, but there really isn't room to move around much. Four is tight. Five is crowded. Six is very crowded. When there are six customers in the shop, one of them has to hold on to somebody to keep from falling over backward into the knee-high wader bin. Except for the small space around the customers' feet, Deren's shop is three hundred and sixty degrees of fishing equipment, camping equipment, books, and uncategorizable stuff. The shop is like a forest in that if you remain silent in either of them for any length of time you will hear something drop.

"What the hell was that?"

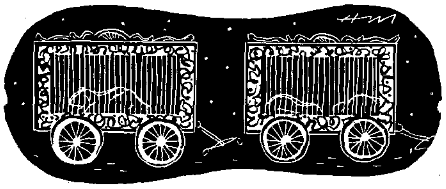
"I think it was a book."

"Don't worry about it. Leave it there."

" 'Better Badminton'? Jim, how come you have a book called 'Better Badminton'?"

"A lot of these things get shipped by mistake, and then it's too goddam much trouble to send them back."

In Deren's shop, he has tackle for the three different kinds of sportfishing—bait casting, spin fishing, and fly-fishing. Bait-casting outfits are the standard rod and reel that cartoonists usually give to fishermen. The reel has a movable spool, and both rod and reel are designed for bait or for lures heavy enough to be cast with their own weight. Spin-fishing rods and reels are also designed for lures heavy enough to be cast with their own weight, but because of refinements in the reel—a non-movable spool that allows the line to spiral off—spin-fishing rods cast farther with less weight. In fly-fishing, the lure is usually nothing but feathers on a hook, so it does not have enough weight to be cast. Fly-fishing equipment consists of longer, lighter rods and a thick, tapered line, which work together with a whipping action to cast the fly. All three of these kinds of fishing can be done in either fresh or salt water. The sea is bigger than the land; saltwater tackle is usually bigger and heavier than freshwater tackle. Deren sells saltwater rods as thick as mop handles, and freshwater fly rods like Seiji Ozawa's baton. They are made of bamboo, fibre glass, metal, or (recent developments) graphite or boron. He sells reels like boat winches, and palm-size reels that sound like Swiss watches when you crank them. He has thousands of miles of line—nylon monofilament or braided nylon or plastic or braided Dacron or silk or wire. He has hooks from size 28, which are small enough to fit about five on a fingertip, to size 16/0, which have a four-inch gap between the point of the hook and the shank.



Deren also has:

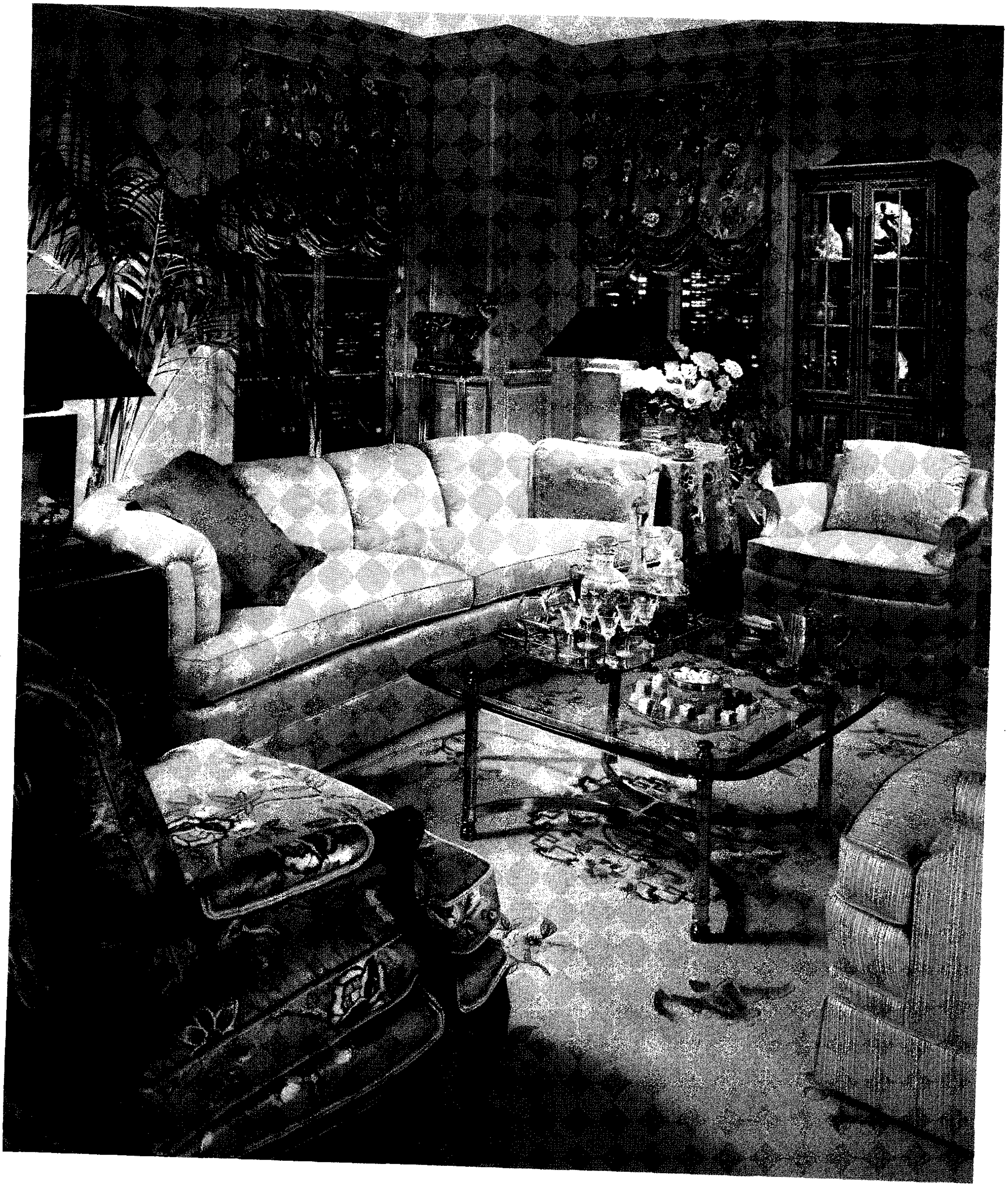
thousands of lures designed to imitate live game-fish prey, with names like Bass-Oreno, Original Spin-Oreno, Buzz'n Cobra, Chugger, Lucky 13, Crazy Crawler, Hopkins No-Eql, Goo-Goo Eyes, Hula Popper, Jitterbug, Devil's Horse, Creek Chub Wiggle Fish, Flatfish, Lazy Ike, Red Eye, Dardevle, Fluke Slayer, Ava Diamond Jig, Rapala, Dancing Doll Jig, Rebel, Darter, Mirrolure, Shyster, Abu-Reflex, Swedish Wobbler, Hawaiian Wiggler, Golden-Eye Troublemaker, Hustler, Al's Goldfish, Pikie Minnow, Salty Shrimper, Williams Wobbler, Tiny Tad, Tiny Torpedo, Zara (named after Zarragossa Street, the former red-light district in Pensacola, Florida, because of its attractive wiggle);

countless trout flies that imitate mayflies at every stage of their life, with names like Quill Gordon, Hendrickson, March Brown, Red Quill, Grey Fox, Lady Beaverkill, Light Cahill, Grey Fox Variant, Dun Variant, Cream Variant, Blue-Winged Olive, Sulphur Dun, Brown Drake, Green Drake, Pale Evening Dun, Little White-Winged Black;

trout flies that imitate other insects—the Letort Hopper, Jassid, Black Ant, Red Ant, Cinnamon Ant, Black Gnat, Spider, Leaf Roller, Stonefly, Caddis, Case Caddis, Caddis Worm, Caddis Pupa, Dragonfly, Hellgrammite, Damselfly;

flies that imitate mice, frogs, and bats;

streamer flies—the Muddler Min-



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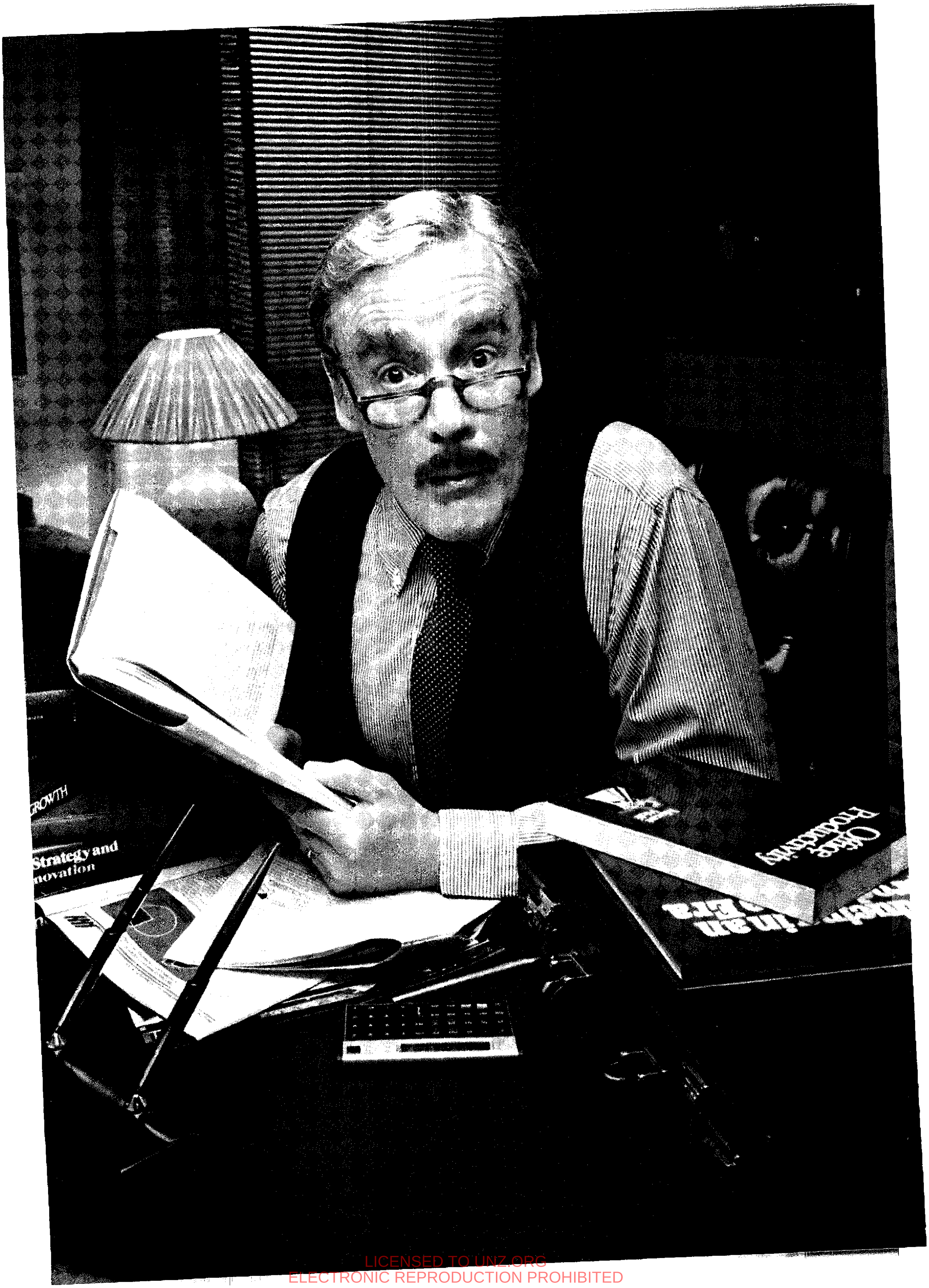
GROWTH
Strategy and
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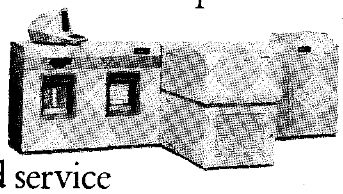
Office Productivity
in an
Era

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WAYS TO INCREASE OFFICE PRODUCTIVITY, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE LASER BEAM?

These concentrated beams of light perform incredibly precise micro-surgery, serve as signal lamps for space communications and track tiny shifts in the earth's crust.

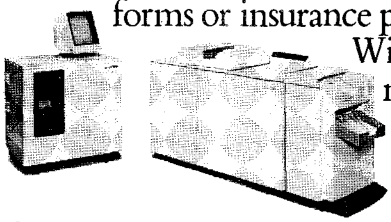
But it was Xerox scientists who saw the laser as a ray of hope for increasing productivity and introduced it into the office. First they developed a laser scanner for Telecopier transceivers which brought new speed and clarity to facsimile transmission.

Xerox lasers are also used in another Xerox innovation: electronic printing. And we offer you the widest line of electronic printers available.



Xerox electronic printers are the most advanced information output systems in the business. They take digital information from computers and word processors and print out crisp, clear images at speeds of up to 120 pages a minute. They also let you choose from hundreds of different typefaces in a wide variety of sizes.

So you can make mundane facts and figures more memorable as well as more readable. And you can print texts, training and service manuals with new efficiencies. Which can help get information into people's hands and minds more effectively.



What's more, the Xerox 9700 Electronic Printing System, above, can actually create, store and print forms as they're needed with all the appropriate information filled in—like tax forms or insurance policies. You might say it's the world's smallest forms warehouse. With it a corporation, or government agency, can eliminate their need to pre-print and store hundreds of thousands of forms. And no one gets stuck with obsolete forms.

The Xerox 5700 Electronic Printing System, at the left, works in the office with work stations and prints up to 40 times faster than ordinary word processing printers. It also handles electronic mail, remote computer printing and direct copying. (After all, it is a Xerox machine.)

And new Xerox electronic printers and accessory equipment are currently being introduced, along with expanded software and communications capabilities. All of which will bring the benefits of electronic printing to more and more businesses of all sizes.

So if you'd like to harness the speed of light to increase productivity in your office, consider Xerox.

XEROX

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now, Spruce Fly, Spuddler, Professor, Supervisor, Black Ghost, Grey Ghost, Mickey Finn—which are probably meant to imitate minnows;

other flies—the Parmachenee Belle, Lord Baltimore, Yellow Sally, Adams, Rat-Faced McDougal, Woolly Worm, Hare's Ear, Humpy, Royal Coachman, Hair-Wing Royal Coachman, Lead-Wing Coachman, Queen of the Waters, Black Prince, Red Ibis —of which it is hard to say just what they are supposed to imitate, and which are sometimes called attractor flies;

big, colorful salmon flies, with names like Nepisiquit, Abbey, Thunder and Lightning, Amherst, Black Fairy, Orange Blossom, Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, Hairy Mary, Lancelot, Jock Scott, Fair Duke, Durham Ranger, Marlodge, Fiery Brown, Night Hawk, Black Dose, Warden's Worry;

flies that he invented himself—Deren's Stonefly, Deren's Fox, Deren's Harlequin, The Fifty Degrees, The Torpedo, The Black Beauty, Deren's Speckled Caddis, Deren's Cream Caddis, Deren's Cinnamon Caddis, Deren's Grey Caddis;

feathers for tying flies—rooster (domestic and foreign, winter plumage and summer plumage, dozens of shades), ostrich, goose, kingfisher, mallard, peacock, turkey, imitation jungle cock, imitation marabou, imitation wood duck;

fur—Alaskan seal, arctic fox, mink, beaver, weasel, imitation chinchilla, raccoon, ermine, rabbit, fitch, marten, gray fox, skunk, squirrel, civet cat—also for tying flies;

hair—deer, bear, antelope, moose, goat, elk, badger, calf—also for tying flies;

scissors, forceps, pliers, razors, vises, lamps, tweezers, bobbins, bodkins, floss, thread, chenille, tinsel, Mylar, lead wire, wax, yarn—also for tying flies;

chest waders, wader suspenders, wader belts, wader cleats, wader racks, wader patch kits, wading shoes, wading staffs, hip boots, boot dryers, inner boot soles, Hijack brand V-notch boot removers, insulated socks, fishing vests, bug-repellent fishing vests, rain pants, ponchos, head nets, long-billed caps, hunting jackets, thermal underwear, high-visibility gloves, fishing shirts;

ice augers, dried grasshoppers, minnow scoops, fish stringers, hook disgorgers, rubber casting weights, gigs, spears, car-top rod carriers, rubber insect legs, fish-tank aerators, English game bags, wicker creels, folding nets, hand gaffs, worm rigs, gasoline-motor starter cords, watercolor paintings of the Miramichi River, sponge-rubber bug bodies, line straighteners, knot-tiers, snakebite kits, hatbands, leather laces, salmon eggs, plastic-squid molds, stuff you spray on your glasses so they won't fog up, duck and crow calls, waterproof match cases, lead split-shot, collapsible oars, bells that you hook up to your line so they ring when a fish takes your bait, Justrite electric head lanterns, dried mayfly nymphs, rescue whistles, canteens, butterfly nets, peccary bristles, porcupine quills, frog harnesses . . .

The truth is, I have no idea of all the things Deren has in his shop. Just about every item he sells is appropriate to a particular angling situation. In addition to the part of the shop that the customer sees, the Angler's Roost fills a couple of large back rooms, a lot of space in an office on another floor of the same building, and space that Deren rents in a warehouse in New Jersey. I have not yet encountered, nor would I encounter in several lifetimes of angling, all the different situations for which the different items in his shop are intended.

Deren likes to recite certain fishing maxims over and over, and although he says his intent is purely educational ("We don't sell anybody. We advise, and then they do their own buying") I have seen his maxims work on customers' wallets the way oyster knives work on oysters. One of these maxims is "Ninety per cent of a trout's diet consists of food he finds underwater." A customer who hears this often decides he has to have a couple of dozen stone-fly nymphs—weighted flies that imitate the nymphal stage of the stone fly, an insect common in rocky streambeds. The stone fly that Deren sells is two dollars, which makes it one of the more expensive trout flies he sells. Another maxim is "Trout don't always see a floating mayfly from underneath; when a trout is taking a fly he will break the surface"—here Deren does an imitation of a trout regarding with bulging eye a fly at eye level—"and when he does he sees that the back of the insect is darkly vermiculated." A customer who hears this may conclude that he cannot be without several flies—in the pattern called Deren's Fox, as it happens—that have across the back a number of stripes made with a bodkin dipped in lacquer, to suggest the dark vermiculations. (Deren's imitation of a trout breaking the surface and seeing a fly is itself worth the price of a lot of Deren's Foxes.) Another maxim is "People always say that a fly reel is nothing more than a storage case for line, but this is not true. A fly reel has many functions it must perform. It has to be the right weight, it has to be the right size to hold the proper amount of line, and it has to have a smooth drag"—the mechanism that controls the amount of resistance offered to a fish pulling line off the reel—"which can be adjusted to the various situations you may encounter." Another maxim, one of Deren's most serviceable, which often comes up when a customer is contemplating an unusually expensive purchase, is "The money may not seem worth it, but when you run across a fish you've waited your whole life to catch and then lose him because your equipment was substandard—well, then the money becomes immaterial."

SPINACH
RADISHES
LETTUCE
Westman

One spring, just before I was going to Key West to visit my grandmother, Deren got me in the pincers of the last two maxims as I was deciding on a new fly reel: people say a fly reel is just a storage case for line but you need a good reel with a good drag, etc.; and if you buy a substandard (i.e., cheaper) reel and because of it lose the fish of your life, etc. I was planning to wade the tidal flats around the islands fly-fishing for bonefish and permit (a kind of pompano), of which the first is supposed to be very difficult to catch and the second is supposed to be about impossible to catch. Like a lot of people before me and after me, I cracked. I spent a hundred and ten dollars on an English-made reel with level adjustable drag, which came in a fleece-lined suède case. The first day, I fished with it at a fishing spot that had been recommended by a guy behind the counter at a bait-and-tackle shop

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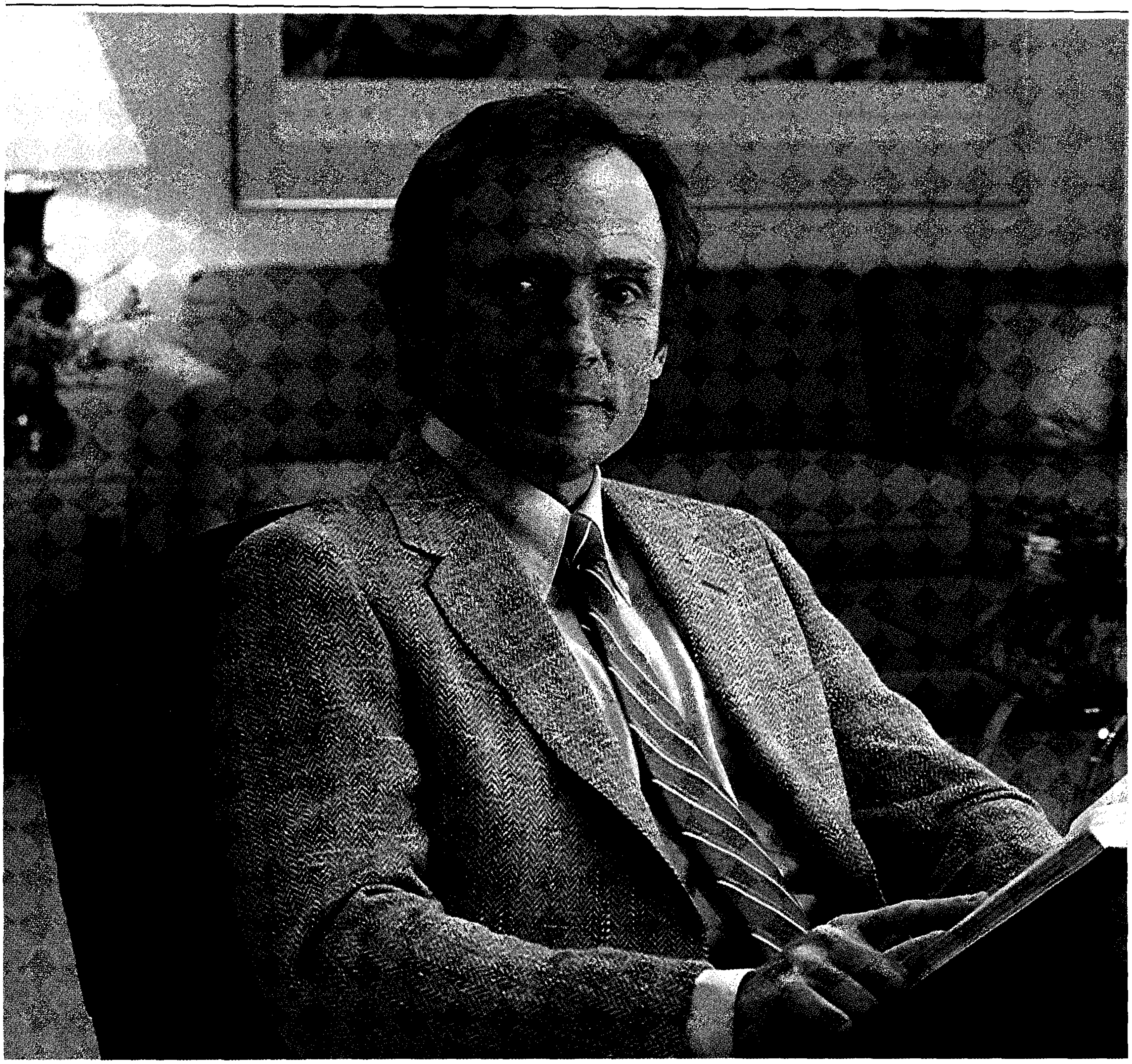

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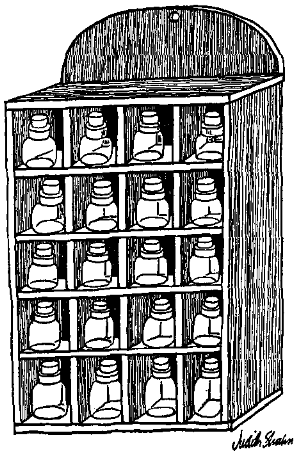
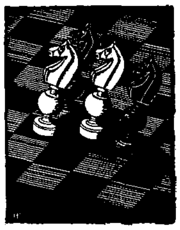


called Boog Powell's Anglers Marine (it is owned by the former baseball star, but I have never seen him in there), on Stock Island, the key just up from Key West. This fishing spot was a long sandbar behind the Boca Chica Naval Air Station, the military installation that sometimes used to appear on TV as a piece of runway and an airplane wing and some heat shimmers in the background of news stories about Cuban refugees. My cousin dropped me off there. She had to take the car back to get the seats reupholstered. (My grandmother spends a lot of time driving people in wet bathing suits around, so her seat covers always fall apart.) I hid my lunch, which my grandmother had packed for me, in the mangroves. Black mangroves, since they grow in or near water, have hundreds of little breathing tubes that aerate their roots and look like Bic pen tops sticking up from the mud. As I waded out, I scared up a couple of shore birds, which made regularly spaced splashes with their feet on the surface of the water as they took off. The sandbar, a line of white between turquoise water and dark-blue water, was maybe a quarter mile out. I had to wade in up to my armpits at one point. I was nervous. I had never heard of a wading angler being eaten by a shark, but I didn't know why. It seemed as if anything that wanted to come in and get me could. At one point, I almost stepped on a ray, which stirred up big clouds of mud as it winged away. I was doubly scared when I realized that my fear was probably releasing chemicals into the water which would call predators in from all over the ocean. On the sandbar, the water was ankle-deep. I worked my way along, casting to the deep water on the ocean side of the bar. It was very windy, and I kept hitting myself between the shoulder blades with the weighted fly when I cast. I saw one fish over the half mile of sandbar that I covered. I'm not sure what kind of fish it was—I don't think it was a permit or a bonefish. It was about two feet long. It wasn't expecting to find anybody standing in the water out there. About ten feet from me, it saw me, and it did the closest thing to a double take I've ever seen a fish do. Then it disappeared like the Road Runner in the cartoon, with a ricochet noise. I waded back to shore, stepping on crunching white coral and then slogging through a long patch of grayish-white ooze—the kind of muck that dinosaurs left footprints in. I was quite a distance from where I'd left my lunch. I began to walk back along the road. As I came around a bend in the road, I saw a camper parked. It had Alabama license plates. About the same time I saw the camper, I heard the jingle of a dog collar. With one bark, a Great Dane plunged out of the bushes toward me. A second later, a dachshund and a border collie, both barking a lot, came out of the bushes. The Great Dane came up to my shoulder, and had a mouth—filled with yellow, pointed teeth—that could have eaten a clock radio. A man and a woman were sunbathing on deck chairs near the camper. The man did not get up. The woman told me to hold still and the dog wouldn't bite me. I held still, and the dog bit me in the right shoulder. I told the woman that the dog was biting me. The border collie was nipping around my knees, the dachshund around my ankles. The Great Dane bit me in the right buttock. The woman was putting on her sandals. The Great Dane bit me hard next to my left shoulder blade. The woman came up and pulled him off. I walked a distance away, and then I raised my shirt and turned my back to the woman and asked her if I was bleeding. She said I wasn't. I walked on up the road. The dachshund continued to nip around my ankles for a way up the road. The woman was calling him. His name was Fritz. I got to the place in the mangroves where I'd left my lunch, and I found my lunch and sat down on a mangrove root. My shirt was not torn where the dog had bitten me in the right shoulder, and my pants weren't torn where the dog had bitten me in the right buttock. But the lower back of my shirt was torn, with several long tooth holes. I felt my back. I had two puncture wounds, and they were bleeding. I walked back to where the camper had been parked, shouting for the people to hold the dog. The camper was not there anymore. (I later found out that the state of Florida requires that any time a dog bites a person it must be locked up for ten days to see if it has rabies. The Alabamians, possibly having had this kind of experience before, and not wanting to change their vacation plans, may have left the minute I was out of sight.) I ate my lunch and thought about what I should do. I decided that the dog probably did not have rabies but was just crazy and overbred, like many Great Danes. I decided that it would not be worth it to try to get back to Key West—that it made more sense to wait for my cousin to come and pick me up. I wasn't going to bleed to death. I went back out and fished some more, seeing this time not a single fish. However, I did spot a yellow object floating by me and snagged it with my rod, and the object turned out to be a plastic toy man—part of the Fisher-Price toy dump truck recommended for ages two to six. I put it in my pocket, because at that time my cousin's daughter really liked Fisher-Price toys. I kept hearing voices shouting back and forth along the shore. When my cousin finally blew the horn for me and I went in, I learned that the voices had belonged, probably, to whoever had been engaged in stringing coils of barbed wire along the shoreline. (Probably it was the Seabees putting out the wire for airfield security.) This barbed wire had barbs on it shaped like little meat cleavers. I made it through the first two coils, but I got tangled up in the third coil, cutting my legs in several places. When I got to the car and dismantled my fly rod, I broke off a line guide. My cousin's daughter was with her, and she was very happy with the Fisher-Price man I'd found. My cousin took me to the de Poo Hospital, in Key West, where a twenty-nine-year-old doctor with long hair, from Chillicothe, Ohio, who had decided to practice in Key West because he hated the winters in Ohio, told me that there hadn't been a case of rabies in Florida in a really long time and that house dogs like Great Danes almost never got rabies anyway, but that I should have a tetanus shot, so I did, and it cost thirty dollars. I didn't go out fishing, or even think about fishing, for a few days after this, with the result that I forgot to rinse the salt water out of the works of my expensive new reel, with the result that the works corroded to the point where the reel would turn approximately as much as the Chrysler Building turns on its foundation. Now the reel sits on my desk, proving

Deren's maxim; more than a storage case for line, it is also a paperweight.

ALTHOUGH all kinds of people go to Deren's shop, most of his customers are adult white men. This category is large enough to include many subcategories. Some of these men are technicians; they wear raincoats, gray Glen-plaid suits, black-orange-and-yellow striped ties, and gray plaid Irish walking caps, and the gleam of their metal-rimmed glasses reinforces the expression of scientific curiosity in their eyes. They know no higher words of praise than "state of the art." When Deren shows them the latest graphite fly rod, they ask, "So is this pretty much state of the art in graphite rods?" Others are rich, and probably social. They bring with them the warm, Episcopal smell of Brooks Brothers or the Union Club, and they talk like George Plimpton: "An *English*man who fishes in *Brazil* had this particular kind of *lanyard*, do you know the kind I mean, *marvellous*, yes, that's exactly what I want, yes, *good* for you!" Others are writers or photographers or painters; they are quiet or loud, hung over or not hung over, and many of them carry shoulder bags and don't wear suits and look as if somebody had smudged them when they were wet. Others are short, bluff, bald men who look like walking thumbs and laugh after every sentence they speak; sometimes they open the door and yell "Hey, Mister! Got any hooks?" and then they laugh delightedly. Others are terse. That's what they do for a living. They're professionally terse: "Jim. Ask you a question. Winchester. Model Twenty-one. Twenty gauge." Others are executives in the oil business who are leaving tomorrow for Bahrain. Once, I heard the executives in the elevator going up to Deren's talking about the management characteristics of different oil companies. One of them said that top management at Mobil Oil suffered from "paralysis by analysis." Others are big, wear size-11 shoes, have red faces, and come into the shop in the afternoon with cocktails and good lunch on their breath, and shoot the bull with Deren for hours.



Guy: "Jimmy, let me ask you something and you tell me what you think of this. Last August, I was sitting on the bank of a river in Michigan waiting for it to cool off and for the fish to start feeding, and I saw this white thing bouncing along the river bottom, and when it got close enough I saw that it was a peeled potato, and when it came closer I saw that a twelve- or thirteen-inch trout was *bouncing* the potato along the river bottom with his nose—"

Deren: "You sure it was a potato?"

Guy: "It was either a peeled potato or maybe a peeled apple. This trout was bouncing it; I swear, he was dribbling it with his nose along the bottom like a ball. Friend of mine and I followed him downstream a long way. He just kept dribbling that potato. Now, what in the hell could that have been?"

Deren: "I don't know. I've never seen a trout do anything like that. But that reminds me—did I ever tell you about the time I saved a trout from drowning? The reason it reminds me is that I saw the trout bouncing and flopping along the bottom with the current. Good-sized brook trout. I caught up with him and netted him, and I discovered that he had a caddis case— You know, the protective covering that the caddis worm spins around himself, it looks kind of like a twig— Well, he had one of these caddis cases, about an inch long, stuck between his upper and lower jaws. It was stuck in his small teeth, so he couldn't close his mouth, and if a trout can't close his mouth he can't filter oxygen through his gills, and he drowns. I took the caddis case out, and I put the trout in some shallow water, and pretty soon, proud as beans, he swam away."

Guy: "I was reading in some sporting magazine about a man who was fishing in a boat and he had his retriever dog with him, and as he made a cast he accidentally let go of the rod and it flew out into the lake, and the dog immediately jumped in after it, and he started swimming to shore and the lure was trailing in the water, and a fish hit the lure, and the dog kept on swimming, and he ran up on the shore and kept on running until he'd pulled the fish all the way out of the water."

Deren: "Could happen. Could happen. I remember once I was out in a boat casting a deer-hair bug for bass, and my leader was frayed, and when a big bass hit I broke the bug off in his mouth, so I put on a new leader and continued to fish, and then a couple of hours later I decided to quit fishing, and I was coming back in to the dock, and suddenly there was an enormous splash next to the boat and this big bass came out of the water into the air and landed in the bottom of my boat. It was the same fish I'd hooked earlier—he still had my lure in his jaw. Of course, there's a simple explanation. The fish was jumping trying to throw the lure. He would probably have kept at it until he succeeded, but instead he landed in my boat."

Guy: "That doesn't surprise me. Did I ever tell you about the time . . ."

Other customers are men of considerable personal force, but when they come into Deren's shop Deren is sitting, they are standing; Deren knows where everything is, they don't; they are asking, he is telling. After an exchange like "Hi, I'm looking for some leader sink," "Look on that shelf right next to you—no, not there, the other direction. Second shelf. *Second* shelf, that's the third shelf. Move that fly box. Look to the left of that. No, the left. That's the right. Move your hand back where it was going originally. Right there! Right there! It's right in front of you! Look right where your hand is! You're looking right at it," this particular type of customer's ears, having heard more sentences in the imperative mood in the last few seconds than they probably hear in a week, turn pink with embarrassment.

An important customer who has been coming in for many years, or an old fishing buddy, or a fellow angling expert, or any of the guys Deren has got to know over the years, he calls a son of a bitch. If the guy is present, he's "you son of a bitch;" if he's not, he's "that son of a bitch." Deren says the phrase with mastery, with delicate tonal shadings to indicate everything from a wonderful human being to a horrible human being. He says the phrase with the ease of a man turning into his driveway for the ten-thousandth time. When the subject of any one of these guys comes up, Deren will say, "*That* son of a bitch

—he'll never die, the Devil wouldn't have him."

—he tied saddle hackle on streamer flies with greater intensity than any man I ever knew."

—don't ever let him around a car, he'll destroy it in a second."

—he was a real screwball, a big, tall, good-looking guy. Slept with, lived with, married I don't know how many women."

—did you know he invented the après-ski boot?"

—I've seen drunks dive under the

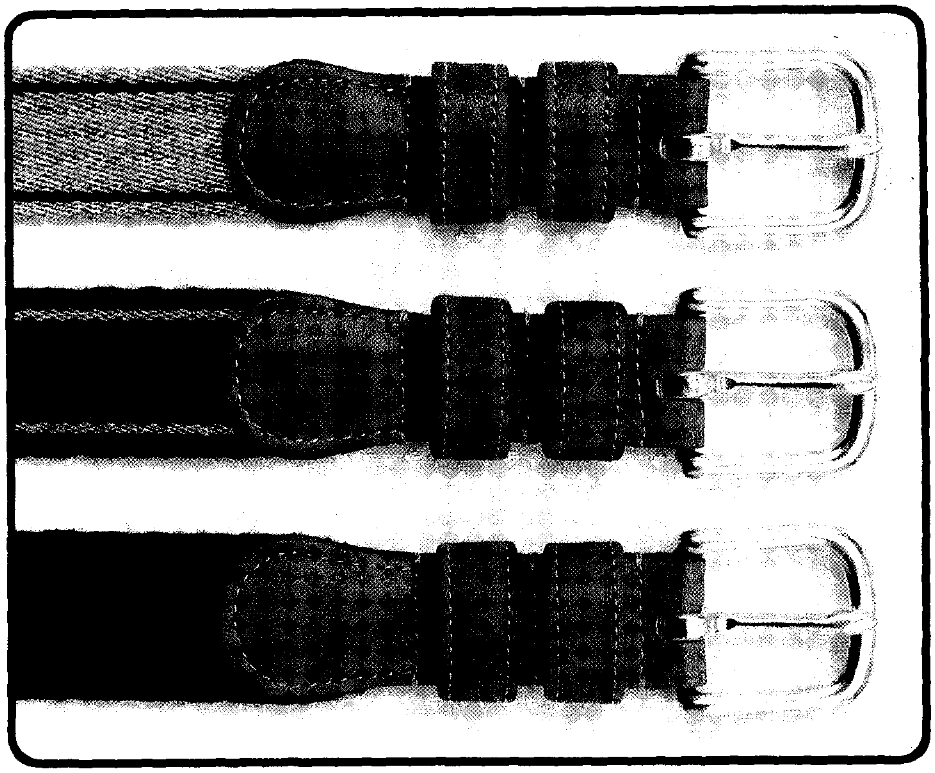


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table when he appeared on the scene.”

—he's a pinko crêpe-hanger of the first water.”

—he married a girl in Greece.”

—he's basically a correlater. He's not an originator. He doesn't have spontaneity. Spontaneity is what advances the sport.”

—he fathered half the illegitimate children running around [a large American city].”

—he had a compass in his head.”

—he would have made a great President but he wouldn't touch it.”

—he could tie flies down to size 28 in his fingers without a vise.”

—he was incredible. He'd make bets he could sight a rifle in to zero in three shots. And do it, too.”

—he was always into me for something, as well as I knew him.”

—he asked me to be the best man at his wedding, and when I got to the wedding he told me to put on my waders, and he was married in a pool on the Ausable River.”

—he asked me to sign a bank note for him when he bought a new car, and then he skipped town, and I had to pay the bank, and meanwhile I'm getting these postcards from him, he's out in British Columbia, and he says he's having the best salmon fishing of his life and he wishes I was there!”

—he's a very enthusiastic angler. It's the Indian in him.”

—forget it. He's a three-dollar bill. He'd write any kind of angling misinformation he could think of. He prostituted his sport for money. He's not a sportsman.”

—he's an enthusiast of an extreme calibre. He won't eat, he won't sleep, he lives by the goddam tides. This lends him a cloak of irresponsibility, but he is responsible—to the striped bass. He was fishing on the bridge out at Jones Beach, which is illegal, and he had just hooked a big striper when the cops came along, so he jumped over the bridge and hung from the railing with one hand and held all his tackle and played the fish with the other until the cops went away. He's an angler at heart.”

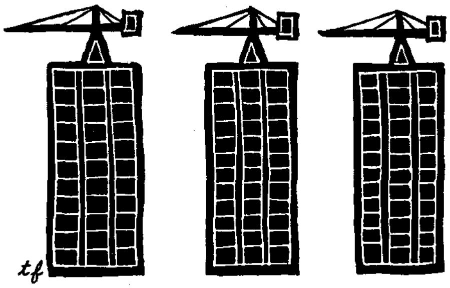
In Deren's world, an angler at heart is the best thing you can be. He describes many people as competent anglers or good anglers; he describes some as enthusiastic anglers; only a very few does he describe as anglers at heart. When I asked him what distinguishes the few anglers at heart from the fifty-four million other people who fish in this country, he said, “It's the call of the wild, the instinct of the hunt. It's a throwback to the forest primeval. It's the feeling of being in a state of grace in a magnificent outdoor cathedral. Either you have it or you don't—it's inborn. The first time I went into the woods, it was as if I had been there before.” He looked at me significantly.

“You mean . . . like in a previous life?” I asked.

“Well, that would be stretching it. Let's just say I didn't have too many surprises. I could sit all day and watch a field mouse fifteen feet away, watch a bird in a tree huntin' bugs—sometimes they're comical as hell. People would say to me, ‘What in the world do you do in the woods that long?’ Well, Christ, you never run out of things to do in the woods. The woods are a constant unfolding story. But it wasn't the same if there was anything manmade in view. If you thought of man at all, it was a man who had gone through there silently. Maybe in some long-forgotten time an Indian who went to join his ancestors long before the Norsemen came to the American coast set foot on that same spot when he was following the buffalo. Or maybe it was pristine, the way the Lord of the cathedral made it. The romance of fishing isn't all just fish.”

In “The Compleat Angler,” Izaak Walton says, “For Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice, but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.”

MORE men than women fish. Sometimes this works out fine, but other times the shadow of angry excluded wives and girlfriends falls across the sport, and things get depressing. About women in angling, Deren says, “The Angler's Roost was the first place I know of that trained women. We pioneered in that field. A lot of women were getting fed up with this business of getting left home on the weekends, and so their husbands brought them to us and we trained them. Later on, the women we trained became the nucleus that infected a lot of other women. Of course, you had to indoctrinate them properly. Sit them on a rock and let the bugs chew them up and then ask them if they like it and you're going to get a negative answer. But if you can inculcate the angling mystique into them, you've got yourself a hell of a fishing partner. Some parts of some rivers had places where a female couldn't manage, and they needed different equipment sometimes, because their muscle structure is different from men's. But they became good casters easier than men, and they became experts with flytying and flies, because of their inherent gentility.”



Deren's wife, Catherine, is a nice-looking woman, who was wearing slacks and a blouse and had her hair piled up in a bouffant hairdo the one time I saw her in the shop. She was as nice as pie to me then. Her perfume was unusual in that room filled with the smells of flytying cement, rubber, canvas, and True cigarette smoke. Another time, I saw her on the street, and she had just had some dental work done and she was really in pain and did not want to talk at all.

IN “The Origins of Angling,” the author, John McDonald, says that angling existed in the ancient world, and that our knowledge of modern angling dates from 1496, when “A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle,” by Dame Juliana Berners, was published in England. He says that hunting and falconry were the sports of medieval chivalry, that books on those sports had existed for centuries, that the publication of the “Treatyse” occurred at about the same time as the decline of chivalry, and that the “Treatyse” is addressed to all who are, in its words, “virtuous, gentle, and freeborn,” rather than just to the nobility. He says that it cannot be definitely proved that Dame Juliana Berners wrote the book, as people say, or that she was a nun, as people also say. He says that people fished with tackle that was basically the same as that described in the “Treatyse” until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the invention of a better

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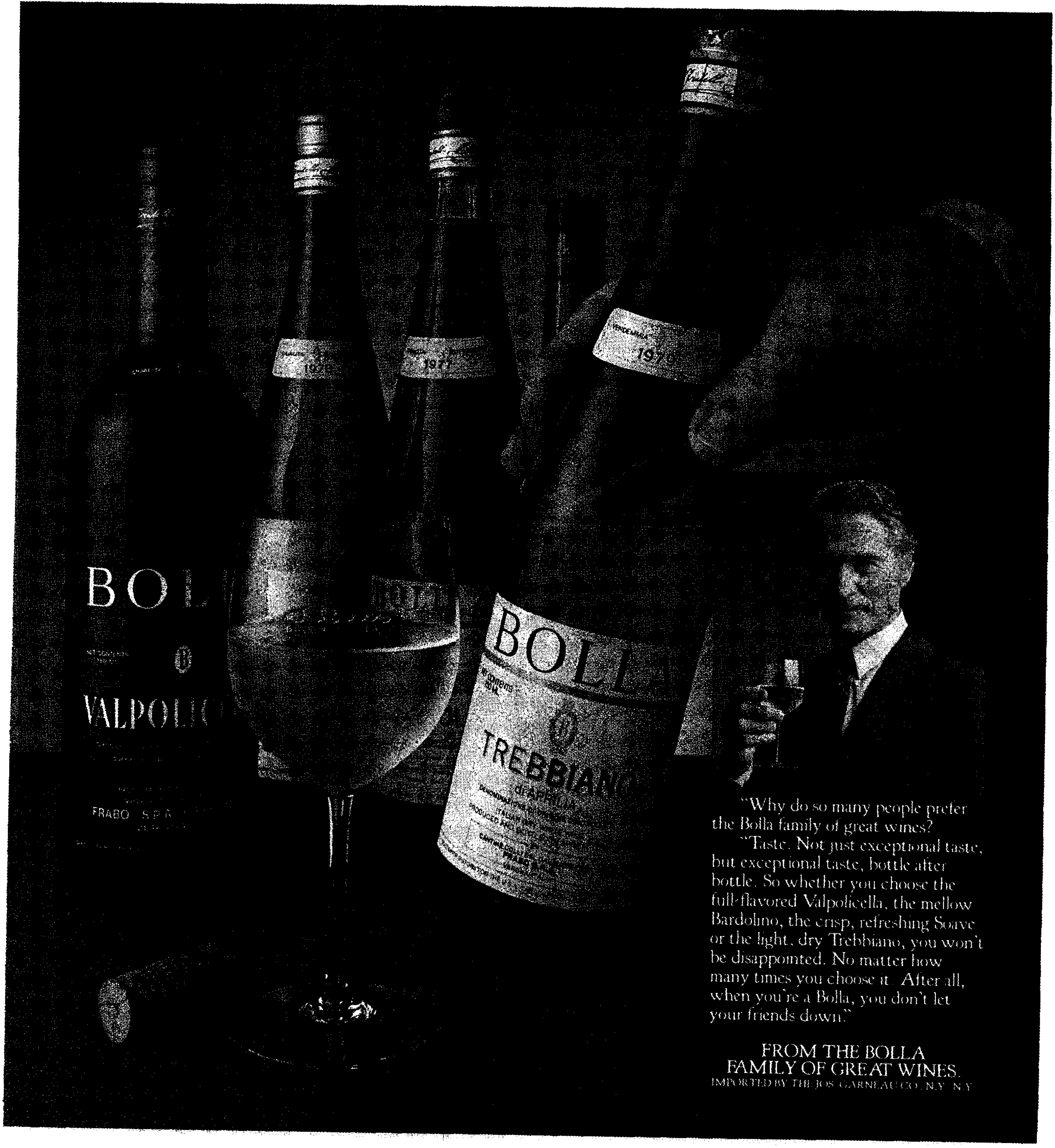
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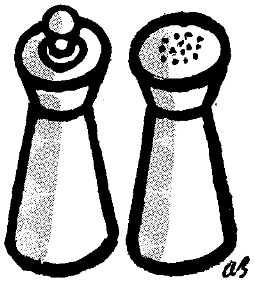
ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

reel, of upstream fishing, and of the trout fly that floated rather than sank changed the sport tremendously. He says that over the centuries there has been much argument about trout-fly patterns, that the "Treatyse" presented twelve trout flies, for the different months of the year, as if they stood for immutable truths, that these twelve ruled for a hundred and seventy-five years, until Charles Cotton's "Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream" introduced sixty-five new fly patterns, that in the eighteenth century Richard and Charles Bowlker entered the discussion with their "A Catalogue of Flies Seldom Found Useful to Fish With," and that the dispute continues to the present. The idea is that some anglers like to use the flies that have always worked, while others like to experiment. McDonald says, "The trout fly is still subject to a constant pull between classicism and innovation. In recorded history, the score is now even: three dominantly classical centuries—the fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth; and three innovating—the seventeenth, nineteenth, and twentieth."

So when Deren says, as he often does, "What in the hell is the point of using a famous fly that is some imported concoction from some Scottish salmon river which is probably the result of some guy having a couple of Martinis a hundred and fifty years ago, which doesn't look a thing like any insect on any stream in this country, and which never looked like any insect in the British Isles, either, when you can pick a bug off a rock and copy it and catch a fish?" he speaks in the voice of his century.

Much of angling today is disappointing. Some of the best trout streams in the country are now privately owned, and it costs twenty-five dollars per person for a day of fishing, and you have to get your reservations a long time in advance. The health advisory included in every copy of the fishing regulations for the state of Michigan says that because of the high PCB, PBB, and mercury content of fish from Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, and many of their tributary streams, no one should eat more than half a pound per week of fish caught in these waters, and pregnant women or women who one day expect to have children should not eat any at all. The acid rain that falls in the Catskill Mountains is bad for fish, so now fisheries biologists in New York State are trying to breed a strain of acid-resistant fish. In the absence of clean streams that are nearby and uncrowded and full of wild trout, the modern angler often concentrates on a particular aspect of his sport—one that does not require such a rare set of circumstances. Some people like to cast, and they become tournament casters; some people read about fishing all the time; some people write about it.

Deren concentrates on tackle, of course; he also concentrates on information. Information is vital to angling. The fact that anglers are always hungry for information is probably one of the reasons "The Compleat Angler" has gone through over three hundred editions since it first appeared. Anglers are always trying to find out how to fish, where to fish, when to fish, what to fish. They always want to know about new killer lures, new techniques, new hot spots nobody else knows. Nowadays, it is often easier to buy the most esoteric piece of equipment than it is to obtain a really great piece of information. An angling writer will tell about the tremendous fishing on some tremendous stream, and then add that he's not going to give the name or site of the stream, for fear that all his readers will go there and ruin it. Most angling information is subjective. A theory that one person puts into practice with confidence works fine for him but may be worse than useless to the person with no confidence in it—sort of like literature or medicine. Every angler knows one fishing secret that he thinks nobody else knows. One person will say he's just discovered the greatest fly or the greatest technique of all time, then another will come along and say it's the dumbest thing he's ever heard of, and so on. It is a cliché that fishermen are big liars, but some fishermen actually are. Sometimes the land of angling information is like that land in the riddle where half the inhabitants tell the truth all the time and the other half lie.



All day long, Deren hands out and receives angling information. People are eager to share with him the one thing they know. Sometimes he will throw cold water on them by giving them an answer that begins with his standard "That's one of the great misconceptions of fly-fishing." Sometimes (less often) he will tell them they are absolutely right. His agreement or disagreement is never less than vehement. A very large number of people, in his opinion, have no idea what they are talking about. He says, "You follow something long enough, and you realize you know as much as—or *more than*—anyone else, and that opens up a door. Most of this knowledge is based on having the problem yourself and solving it. A guy can come in here and ask me a question and I'll know I can answer his Questions 1, 2, and 3. But it might be two years before the guy comes in and asks Question No. 2." And when Deren is right (as he was when he told me how to catch a trout on that April day) he's really right. In the world of angling information, he gives the impression of knowing everything, and it is this impression that's important. If the stream of people who flow through New York bring Deren sustenance, then it is the weedy tangle of angling information, of statement and contradiction and myth and old wives' tale and supposition and theory and actual fact growing out of five hundred years of angling, that provides him with cover.

I HAVE never fished with Deren, but once (although I did not know it at the time) I fished near Deren. One year, I fished in Montana for two months—mostly in the Yellowstone River, near the town of Livingston. Deren goes out to Montana in the early fall just about every year, so when I got back to New York I went to see him. I asked him if he'd ever been to Livingston. "You're goddam right I been to Livingston. I was hit by a truck in Livingston," he said. (He and his wife were in their camper, pulling into a gas station, when a kid in a pickup truck ran into them. He was not hurt, but his wife had to have her arm X-rayed. Nothing broken.) I asked him if he had ever fished at a place where I fished a lot, called the Sheep Mountain Fishing Access. "I remember smells, I remember the way things look, I remember sounds, but I don't remember names," he said. (I know this is true. Despite the fact that I have talked to him for many hours, and despite the fact that when I first introduced myself to him he said, "That's a good name for you," I doubt very much if Deren has any idea what my name is. But when I call him on the phone he always recognizes my voice right away.)

"Sheep Mountain is downstream from the bridge on the road that leads to White Sulphur Springs," I said. "The river breaks up into lots of channels there. There are a bunch of islands."

"Yeah, I know the place you're talking about. I've fished there. Not last time we were out. Last time, we camped on the river upstream from there."

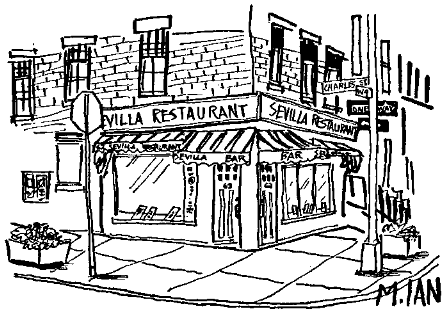
"Just this fall?"

"Yeah. We got to the Yellowstone on October 10th."

October 10th was my last full day in Montana. I fished all day, very hard, because I had not caught the fish I had dreamed I would catch out there. The river had filled up with mud and little pieces of moss right after I arrived, in mid-August—a man in a fishing-tackle store told me that a whole cliff had washed away in a rainstorm, up in Yellowstone Park, near the river's source—and it stayed muddy for several weeks. Then, after it cleared, the weather became hot and the water level dropped, and my luck stayed bad. I threw nymphs, among them Deren's big stone flies, and grasshopper imitations and bee imitations and ants and dragonflies all over the river every day. I caught whitefish and unimpressive trout. (Just before I left, I told that same man in the tackle store the size of the largest trout I'd caught during my stay, and he winced and went "Oooh!"—as if I had shown him a nasty bruise on my forehead.) On my last day, I took a lunch, drove to the fishing access, fished my way several miles upstream, crossed a bridge, and worked my way more than several miles back downstream. When I noticed that it was getting dark, I was on the opposite side of the river from my car, and miles from the bridge. I started through the brush back to the bridge. The beavers who live along the river cut saplings with their teeth at a forty-five-degree angle. These chisel-pointed saplings are unpleasant to fall on. The fishing net dangling from my belt wanted to stop and make friends with every tree branch in Montana. Occasionally, I would stop and swear for three or four minutes straight. At one of these swearing stops, I happened to look across the river, and I saw my car where I had parked it, lit up in the headlights of a passing car. I calculated: there was my car, just across the big, dark, cold Yellowstone; it was many more miles of underbrush to the bridge, and miles from the bridge back to the car; the river was down from its usual level, and I had forded it not far from this spot a few days before; but then that was during the day, and now I couldn't even see the other bank unless a car drove by. I waded in. I wasn't wearing waders. It took a second for the water to come through my shoes. It was cold. My pants ballooned around my shins. The water came past my knees, past my thighs. Then it got *really* cold. I was trying to keep my shoulders parallel to the flow of the river. The water came to my armpits, and my feet were tiptoeing along the pebbles on the river bottom. I still couldn't see the bank before me, and when I glanced behind me I couldn't see that bank, either. I was going downstream fast. Then I realized that, gathered up tight and holding my arms out of the water, I had not been breathing. I took a deep breath, then another, and another. When I did, I saw all around me, under my chin in the dark water, the reflections of many stars. The water was not getting any deeper. I was talking to myself in reassuring tones. Finally, the water began to get shallower. Then it got even shallower. Then I was strolling in ankle-deep water on a little shoal about a quarter mile downstream from my car. I walked up onto the bank and sang a couple of bars from "We Will Rock You," by Queen. Then I raised my arms and kissed my biceps. I walked to my car and drove back to the house I was staying in and took an Olympia beer out of the refrigerator and drank it. The motto of Olympia beer is "It's the Water." That night, I had a physical memory of the river. It was a feeling of powerful current pushing against my left side so insistently that I had to keep overcoming the illusion that I was about to be washed out of bed.

"Did you fish that day, on the tenth? How did you do?" I asked.

"Oh, that first day we were on the Yellowstone I hardly even got out of the camper," Deren said. "I was pooped from driving, and I honestly did not think that conditions were at all favorable. The water was down, it was too bright. I did take one walk down to the river, for the benefit of these two guys who were following me. When I'm in Montana, guys follow me wherever I go, because they think I'll lead them to good fishing. I showed these two guys a piece of holding water where they might find some big trout, and then I went back to the camper. Later that evening, after dark, the guys came to my camper, banged on the door, woke me and Catherine up. They had this goddam huge brown trout they'd caught, right where I told them. They were pretty happy about that."



"I didn't catch any big trout, but that same night I forded the river," I said.

Deren looked at me. "That's a big river," he said.

ON the inside of the door to his shop, Deren has posted what is probably his most famous maxim: "There don't have to be a thousand fish in a river; let me locate a good one and I'll get a thousand dreams out of him before I catch him—and, if I catch him, I'll turn him loose."

For Larry Madison, a wildlife photographer and magazine editor who often fished with Deren thirty years ago, a thousand dreams were hundreds more than his patience could stand: "Jim would get in a pool and just pound it all day. I'd say, 'Oh, Christ, you been in there for ten hours and you haven't had a hit. Let's go home.' Not him."

Fishing is worth any amount of effort and any amount of expense to people who love it, because in the end you get such a large number of dreams per fish. You can dream about a fish for years before the one moment when your fly is in the right place, when something is about to happen, when you hold your breath and time expands like a bubble until suddenly fish and fisherman feel each other's live weight. And for a long time afterward the memory of that moment gives you something you can rest your mind on at night, just before sleep.

—IAN FRAZIER

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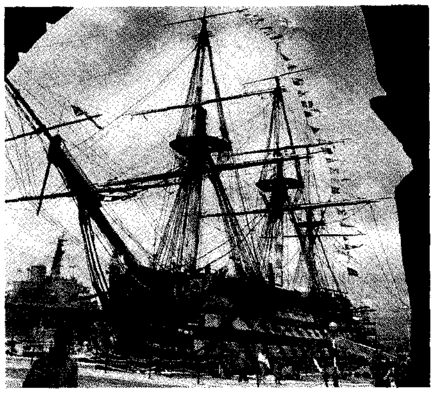

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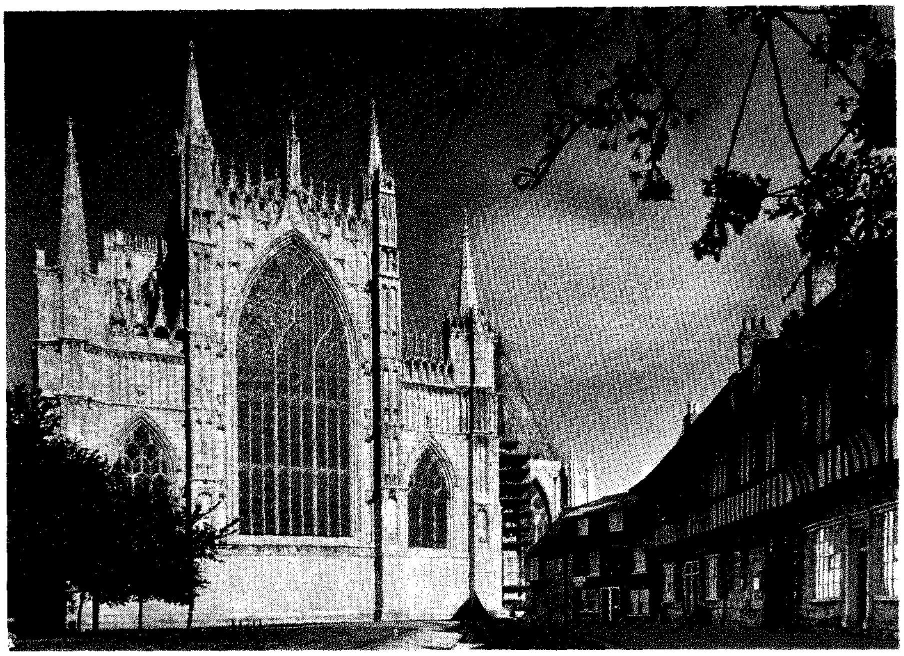

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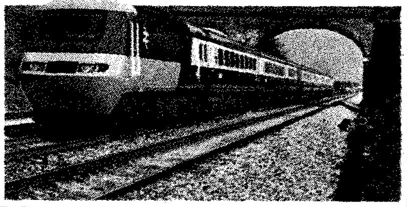

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AROUND CITY HALL

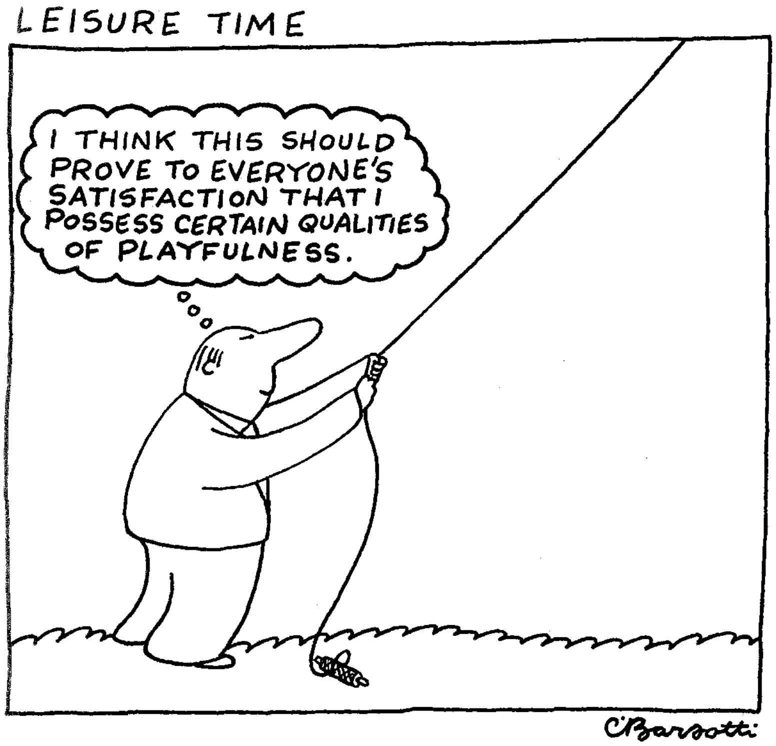
CASTING PROBLEMS

POPULAR predictions last year that history would remember the nineteen-eighties as a Republican cade, in which the Democrats could ly hunker down and repent their ns, have now been stashed away by any Americans, along with such ted items as WIN buttons and alleg- lly authentic splinters from Amy arter's tree house. However, in the ce of a faltering economy and other velopments that many believe have ninous implications for the Grand ld Party, Washington continues, for e short run at least, to be a Republi- n show. Or, at any rate, that is the ord from local politicians who regu- rly travel back and forth between ew York and the capital. This inter- ty traffic is naturally nowhere near as eavy as it was in the era when Presi- nt Carter was eager to reward New ork political leaders for having pro- ded the decisive bloc of electoral tes that put him over in 1976. Four ars later, he was even more eager to ve the favor repeated, and during me weeks in the summer and early ll of 1980 it would have been a chal- nge to try to locate a New York poli- cian of any importance—a Demo- at, that is—who had *not* recently ad a meal of some kind at the White ouse. Nowadays, the people invited break bread at 1600 Pennsylvania venue are likely to be epublicans from the un Belt, leaving most emocrats feeling out things, even as they heme to improve eir party's position this fall's congres- onal and gubernato- ial elections. Last onth, when Connect- ut Senator Christo- her Dodd was seen erving as a gofer, tching a drink for ew York producer oseph Papp at the ashington opening f Papp's "Pirates of enzance," Dodd ex- lained, "There's not uch of anything bet- er or more important or me to do these days. 'm a Democrat." If e had been urged to be serious, Dodd would probably have added, "Wait till next year."

UNDER the circumstances, it is a matter for particular astonishment here—and, one would think, at the Republican National Committee—that in the second-most-populous American state, which Reagan carried in 1980, the President's party and its plans for this fall's elections should currently present a spectacle of footless disorder that one Democratic district leader happily described the other day as "pitiful." Sudden shifts in personae or plot can, of course, turn a political scene on end overnight. At the moment, it seems that for New York Republicans almost any change could only be a big improvement.

As of last week, the Republican state chairman, George Clark, had not come up with a senatorial candidate to run against Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Democratic incumbent, who is up for reëlection this year, although it was over a month since Clark's original choice for the nomination, former New York Representative Bruce Caputo, had pulled out of the race. Caputo had had the backing of fifty-three of the state's sixty-two Republican county leaders, but this support had fallen to almost nothing late in February after it was revealed that he had been "puffing"—as he described it—some of his credentials; specifically, he had told reporters that during the Vietnam War he had been drafted and had ultimately served as a second lieutenant, whereas Pentagon records revealed that he had never been in the Army. Caputo eventually said that he was sorry "if I misspoke," resorting to a term that has been put to frequent use lately by White House aides trying to account for the President's occasionally imaginative use of figures. Caputo's misspeaking was deemed to be beyond political indulgence, but it took so long for him to realize this that one local political pollster commented, "He's actually dead, but he's like a soldier shot in the middle of a charge who takes a few steps before he falls on his face," indicating the degree to which some people in the politicians' world come to think of their trade in life-and-death terms—but failing to acknowledge the irony of knocking off the unfortunate Caputo metaphorically in a military setting.

On March 12th, four days after Caputo finally withdrew, State Comptroller Edward Regan, who had had the strong backing of State Chairman Clark in seeking the Republican nomination for Governor, took himself out of that race, saying that he would prefer to run for reëlection to his present office. Regan, an attractive, easygoing Irish-American from upstate Erie County, had been routinely referred to as the front-runner among the Republican gubernatorial candidates since he had entered that race, on December 30th, and recent polls had shown that he would do better than any other Republican against Mayor Edward Koch, who, from the time he announced that he would be a candidate for Governor, on February 22nd, had been treated by most political commentators as if he had the Democratic nomination locked up. Regan had said that he would "relish" the prospect of running against the Mayor, but he now gave as the major reason for his withdrawal the drying

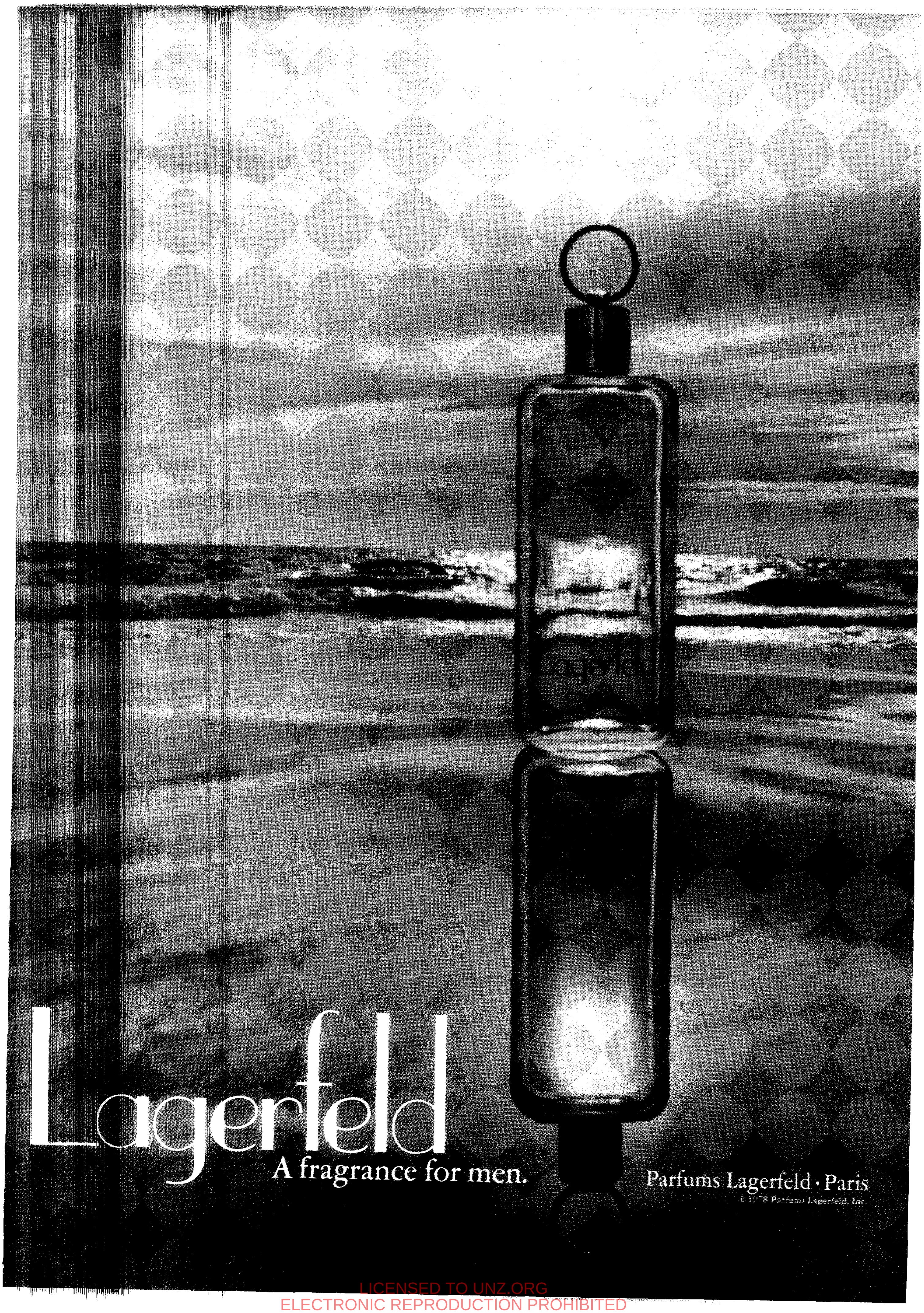

LEISURE TIME
I THINK THIS SHOULD PROVE TO EVERYONE'S SATISFACTION THAT I POSSESS CERTAIN QUALITIES OF PLAYFULNESS.
CBarsotti

up of campaign funds from contributors, as a result of what he described as fear—sometimes articulated—of "retaliation" by Koch. This was not because of any mayoral threats, Regan said, but because if Koch lost the Governor's race he would continue to be a power as Mayor. "People who contribute money have developed a very practical sense about things in life," was the way it was put by the ex-gubernatorial candidate, who, rejecting the life-and-death view of running for office, had himself apparently developed a very practical sense about political life.

Although Regan had not laid any of the blame for his withdrawal on the other Republican contenders for the nomination, Koch's comment was "It is regrettable that Regan is done in by Lehrman's money." The Mayor was referring to Lewis Lehrman, the forty-three-year-old largest stockholder in the Rite Aid chain of nine hundred and sixty discount drugstores, whose personal fortune is said to be as much as thirty million dollars. Lehrman, who is William F. Buckley's choice for the next Governor of New York, is also a favorite both of those who believe in supply-side economics and of those who believe that the nation should go back on the gold standard, a move Lehrman urged last year as a member of President Reagan's Gold Commission. His current political problem was not, it seemed, lack of money but the fact that he had never run for any public office and was so little known to the voters that even he jokingly referred to himself as "Lew Who?" when he entered the race, on January 11th. During the next few weeks, six hundred thousand dollars' worth of radio and television commercials were broadcast around the state in an effort to make his face, his name, and his message familiar to the average New Yorker. ("In a republic, all of us, no matter how humble, should have an opportunity for public duty.") Having read some political history, Lehrman strongly resisted the view that, with Regan's withdrawal, he was now the Republican front-runner. "I am the underdog," he told reporters. Also underdogs, he said generously, were the two remaining Republican contenders, Richard Rosenbaum, a Rochester lawyer, and State Assemblyman James Emery, of Livingston County. They are still, in fact, "Dick Who?" and "Jim Who?" to most voters, although Rosenbaum was Republican state chairman in the Nelson Rockefeller era, and Emery is Minority Leader of the Assembly. Some dogs are more under than others, however. Lehrman is believed to have locked up the Conservative Party nomination—a circumstance that undoubtedly was a factor in Regan's decision not to run. Even if Lehrman should lose the Republican primary, he could be a candidate on the Conservative line in November, splitting the votes of those who tend to support Republicans or Conservatives and making it easier for a Democrat to win—if, that is, the Democratic candidate has both the Democratic and Liberal nominations, so that the vote is not also split on that side of the political spectrum.

THE prospect that the candidates currently lined up to seek the gubernatorial nomination of the President's party might have to hand out résumés at campaign rallies so the crowds would know whom they were listening to would never have presented itself, Republican officials here privately complain, if Representative Jack Kemp hadn't crossed them up by deciding to stay out of the race. Kemp, whose district is suburban Buffalo, is, of course, well known as co-author of the Kemp-Roth bill, the sacred writ of the supply-siders, and before that he was famous as the quarterback for the Buffalo Bills. It had long been assumed that a term as New York's Governor would be a station on his way to the Presidency, a goal that few doubt he has in mind. Last fall, however, it became clear that if he did run for the White House Kemp planned to try a more direct route. It was the only responsible thing, he explained, for him to be in the place where he could best protect the supply-side principles from their growing number of congressional detractors, and that place was Washington. He was probably also convinced that, as one of the President's favorites, he would have a far better time there than if he were mucking around with state legislators in Albany. ("Have you ever *been* in Albany?" Mayor Koch asked last year during a television interview in which he explained why he would never run for Governor.)

The complaints of New York Republicans about Koch have not been private at all—particularly those made by State Chairman Clark. A member of an old Brooklyn real-estate family, Clark had won the chairmanship of his home borough in 1972, when he was only thirty-one, but as a conservative and a Reagan supporter since the mid-nineteen-seventies, in a state where for nearly two decades the Republican Party was often described as the wholly owned subsidiary of the more liberal Nelson Rockefeller, he had been treated as a maverick outsider by the state Republican leadership until after Rockefeller's retirement from politics, in 1977. He got his reward as a Reagan loyalist—the state chairmanship—only a few months before the maneuvers began over last year's mayoral election. Clark decided—and persuaded most of the local county bosses to go along—that since the city's Republicans had no chance of defeating the very popular incumbent Mayor, they would do the smart thing and make a deal with him. They would let Koch have the Republican mayoral nomination, which he had asked for. He could be easily reëlected without it, but it would give him a chance to make local political history by becoming the first Mayor to win as the candidate of both major parties. In return, so Clark assured the county bosses, Koch agreed to give the Republicans City Hall "access"—the politician's polite term for patronage—from which the Party had been largely shut out since John Lindsay's first term. Koch had also promised, Clark insisted later, that he would not run for Governor this year, thus relieving the 1982 Republican gubernatorial candidate of one potential problem. The Mayor later denied that he had made a firm vow to this effect, but such a vow might hardly have seemed necessary: practically any New Yorker who attends at all to politics had heard Koch say in interviews that his only political ambition was to serve three terms at City Hall and so match the record of his favorite predecessor, Fiorello LaGuardia. After Koch's Feb-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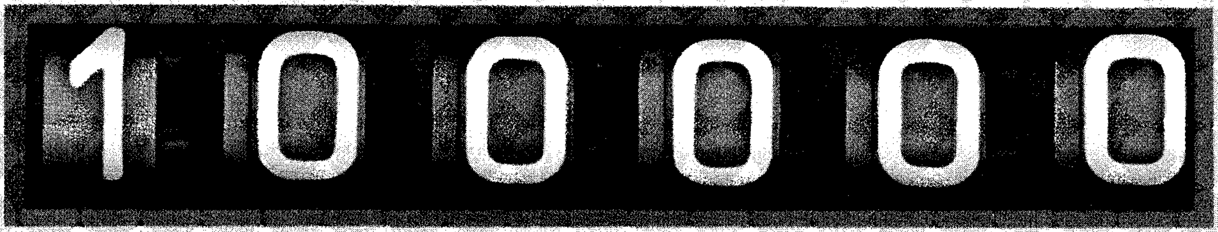

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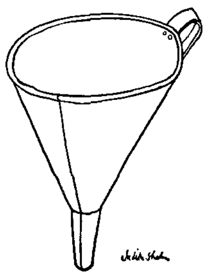
ruary announcement that he would be a candidate for Governor, Clark was in serious trouble with Republican county leaders around the state, who now concluded that what the Party should have done in 1981 was use the mayoral election to build up the popularity—or at least the recognition factor—of a possible statewide Republican candidate. Another consequence of Clark's decision to give Koch the Party's mayoral line was that, in order to justify the unorthodox move, Republican leaders felt compelled to hail Koch as a matchless urban miracle worker. Thus, in the coming gubernatorial campaign, if Republican candidates try to put down his achievements as Mayor, Koch can quote back at them what their own party leaders said about him last year.

After rumors about Caputo's problems began to spread, and before Edward Regan dropped out of the gubernatorial race, Republicans here, urged on, according to some accounts, by the White House and by members of the Senate leadership in Washington, tried to persuade Lehrman to shift over to the race for the Senate, a move that would presumably loosen up some funds for Regan. Lehrman rejected this suggestion, saying, according to Clark, "I believe I am ideally suited to be Governor," to which Clark replied, as he later told reporters, "I believe I am ideally suited to be first baseman for the Los Angeles Dodgers, but I'm willing to listen to reason." (Brooklynite Clark's dreams of glory naturally had to do with the Dodgers, even though they had long ago defected to the Sun Belt.) A few weeks later, after the number of Republican candidates for Governor was down to three, a remedial effort began on that front: a move to persuade former United States Attorney Paul Curran to enter the race. Clark said that it was "too late." He went on, "I don't think anybody who has not been in the ballgame should enter in the seventh inning and say 'I saved the game.' " Although the state chairman added that the Party had "three candidates, any of whom can win," the words "too late" had a funereal sound. The headline over the *Times* story about the Curran effort ("G.O.P. LEADERS, FEARING LEHRMAN IS LOSER, TURN TO EX-U. S. ATTORNEY") was also not a local Republican morale booster.

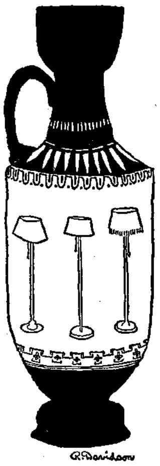
A particularly low point in G.O.P. spirits came late last month in the course of an event that had been expected to give them a big lift: a visit to the city by the Republican President. As a result of the fallout from the trip, there is some question about whether Reagan will be anxious to come back again soon. The occasion for the visit was a dinner, at the New York Hilton, at which the President received the gold medal given annually by the National Conference of Christians and Jews for "courageous leadership" in, among other fields, "humanitarian affairs." Some people may remember the event because of the controversy within the National Conference over the appropriateness of the award, and others may recall its poor timing, coming as it did in the midst of rising complaints that the President's economic program rewarded the truly greedy while punishing the poor. Also notable were the more than ten thousand demonstrators who gathered near the Hilton to protest not only the budgetary priorities of the Administration but Reagan's policies on El Salvador, the Equal Rights Amendment, nuclear warfare, and other concerns. However, to New Yorkers who had been working hard to try to elect a state ticket made up of registered Republicans this fall, the most memorable aspect of the Presidential visit was an interview he gave just before the dinner to members of the editorial staff of the New York *Post*, in which he commented on Mayor Koch as Governor. The unusual rapport between President Reagan and Koch traces back to October of 1980, when the two men held a widely publicized conference at Gracie Mansion. Afterward, Koch, who remained officially a supporter of his fellow-Democrat Jimmy Carter, announced that Reagan's position on Israel was preferable to Carter's, a credential that was highly useful to the Republican candidate a few weeks before the election. The Mayor was charged later with having followed a go-with-the-winner political ethic, but he pointed out that he was only keeping step with his constituents, since Reagan had carried the state (although not the city). There could have been another reason for some sense of kinship between the two men at the time of the recent *Post* interview: Reagan's remark questioning the newsworthiness of a man's losing his job "out in South Succotash someplace" had caused him to be accused of a lack of concern for the problems of rural and small-town America, just as, a few weeks earlier, Koch had received some of the same kind of abuse for slighting remarks he had made about rural life in his celebrated *Playboy* interview.

At the start of the session with the *Post* editors and reporters, the President, reminded that he had once described Koch as "a great Mayor," was asked if he thought Koch would be "a great Governor." Reagan responded, "Well, if he continues the pattern that he held here in regards to balancing budgets and so forth—yes." He remarked that the jobs of Mayor and Governor "aren't that dissimilar," and that although the Legislature might be harder to handle than the City Council, Koch, as a former member of Congress, "knows his way around there, too." By balancing the city budget two years in a row, Reagan went on to say, Koch had made "an impossible task" possible. The next day, the *Post* editors, who are strong Koch backers, hailed the President's judgment with the headline "PREZ LIKES ED FOR GOV." (The *Post* management is also strongly pro-Reagan, and the admiration is mutual. After the recent meeting, the President told the *Post* editors, "It's a tonic to read your paper after some of the others I have to read.") During the interview, two Reagan aides who were present—Michael Deaver and another of Reagan's old friends from California, Charles Wick, now the head of the International Communication Agency—held a rather agitated conversation, and Wick later told reporters that the President was just being "gracious." In Washington, Representative Kemp said that he was "dumbfounded" at the development. The White House press office announced, within hours, that the President's statements did not constitute an endorsement, and that he would endorse the eventual winner of the New York Republican gubernatorial primary. A few days later, a member of Reagan's staff told the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak that a memo on the critical Republican gubernatorial situation had been put together for the President to bring with him to New York. Apparently, however, he had not read it, and instead had remembered points made in a memo on Koch that had been prepared for him last year in case anyone asked how come the Republicans were supporting



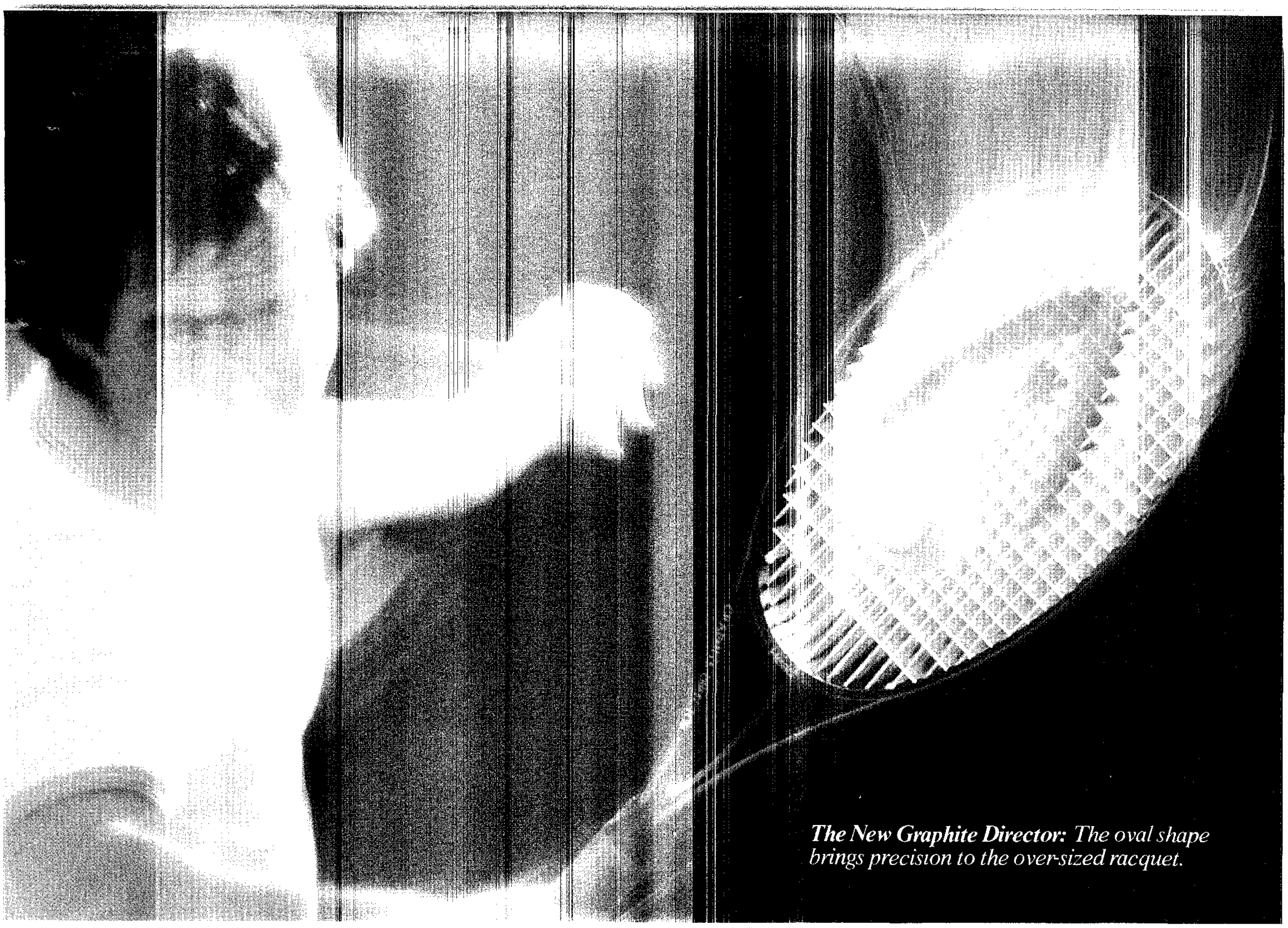
a Democrat for Mayor. That earlier memo had been written by Roger Stone, Reagan's Northeast regional director for his 1980 campaign and also the political consultant for Koch's campaign to get the 1981 Republican mayoral nomination. Since this explanation was published, the word around the city has been that the President "mismemoed."

TO many Americans who live elsewhere, it may seem only to be expected that the Republican Party would be in trouble here, since they tend to think of New York as being full of Democrats. To out-of-staters, "New York" often means the city, which is indeed full of Democrats: The margin of Democratic registration over that of the Republicans is more than five to one. However, in the state as a whole, in which the city accounts for only forty per cent of the population and thirty-one per cent of the vote, the Democratic advantage is only about seven to five, or rather similar to the pattern in recent polls showing nationwide party preferences. The city has elected only two Republican Mayors—LaGuardia and Lindsay—since 1903, but above the traditionally plebeian and rascally City Hall level of song, story, and Thomas Nast cartoon it has often been a different story. When Moynihan ran for the Senate in 1976, both New York Senators were Republicans, as had been the case during most of the previous two decades. The last year both New York Senators were Democrats was 1946. In 1974, Hugh Carey became the only Democratic Governor to be elected in thirty-six years, with the exception of Averell Harriman, who won a single four-year term in the fifties. Nor is there much confirmation for the theory held by some out-of-staters that, because Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot" is about New York's lower East Side, the descendants of turn-of-the-century immigrants routinely reach the political top of the heap in Albany. In its history, New York has had only two Irish-Catholic Governors, Carey and Al Smith. No Italian-American has ever been elected to head the state—a circumstance that Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, Koch's sole opponent for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, has dreams of changing this year. New York has had only one Jewish Governor, Herbert Lehman, first elected in 1932, whose banking family had never been among the huddled masses. However, with Koch running on the Democratic line, and Lehrman and Rosenbaum on the Republican line, there is a strong chance that next year New York will have its second Jewish Governor. The move to persuade Paul Curran, an Irish-Catholic, to enter the race was clearly an effort to add more ethnic variety to the Republican lineup. Since Curran's father, Thomas, was the Party's Manhattan county chairman for almost eighteen years, beginning in 1941, the younger Curran's presence would also be a happy reminder to some Republicans of the good old days when it was treated as an upset if their candidate for Governor didn't win on Election Day.



Anyone looking for a demonstration of how rapidly a political scene and a party's prospects can change needs only to consider how things stood on January 1st of this year, when all omens looked very good for the Republicans. In the contest for the Senate, it seemed likely that they could count on Caputo's making a respectable race against Moynihan, and, at thirty-eight, at least establishing himself as a worthy contender for a future battle. Koch was sworn in on New Year's Day for the second of his much-touted three terms as Mayor, and State Chairman Clark looked ahead to a mutually rewarding relationship with the Democratic-Republican Mayor at City Hall. Up in Albany, Carey was expected to run for a third term. In calculating their chances against him, the Republicans had to consider his legendary political resilience; on the other hand, his standing in the polls was abysmally low—they showed Regan beating him by twenty to thirty points. Regan had announced his candidacy for Governor on December 30th, not with the razzle-dazzle that customarily accompanies the delivery of such news but by telephoning in from a Vermont ski resort where he and his family had gone for the holidays. He did this at the insistence of Clark, who told him that the time had come: on January 6th, there would be a meeting of county chairmen from all around the state, at which, Clark assured Regan, a majority of the chairmen would endorse him for Governor, and soon money and whatever else was needed would start rolling in. That was the way the Republicans had always done things—settling on a candidate early and leaving the Democrats to wallow in the untidiness of party primaries. There had never been a Republican gubernatorial primary in the state. On January 6th, however, Clark discovered that more than the political philosophy of New York Republicans had changed. The county bosses were no longer ready to fall in behind a candidate just because their leader told them it was for the good of the Party. It wasn't like the old days when Nelson Rockefeller was running things, some of them noted. The Republicans would have to have their first gubernatorial primary. The signals were changed again on January 15th, when Carey announced that he would not be a candidate for reëlection. Ten days later, Koch told reporters that this development had caused him to reconsider (or, as Clark charged, to go back on his solemn vow) and that he might run for Governor—a decision that he made official four weeks later. By that time, Caputo was on his way out. As Clark's senatorial candidate got ready to withdraw, Koch mentioned to reporters that the Republican chairman had had "two embarrassing rebuffs" in recent months: the Caputo fiasco and the failure of the county bosses to endorse Regan. "I've had three," said Clark, referring to his former friend at City Hall. "The biggest one was him—just the fact that we had *anything* to do with him." Of the fifty-seven-year-old Mayor, the state chairman added, "If he were fifteen years younger, I'd move his nose two inches toward the other side of his face"—giving the Republican leader the satisfaction of pulling age, but not much else. A few days later, after Regan withdrew from the race for Governor, Clark said, "If this were ancient Rome, I suppose I'd fall on my sword. Since it's New York, I guess I'll just jump out a basement window."

Optimists among local Republicans kept saying that it was not really the seventh inning and that there were still more than six months till Election Day, but a pressing order of business was to locate an acceptable senatorial candidate. Early this month, another onetime United States Attorney, Whitney North Seymour, Jr., of the moderate-to-liberal wing of the Party, for-



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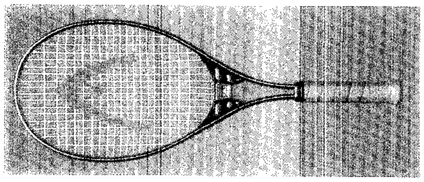

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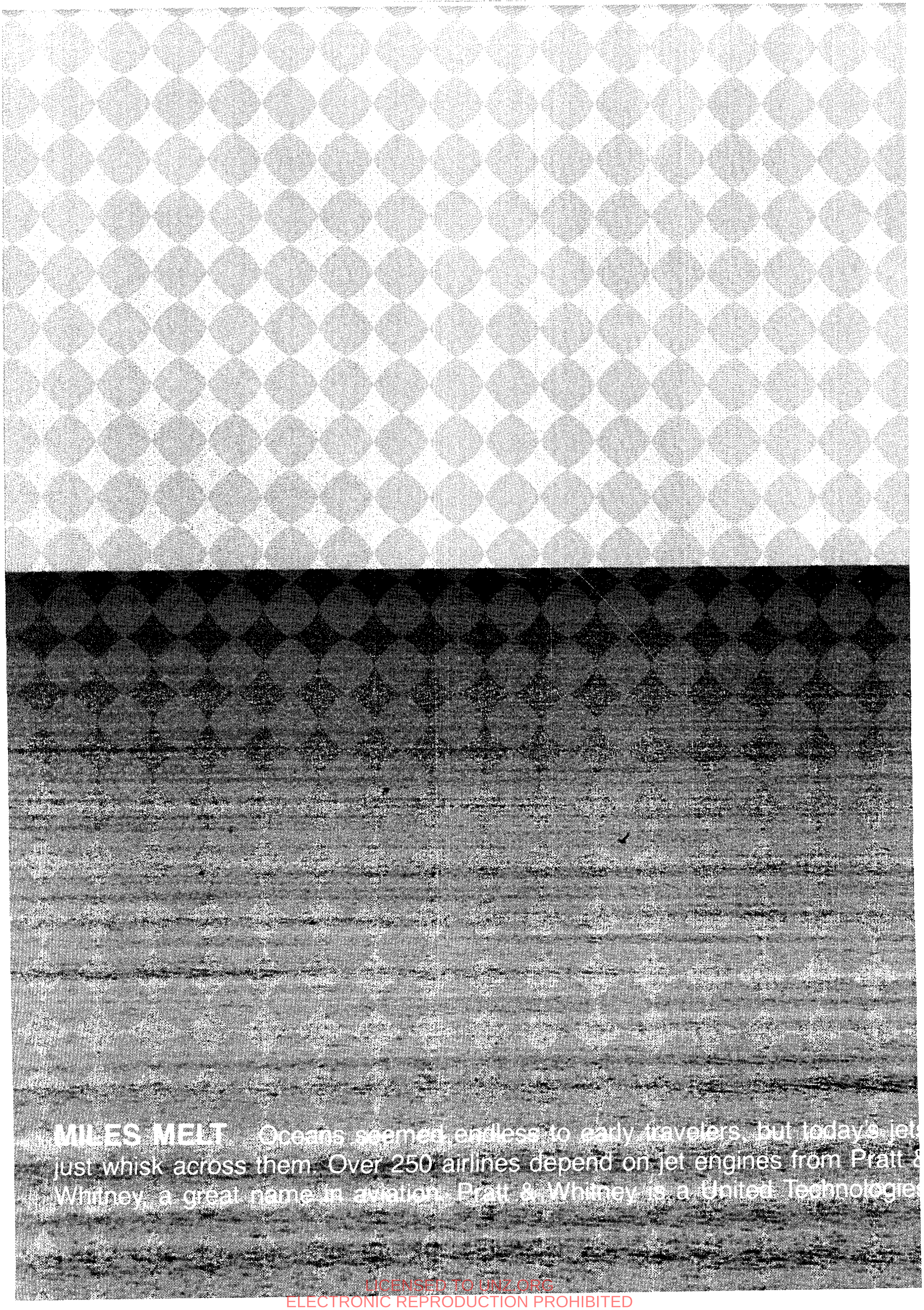

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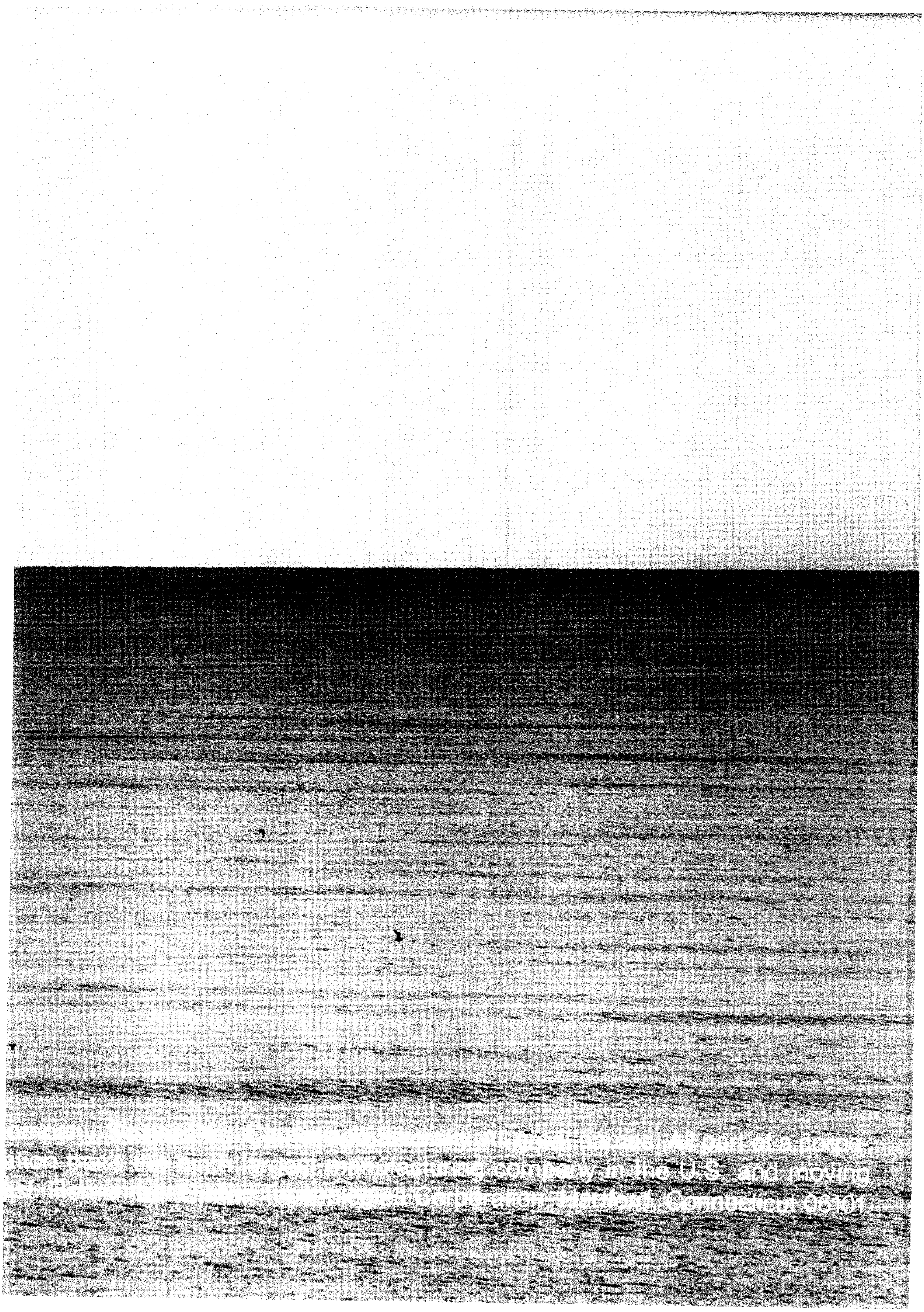
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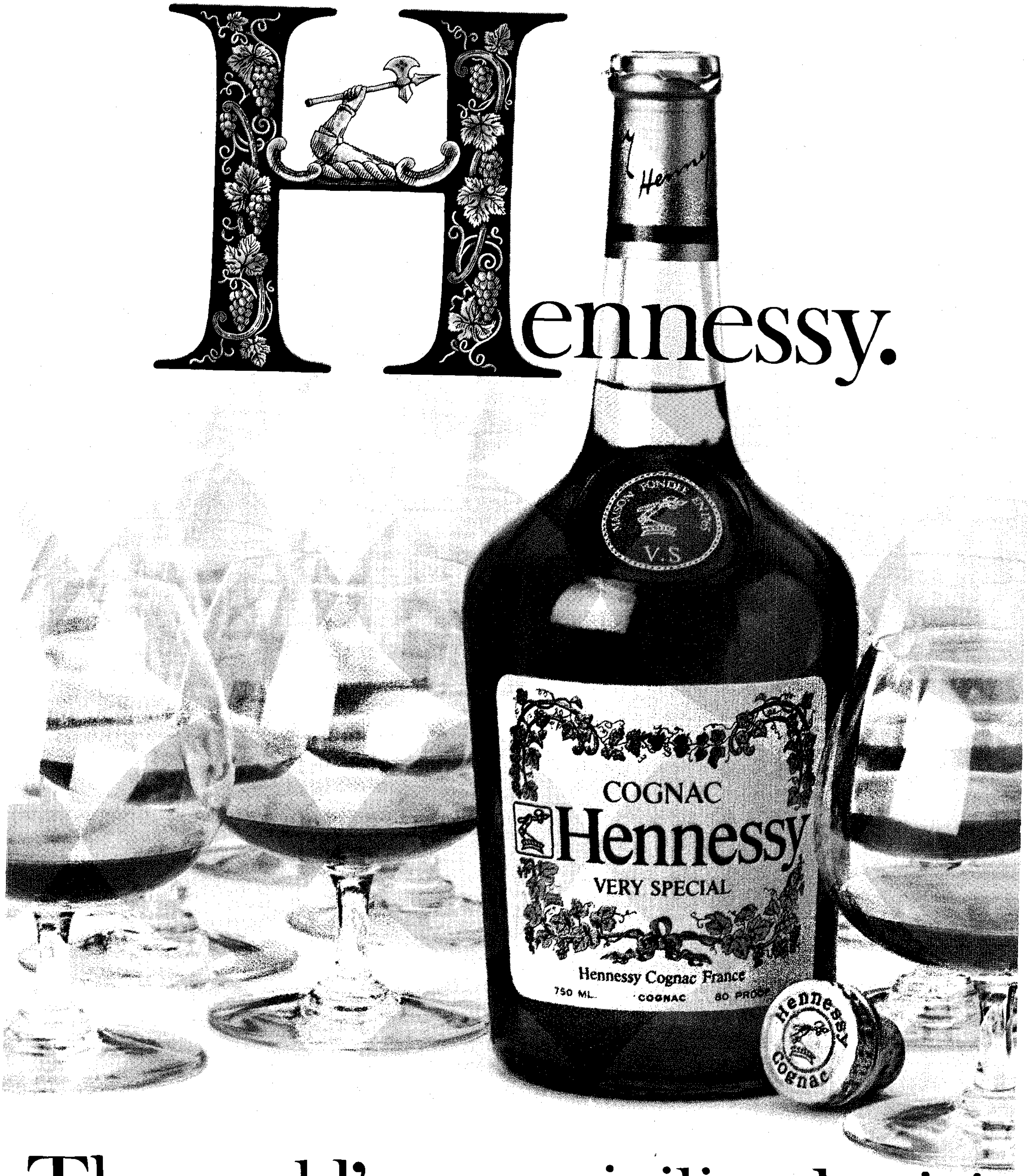
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mally entered the race. The response of the conservative Clark was that the search was by no means over. So many names were being tossed about that political writers began to list them alphabetically. A certain air of desperation intruded into some of the discussions. Henry Kissinger? (Could anyone imagine him shaking hands at subway entrances?) Former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon? (Did it matter that he was a resident of New Jersey?) One of the names that recurred in serious deliberations was that of Samuel Pierce, Reagan's Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. His nomination could scotch the theory that Republicans were unsympathetic to representation by minorities. (When had New York's Democrats nominated a black for the Senate?) On the other hand, as the Democrats would point out, before he moved to Washington Pierce had lived not in Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant but on Seventy-seventh Street off Central Park West, and his participation in the campaign would remove the only black in the Reagan Cabinet.

WHILE the Republicans were coping with casting problems, among New York Democrats a small conspiracy theory was beginning to flourish concerning this year's campaign—or, at any rate, the campaign for Governor. Conspiracy theories abound in politics, perhaps because once in a while they are proved correct. Although Koch had been appropriately reticent about attacking the Reagan policies when he was running for Mayor on the line of the President's party, in the months since the election he had called the Administration's budget priorities harsh names, including "barbaric." However, last month, at a White House meeting of a Presidential advisory committee of which he is a member, it was noted that Koch's tone was again conciliatory. Afterward, he was heard asking Richard S. Williamson, a Reagan political aide, how he had done. "Better," was Williamson's reply. This exchange took place just before the President's admiring (but non-endorsing) remarks about the Mayor to the *Post* editors. Koch told White House reporters that Reagan had been "extremely well informed," possibly to help counter the theory that the leader of the free world was helpless if he picked up the wrong memo. "It was left unclear . . . how hard Mr. Reagan would campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nominee in New York," wrote Jane Perlez, of the *Times*, in an account of the meeting. There was said to be speculation in Washington that, while endorsing a Republican, the President, going with a likely winner, might convey the message that Koch was a very good man, too. Reagan may have since been reminded that there are hazards in not standing aggressively in the way of a Democratic gubernatorial candidate in New York, even beyond those of having to deal with the emotional adjustment of Reagan loyalist Clark and the further dumbfoundment of Jack Kemp, whose concern would doubtless be heightened by rumors that if Koch is elected Governor he may soon afterward start running for the Presidency. A heavy vote on the Democratic line this fall could deprive the Republicans of seats in the State Legislature (they now have a margin of only eight in the State Senate) and in Congress. However, the Mayor has already offered some protection against this outcome. A few days before he formally announced his candidacy for Governor, he endorsed three Republican State Senators and S. William Green, one of the two Republicans in the city's delegation to the House of Representatives.

Barbara Shelley

No matter how active the President is in this year's campaigns in New York, Democrats here will feel the lingering effects of two past political years—1980 and 1977. Two years ago, Mario Cuomo was state chairman of Jimmy Carter's reëlection campaign, and he still speaks with bitterness of what he calls Koch's "virtual endorsement" of Reagan. Of all the Democrats who were invited to the White House that year, he was the only important New York Democrat who showed up at the desolate Carter headquarters on Election Night. Even before Reagan's recent praise of Koch, Carter had called Cuomo, offering to do anything he could to help, adding, with a bitterness of his own, "You are a truth-teller, and there are not many truth-tellers around." According to one report, at a party in Washington in honor of Koch several Democratic congressmen from New York suggested that they club together and send the former President the money to join the Cuomo campaign, which, in their view, would make Koch an even surer winner. Unless there are plot changes on the Democratic side, on his way to Albany the Mayor must beat Cuomo in the September primary. In a roomful of political experts right now, a big majority would say that the Mayor will win that one in a breeze; a few would say that the race is closer than everyone thinks. For the election itself, the major question of who gets the Liberal Party endorsement will be answered in the next few weeks. In 1977, when Koch and Cuomo were opponents in the mayoral race, Koch, running on the Democratic line, took just under fifty per cent of the vote; Cuomo, having lost the Democratic primary to Koch, took just under forty-one per cent—some of this on the Neighborhood Preservation line but over five hundred and twenty thousand ballots on the Liberal line. That year, the Liberal Party had rejected Koch's request for its endorsement, giving it to Cuomo instead; in the years since, the Mayor has attacked the Liberals at every opportunity. ("I can't *stand* them!") Now, however, he is seeking their endorsement again, since if it went to Cuomo, and Cuomo lost the Democratic primary for Governor, he could again run on the Liberal line and thus prevent Koch from presenting a solid front against the Republican-Conservative candidate—or perhaps the Republican *and* the Conservative candidate. Anything can happen in this season of political changes, but at the moment there is thought to be a good possibility that the Liberals will stay off the go-with-the-winner bandwagon and will stick with Cuomo.

There were no Irish-American candidates for Governor to march in the St. Patrick's Day parade this year. Cuomo was among the marchers, and got a spatter of applause from time to time. When some loud cheers greeted him at one corner, he called out, "Those people want jobs—not one-liners." Koch had a green-and-yellow "I ♥ New York" scarf slung jauntily around his neck and was wearing the hand-knitted Irish sweater he has worn as Mayor on every St. Patrick's Day. Occasionally, he reminded spectators that his name was really O'Koch. He got a big hand all along the line of march. Some of the crowd had a new name of their own for the Mayor, shouting out to him, "How're you doin', Governor?"

—Andy Logan

ANNALS OF FINANCE

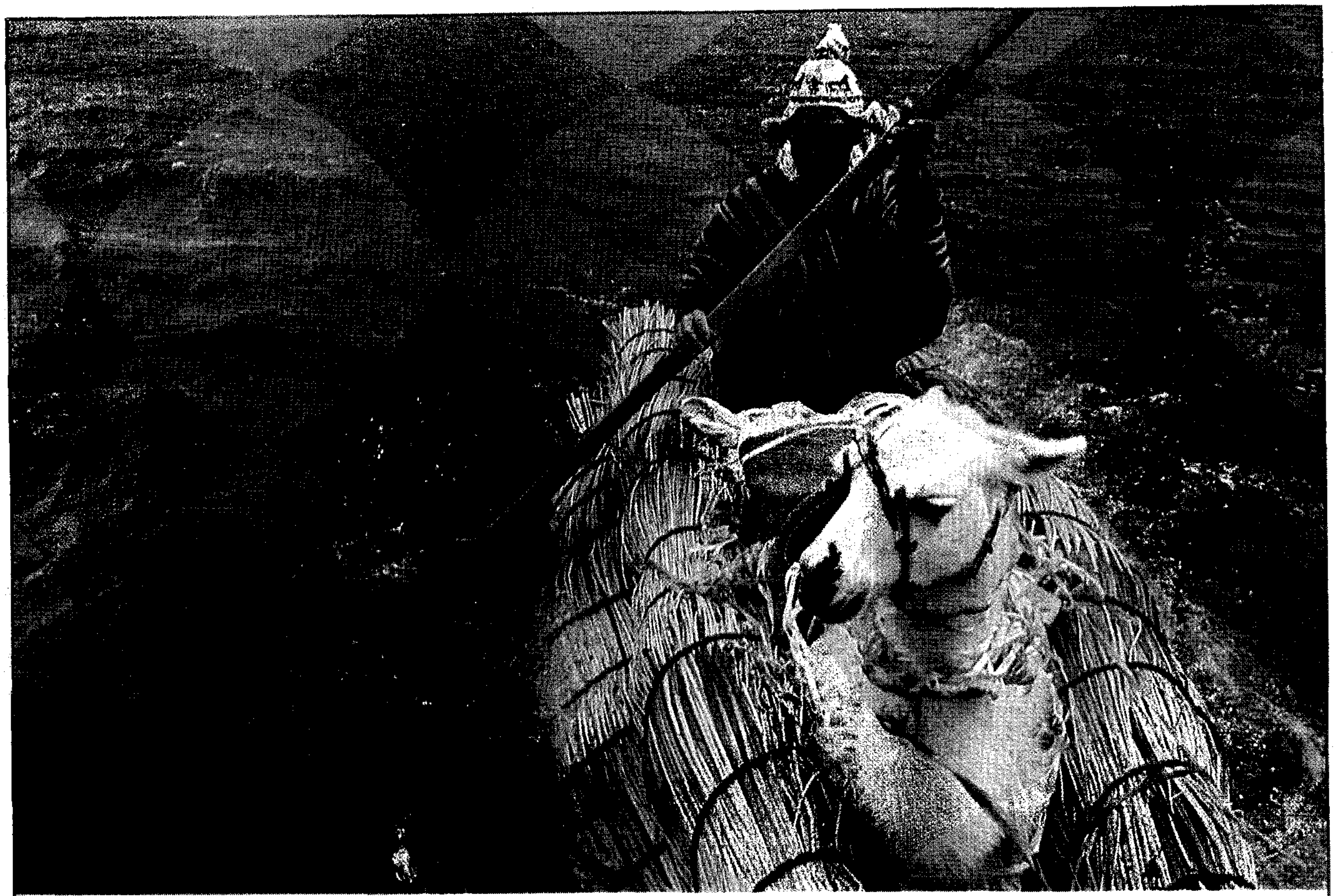
THE SUPPLY SIDE

“Supply-Side economics”—a way of approaching government management of a national economy which in important respects is diametrically opposed to the way the economy has been managed in the United States most of the time over the past half century—is, by common consent, the biggest new or quasi-new idea to come along in its field since “the Keynesian revolution” of the nineteen-thirties. That “revolution,” of course, was founded on the ideas of the British economist John Maynard Keynes, who in his famous treatise “The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money,” first published in 1936, argued that it is government’s responsibility to smooth out the inherent ups and downs of a free-enterprise economy by using its powers to manipulate the demand for goods and services—increasing it in times of high unemployment, and reducing it in times of excessive demand and consequent inflation. Supply-side economics accepts the Keynesian proposition that government has a degree of responsibility for the state of the economy, but there, generally speaking, the similarity between supply-side theory and Keynesian theory ends. The supply-side notion is that what government ought to strive to influence is not demand but supply—not the amount of money that consumers have to spend on goods and services but, rather, the amount of incentive that producers are given to engage in productive enterprise. The effect of supply-side stimulation, the theory goes, will be to increase productive output enough to both increase employment and tamp down inflation, and thus to improve the lot of people at all economic levels. And practically all supply-siders agree that in inflationary times the most effective method of bringing this cornucopia of benefits into being is by drastically cutting taxes.

Students of economic theory are often frustrated by the fact that any given theory seldom gets a clean-cut test in practice. It is a rare thing for any economic theory to be proved to everyone’s satisfaction definitively right or wrong. There is almost always what wits among economists like to call the exogenous variable—the special factor, such as a war or a drought, that affects the particular situation under review but is irrelevant to the theory in itself. Often, indeed, a theory evolves to one extent or another out of practical actions that governments have taken on an ad-hoc basis, without giving any thought at all to theory. For example, actions that are now identifiable as Keynesian were repeatedly taken by the United States government in the early nineteen-thirties, before Keynes had published his “General Theory.” Similarly, John F. Kennedy’s across-the-board income-tax cut, enacted in 1964, the year after his death, can now be interpreted as a supply-side action, even though more than a decade was to pass before the supply-side theory as such existed. Despite that precedent, though, supply-side economics in the Reagan Administration provides a relatively pure example of theory coming first and application afterward. Since the middle nineteen-seventies, supply-siders have been urging, as a cure for the nation’s persistent economic ills, huge cuts in the federal income tax, with the cuts arranged so that the bulk of the savings would accrue to those individuals and businesses with large incomes. Last July, Congress responded to these urgings by passing a twenty-five-per-cent across-the-board income-tax cut, to take effect over thirty-three months—almost what the most ardent supply-siders had wanted. As of last October 1st, when the initial five-per-cent cut went into effect, the supply-side theory became the tax policy of the United States. The suspenseful drama of whether or not the experiment will work—and it has been called “a riverboat gamble” by no less a figure than Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker—is now being acted out.

“Look, if it’s not too much trouble, could you move those damned wind chimes?”

Meanwhile, in the tortuous course of making its way, within a few years, from its initial toehold as a tiny fringe cult to its current status as the national economic theology, the supply-side theory has picked up most of the familiar accoutrements of a religion: a formidable rival to displace; a central symbol; a popular myth; devotional institutions to spread the gospel; and heated disputes among the faithful on various points of doctrine. The formi-



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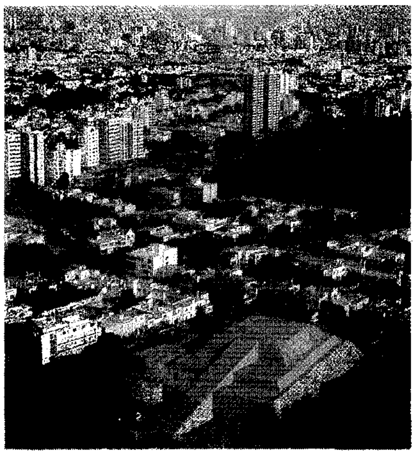

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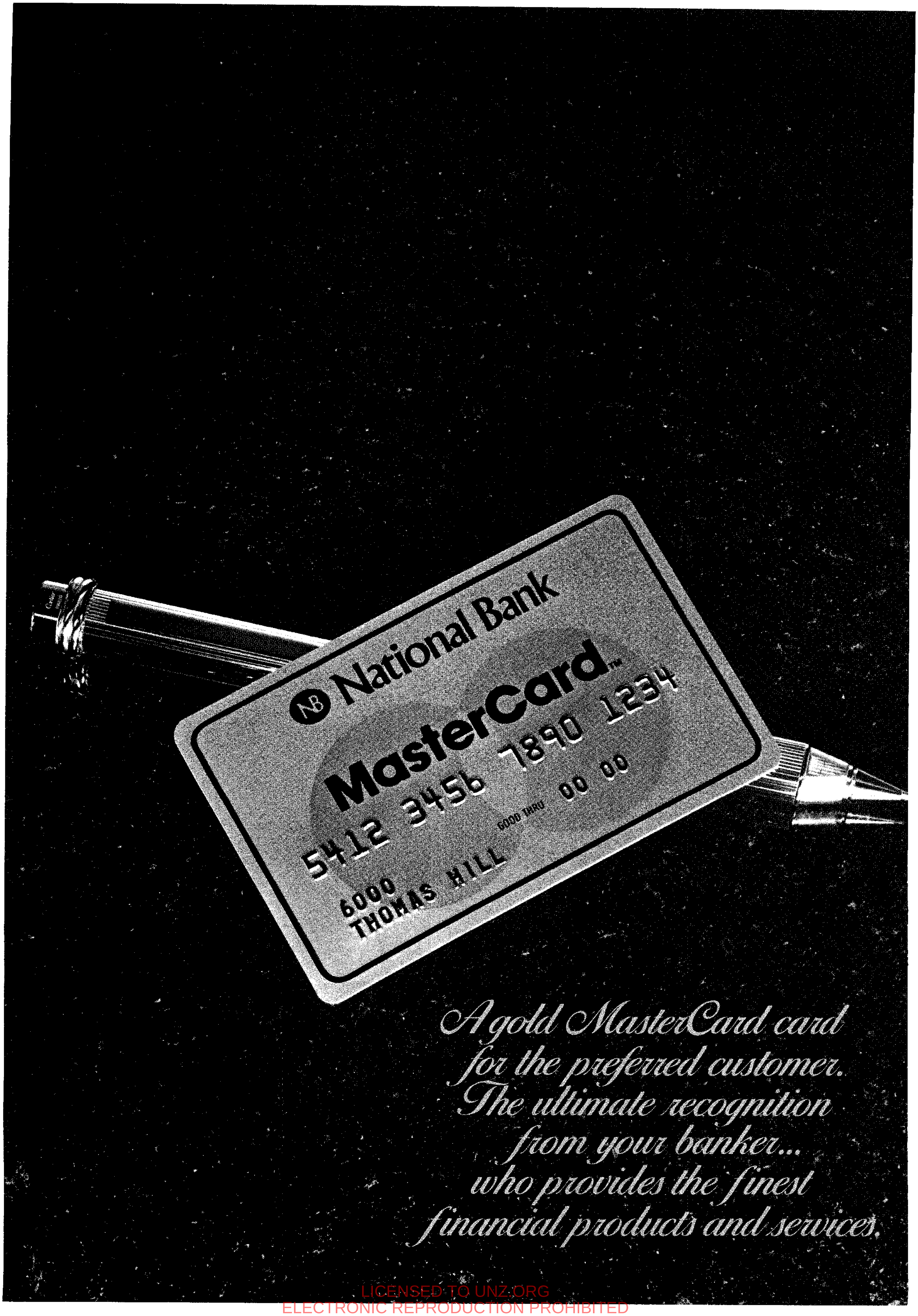
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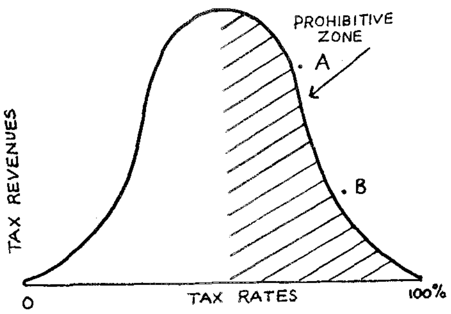
dable rival is Lord Keynes, embodying the Keynesian faith. The central symbol (and flag) is the so-called Laffer Curve—the creation of Professor Arthur B. Laffer, of the University of Southern California. In its simplest version, the Laffer Curve looks like this:



Its purpose is to demonstrate two related theses: that in any national economic system, there are two tax rates that will produce the same revenue, and that when tax rates rise very high, lowering rates will produce greater revenue. Unarguably, at the zero end of the tax-rate scale no revenue is produced; and it is almost equally irrefutable that none is produced by a one-hundred-per-cent rate, which entirely eliminates incentive to earn income. The curve between is intended to describe relative revenue results at intermediate rates—rising revenues on the left side, where rates are low enough for taxpayers to live with them, and falling revenues on the right side, where rates are so high as to cause progressive damage to incentive and, finally, to kill it entirely. This hatched area on the right is "the prohibitive zone," in which a reduction of tax rates—from, say, Point B to Point A—may be expected to bring about a rise in revenues. (It should be noted that the Laffer Curve is intended to be a graphic representation of an idea, not a precise representation of immutable reality; for example, the symbolic sketch is meant to imply not that the prohibitive zone necessarily begins at a fifty-per-cent tax rate, as the curve indicates, but that it begins at a rate that varies with circumstances.) The assumption of some, though not all, supply-siders is that United States tax rates in recent years have been in the prohibitive zone.

The popular myth about the birth of the Laffer Curve involves a cocktail meeting in Washington in 1974 of Laffer, a supply-side colleague of his named Jude Wanniski, and an official of the Ford Administration, during which Laffer drew the Laffer Curve on a napkin. (This event may gain mythic force from the fact that there is only a single person to bear witness to it; of the three men said to have been present, only Wanniski can remember the encounter or the drawing on the napkin.) As for devotional institutions, almost every leading supply-sider who is not an official of the current Administration has his own consulting firm to instruct free enterprise in the new orthodoxy and, possibly, to help his clients gain access to high government circles; Laffer, for example, has a consulting firm called A. B. Laffer Associates, in Rolling Hills Estates, California, which toward the end of 1981 was grossing about two and a half million dollars a year in fees from clients, and Wanniski has a similar group in Morristown, New Jersey, which at that time was grossing about half a million. Various larger economic consulting firms that have been Keynesian in their orientation, such as Data Resources, Inc., and Chase Econometrics Associates, Inc., have now climbed tentatively on the bandwagon by incorporating supply-side effects into their computerized models of the economy. Finally, so many small and large variants of basic supply-side theory are currently being put forward by the nominally faithful that, apart from a common belief in the beneficence of tax cuts, it is hard to pin down exactly what the orthodoxy is.

Fascinated and bewildered by the meteoric rise of supply-side economics, I decided a few months ago to learn what I could about the subject and then to talk to a few of the supply side's intellectual leaders, in an effort to gain some insight into how they brought off their anti-Keynesian counterrevolution and what manner of men they are.

THAT tax cuts in themselves should enjoy general popularity is scarcely surprising; that tax cuts as economic medicine for the body politic (rather than just treats for taxpayers) should enjoy it is even less startling, inasmuch as the medicine has some of the attributes of a prescription for, say, daily lobster and champagne. Supply-siders are the first to insist that their prescription, despite its up-to-date-sounding name, is by no means a new one. Indeed, they prefer to identify medicinal tax cutting as the continuation of a great tradition. They like to point out, for example, that the fourteenth-century Muslim philosopher Ibn Khaldun wrote, "At the beginning of the dynasty, taxation yields a large revenue from small assessments. At the end of the dynasty, taxation yields a small revenue from large assessments." (Bruce R. Bartlett, a political consultant and supply-side convert, calls this passage "the earliest known reference to what could be called the Laffer Curve.") Supply-siders call attention to Adam Smith's assertion, in "The Wealth of Nations," that in eighteenth-century England too high import tariffs sometimes reduced revenue below what lower rates would bring in; and to the belief of various nineteenth-century public-finance theorists that there was a fixed—and fairly low—limit above which tax rates could never be profitably raised. Supply-siders also make the point that at least two of the eighteenth-century philosophers on whose ideas the American economic system is based—Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, and David Hume—wrote about the deleterious social and economic consequences of high taxes, as did Alexander Hamilton himself. They generally agree that the Andrew Mellon–Calvin Coolidge income-tax cuts of the nineteen-twenties, which were followed, at least for a time, by general prosperity and ample government revenue, were a lovely example of supply-side economics in action. And President Kennedy, although in other respects far from being a supply-side hero, is unquestionably one as regards tax policy. Jude Wanniski, in his book "The Way the World Works," which since its publication, in 1978, has become something of a supply-side bible, is perhaps the most ebullient of all supply-side commentators on the historical beneficence of tax cuts. The American and French Revolutions of 1776 and 1789 were, he says, "both rebellions against the upper reaches of the Laffer Curve," while the British Parliament's elimination of an income tax in 1815 was "what made the Industrial Revolution and the Pax Britannica possible." Even the events surrounding the birth of Jesus Christ come within Wanniski's canon as proof of the validity of the Laffer Curve. He argues that Caesar Augustus' decree that all the world should be taxed, far from representing a tax increase, actually diffused the Roman Empire's total tax burden far beyond its previous range; this enabled rates to be lowered, and thus "encouraged wealth generally to resume its accumulation and spread." (Wanniski's book is devoted largely to praise of the Laffer Curve; and on its back cover, along with plaudits from other critics, there appears a plug from Laffer himself, who says, disarmingly, "In all honesty, I believe it is the best book on economics ever written.")

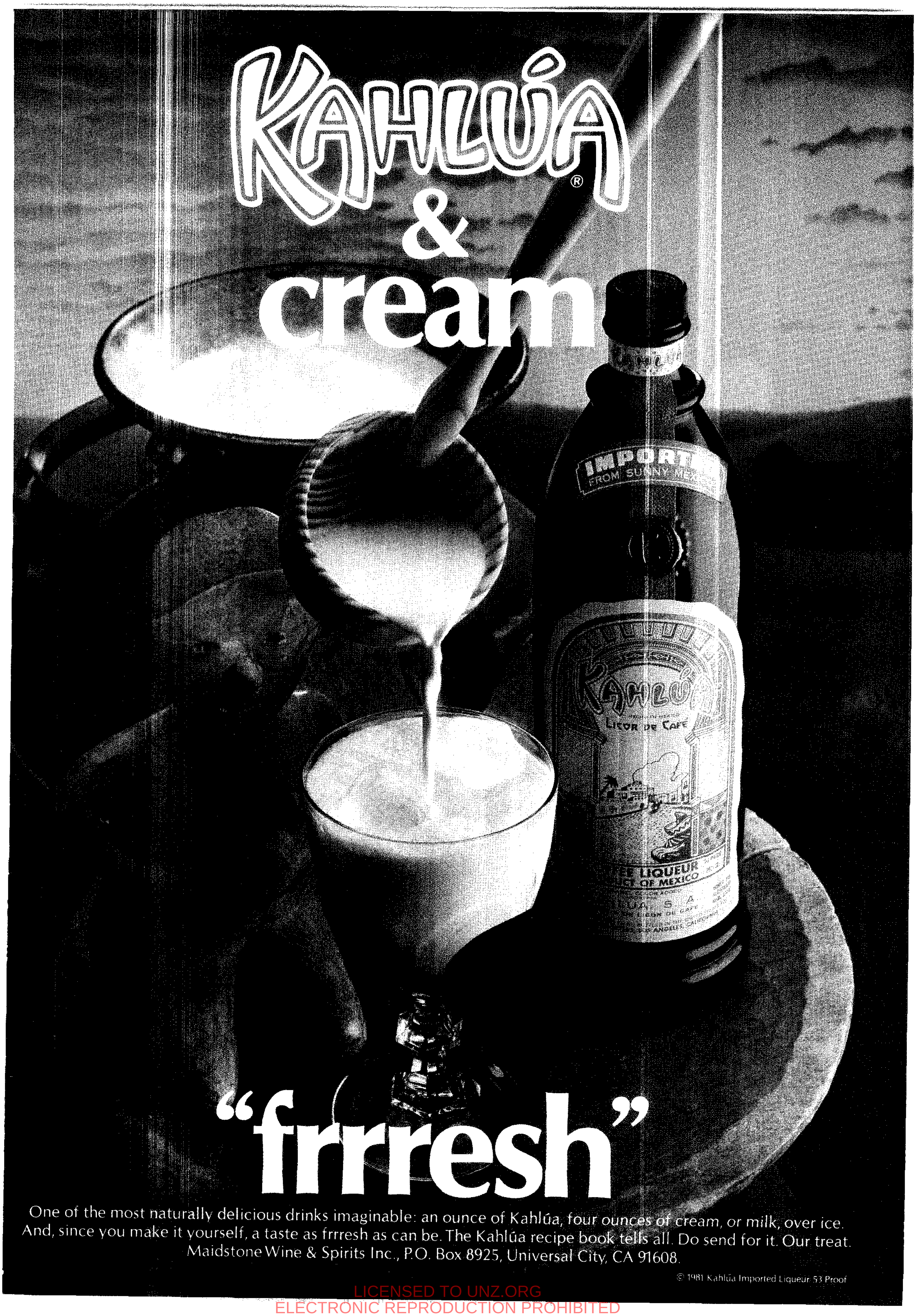
In a practical political sense, the supply-side movement may be said to have begun in the early nineteen-seventies—a time when persistent inflation and stagnation in the economies of the United States and Western Europe seemed to be announcing the failure of Keynesian economic management. It was in those years that most of the men who were to become the leaders of the supply-side movement first met and began comparing their ideas. In 1971—the year of the formal collapse of the Bretton Woods international monetary system, which dated from 1944—Laffer, who was then thirty years old and had not yet given birth to the Laffer Curve, was in Washington as chief economist to President Nixon's Office of Management and Budget, which was under the direction of George P. Shultz. On leave from the faculty of the University of Chicago business school, Laffer was regarded among economists as brilliant but possibly unreliable. He was particularly closely associated with Robert Alexander Mundell, a conservative Canadian economist who was then teaching at the University of Chicago and who now teaches at Columbia University. The two men had met in 1968, when both were faculty members at the University of Chicago, and had become good friends; Laffer has since said repeatedly that he considers Mundell the greatest economist of our time. Also in Washington in 1971, as local columnist for *The National Observer*, was Wanniski. The young economist and the young journalist met that February, shortly after Wanniski called up Laffer to ask for an explanation of a controversial economic projection that Laffer had made in connection with his work at the O.M.B. According to Wanniski, Laffer was thrilled; no layman in economics had ever asked him for an explanation before. They had lunch together, and thereafter frequently met or talked on the telephone. Although Laffer was a flamboyant conservative in respect to economic theory and Wanniski was a registered Democrat, without training in economics, who had voted for the Democratic Presidential candidate in each election from 1952 through 1964, the pair hit it off. "At first, I didn't take Art too seriously," Wanniski says. "Here he was, an overweight young man, bubbly, a wit—I enjoyed his company, and he was willing to spend his time explaining economics to me. Art was very patient. And gradually I began to be impressed. He'd make predictions and they'd come true."

In 1972, Laffer returned to the University of Chicago, but the dialogue went on by telephone, and over the following year Wanniski became seriously impressed by Laffer's ideas. Then, at a conference on world economic affairs in Washington in May, 1974, Laffer's hero Mundell gave the emerging movement its focus. The Arab oil boycott, which had ended in March, had resulted in lines at gas stations around the country and an enormous rise in the price of oil; world inflation as a consequence of oil-price increases was the economic topic of the hour. Addressing an audience that included Laffer and Wanniski, Mundell defied the received ideas of his profession, and the current policies of the Ford Administration, by urging a tight-money policy to check inflation, combined with a large tax cut to stimulate the economy and thus avert a recession. "It just set me off," Laffer said later. He went back to Chicago and began developing a theory elaborating Mundell's idea. He came to the conviction that a tax cut, if properly structured, could increase productive effort throughout the country so much that in addition to encouraging general prosperity it would actually cause Treasury revenues to increase.

Meeting Mundell and hearing his speech was a revelation for Wanniski, too. "Prior to that, I had a two-dimensional view of Art Laffer's world," he has said. "Mundell triangulated it. Now I kept thinking, *That's* what Art meant. I was so excited I could hardly contain myself." In 1972, Wanniski had left *The National Observer* to join the editorial-page staff of the *Wall Street Journal*, which was (as it still is) under the direction of Robert L. Bartley. Following his meeting with Mundell, Wanniski says, "I ran to New York, grabbed Bob Bartley by the lapels, and began explaining the Mundell-Laffer hypothesis. He couldn't get it at all. Like just about everyone else, he was living in a demand-oriented, Keynes-conditioned world. All the economic metaphors were geared to that, all the economists were trained to it. I saw then that my task as educator in the new economics was cut out for me." The day after the overwhelming Democratic victory in the congressional elections of November, 1974, Wanniski went about his pedagogical task by making appointments with various key economic officials of the Ford Administration. He found most of them in a state approaching shock, and when, taking his cue from Mundell, he suggested an immediate tax cut as the solution to the national economic dilemma which was generally considered to have caused the Republican defeat, he found that they humored him as if he were a backward child. A partial exception, however, was Donald Rumsfeld, a top assistant to the President. When Wanniski presented his argument to Rumsfeld for a restoration of fixed international exchange rates—an important part of Mundell's program—along with a large tax cut, and mentioned Mundell and Laffer as supporters of those moves, Rumsfeld exclaimed, "Laffer! I hear he's a genius. Get him together with Dick Cheney." (Richard Cheney, now a member of Congress from Wyoming, was then Rumsfeld's chief aide.)

The stage was thus set for supply-side economics to acquire its myth and its ensign. Wanniski called Laffer in Chicago and persuaded him to come to Washington. According to Wanniski, he, Laffer, and Cheney met for cocktails at the Two Continents Restaurant, at Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, early in December. Laffer attempted to explain his tax theory, but after a few minutes Cheney threw up his hands and pronounced himself baffled. In frustration, Laffer (in Wanniski's account) seized a napkin and scrawled on it what is now called the Laffer Curve. Wanniski says, "I had never seen it before, and I was immediately excited by it. What I saw, mind you, was not some new piece of information. I already understood the basic principle—that there are always two tax rates that produce the same amount of revenue. But I saw the curve as something useful as a teaching device. From then on, I talked and wrote constantly about the Laffer Curve."

Although the Laffer Curve meeting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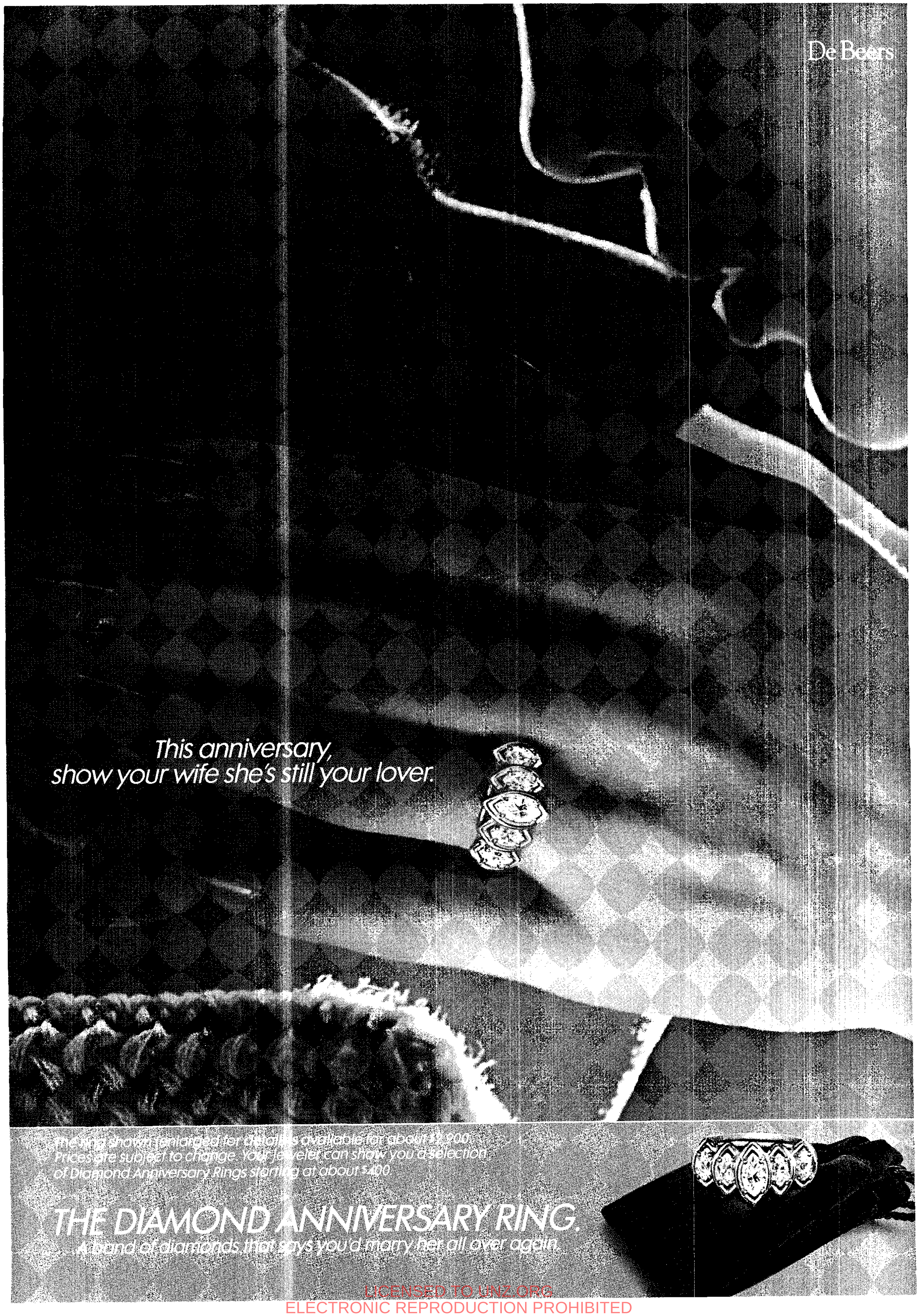

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is now famous, and is bound to have a lasting place in American economic mythology, if not history, it is a curious fact that Laffer and Cheney have no recollection of its having taken place. Laffer, indeed, has gone so far as to argue that it could not have happened, because he, Laffer, is far too fastidious to desecrate a cloth napkin by writing on it. Wanniski replies to this by pointing out that the occasion was cocktails, not dinner, and therefore the napkin was a paper one—a form of amenity that Laffer admits scribbling and doodling on as a matter of habit. As for the failure of Laffer and Cheney to recall the occasion, Wanniski attributes that to the fact that it was a short, hurried meeting among men who had many such meetings on their daily schedules. In any event, it did not result in any spectacular change in government economic policy. Alan Greenspan, then chief of Ford's Council of Economic Advisers, expressed interest in the Laffer Curve when he heard about it, but the notion of an across-the-board tax cut was scotched by the Treasury Department. The stimulative measure that the Ford Administration subsequently adopted, in March, 1975, was not an across-the-board tax cut but, rather, a system of rebates and special payments, including a rebate to each individual taxpayer of up to two hundred dollars on 1974 income taxes, a low-income credit, and a one-time payment of fifty dollars each to all recipients of Social Security. Mundell has since said, "That wasn't what we wanted at all. For one thing, it was much less of a tax reduction than I had called for. But, much more important, it was structured in such a way as to provide little new incentive to production. It was not a supply-side solution. Indeed, it ignored the supply side. It was a pure demand-side action."

During the winter of 1974-75, Mundell, Laffer, and Wanniski cemented their relationship by meeting for dinner at intervals in a restaurant in downtown Manhattan, near the offices of the *Wall Street Journal.* (Laffer was in the habit of coming frequently from Chicago to New York to serve as a consultant to a Wall Street firm; Mundell could get downtown from Columbia by subway; and Wanniski, of course, worked at the *Journal.*) According to Mundell, the usual topic at these meetings was "how to achieve the optimum economic policy." In 1976, Laffer and Wanniski moved their dialogue to Washington,

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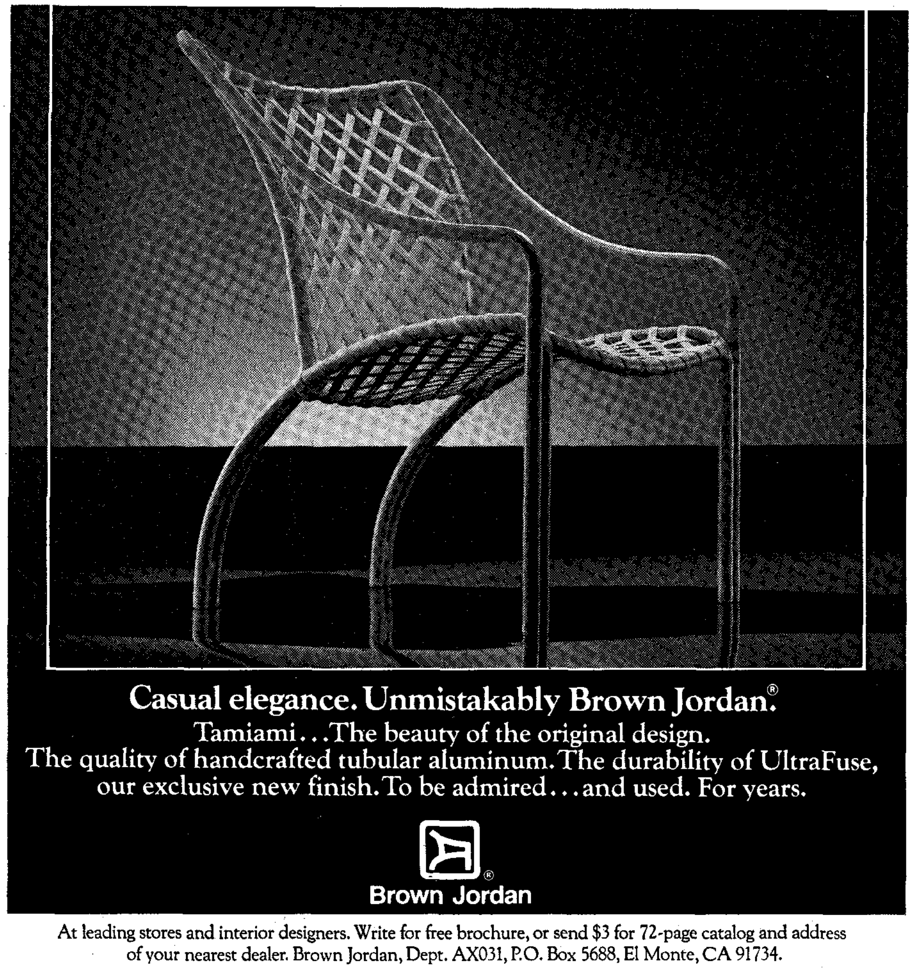

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with Mundell, in New York, remaining available for consultation. Laffer and Wanniski kept adjoining hotel suites, where they would invite kindred spirits to come and discuss supply-side theory over beer and hot dogs. Wanniski has said, forthrightly, "We called the group the cabal. We were plotting and scheming how to take over economic policy." Meanwhile, a doughty champion of stimulative tax cutting was emerging in the arena of practical politics. He was Jack Kemp, a former quarterback for the Buffalo Bills and, since 1970, the representative from upstate New York's Thirty-eighth Congressional District. In 1974, Kemp introduced his first tax bill, granting various tax abatements to individuals and, more particularly, to businesses but not actually reducing income-tax rates. (Three years later, he was co-sponsor, with Senator William Roth, of Delaware, of the famous Kemp–Roth bill, which embodied a thirty-per-cent cut in personal income taxes over three years and is widely recognized as the original model for the cut that was enacted in 1981.) Kemp's first bill, although it went nowhere in Congress, caught the attention of the enlarging little band of tax-cut theorists, including Paul Craig Roberts, a respected young conservative economist, and Norman B. Ture, a Washington economic consultant, both of whom were later appointed to important posts in the Reagan Administration. In 1975, Roberts became Representative Kemp's staff economist, and later in the same year engaged Ture to do a supply-side analysis of the Kemp bill. For this task, Ture invented an econometric model (a representation of the economy in computer language) that had supply-side economics built into it; previously, such models had all been based on Keynesian assumptions. Ture's analysis glowingly showed that enactment of the Kemp bill would within one year create several million jobs and bring about an increase in federal tax revenues of more than five billion dollars. Keynesians, in and out of government, found these figures outlandish.

At first, the Laffer–Wanniski "cabal" was not impressed by Kemp, partly because his 1974 bill did not include a reduction in individual tax rates, which they regarded as the sine qua non of the movement, and partly because Kemp was, as Wanniski put it, "a right-wing football player." By 1976, however, Wanniski had come to

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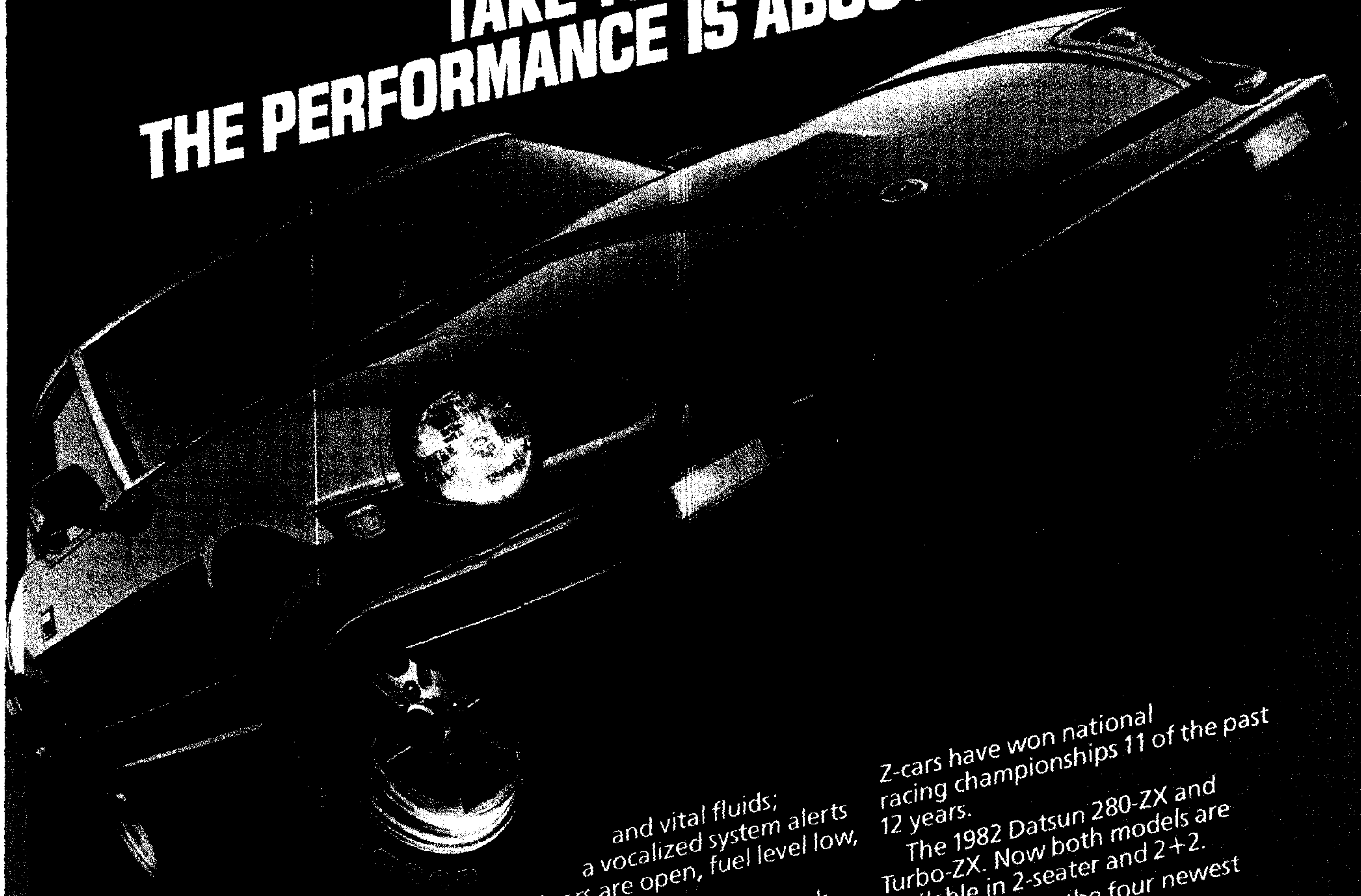

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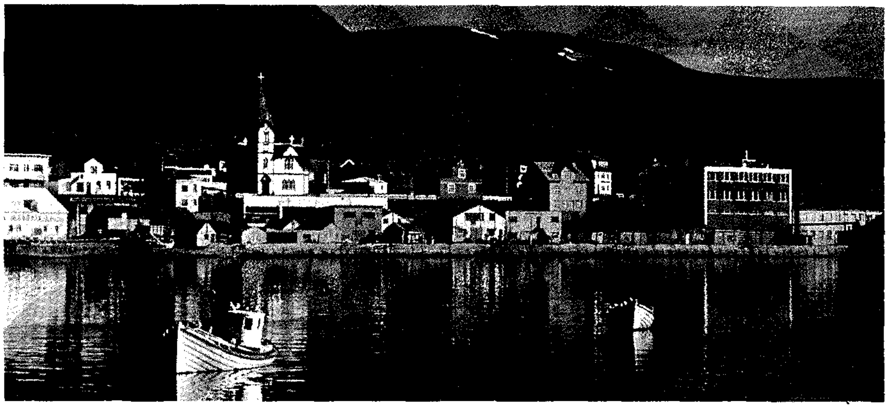
see the former quarterback as promising raw material for supply-side political leadership. Early that year, he sought out Kemp and subjected him to a barrage of supply-side missionary work that lasted most of a day and on into the evening. The result was that Kemp became a convert to the Laffer Curve and, like many another convert, a missionary himself. He soon emerged as the political figure most closely identified with the idea of tax cutting as a stimulus to the national economy, and the catalytic figure in an important development in the political rise of supply-side economics—the conversion of Robert Bartley, and thus of the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*. Ever since May, 1974, when Wanniski grabbed Bartley by the lapels to no effect, he had been relentlessly pursuing his efforts to proselyte his boss. Despite occasional successes, when he would be allowed to plump for tax cuts in the paper—under his own byline, rather than in the unsigned editorial column where the *Journal* as an institution gives its views—Wanniski found that in general he continued to encounter the skepticism that is the age-old lot of the prophet. With Kemp's rise to prominence, however, things gradually began to change. Sponsorship by an up-and-coming congressman gave the tax-cutting movement new respectability, and the fact that Kemp's constituency was essentially a blue-collar one seemed to demonstrate that supply-side tax cuts did not appeal just to the rich. Bit by bit, Bartley became converted. In an interview with him that appeared in the *Journal's* own news columns last October, he explained how. "In college, I had a bacteriology teacher who gave me a great insight into life," Bartley said to the interviewer, Paul Blustein, of the paper's news staff. "He said that if you were transported back into time and met Pasteur and Koch, you'd probably think they were just like a lot of other nuts—except they were right." (Presumably, the analogous present-day nuts that the editorial-page editor had in mind included Wanniski.) At all events, by the end of 1976 the *Journal* editorial page had become the supply side's leading supporter, and that page was well on the way to becoming its quasi-official voice—a status that it subsequently attained and holds now.

By that time, too, the movement had acquired its popular label. Up to the end of 1975, the nearest thing to a



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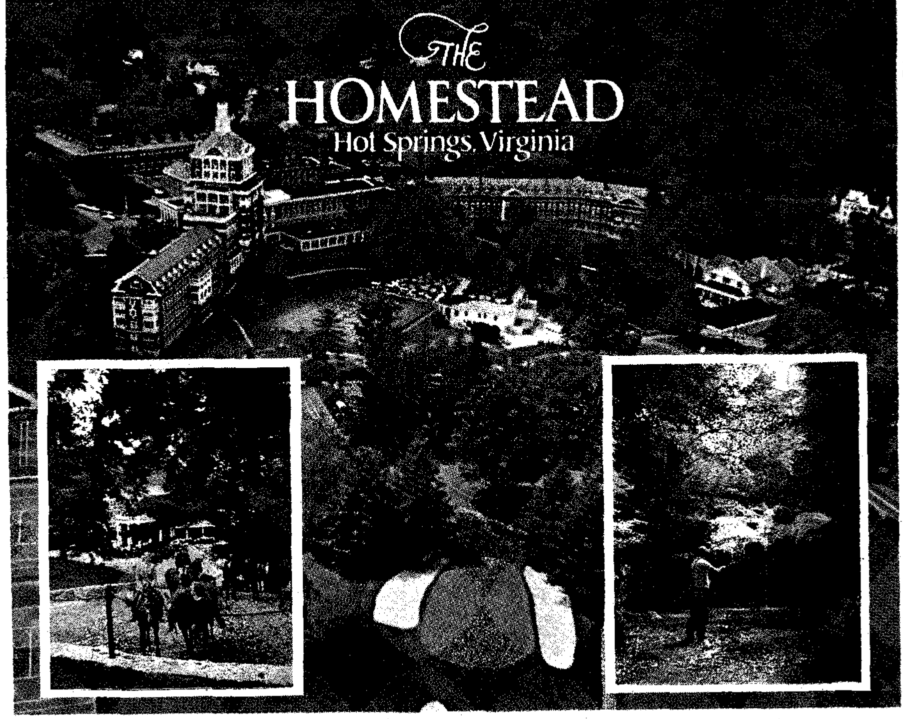

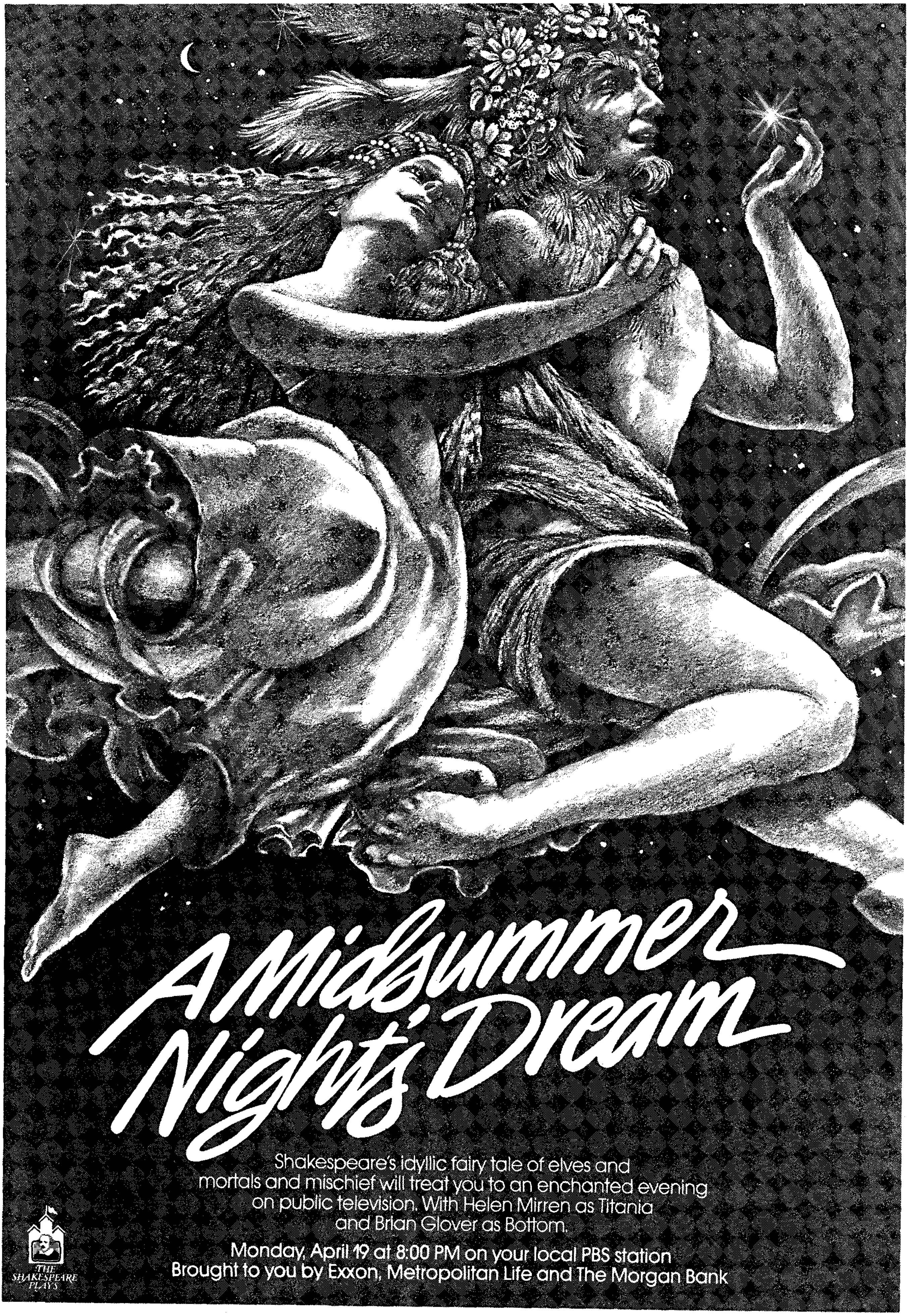

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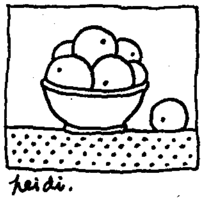
name for it was "The Mundell–Laffer Hypothesis"—which was also the title of a much discussed article by Wanniski that had appeared in the spring, 1975, issue of the conservative journal *The Public Interest*. In November, 1976, Dr. Herbert Stein, who had been chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Nixon and Ford, and who was a conservative Keynesian with a highly unsympathetic view of the tax-cutting movement, wrote an editorial-page essay in the *Journal* attacking the movement and speaking of its proponents, with a degree of derision, as "supply-side fiscalists." (The word "fiscalists" referred to their preoccupation with fiscal policy—taxation and government spending—as opposed to monetary policy, which involves interest rates and the money supply.) Wanniski was a man who knew a catchy tag when he saw one, and, moreover, recognized the value of one for political and public-relations purposes. Scathing as Stein had meant "supply-side fiscalists" to be, Wanniski seized upon it, and began using the expression "supply-side"—shorn, to be sure, of Stein's pejorative connotation—at every opportunity. Within months, the phrase "supply-side economics" had entered the American language—an inadvertent gift from the enemy, a Trojan horse in reverse.



THE tax-cutting movement got a huge boost in June, 1978, when the voters of California by a two-to-one margin approved Proposition Thirteen, a ballot referendum that set the maximum rate of property taxation at one per cent of actual value, based on 1975 assessments, and limited the annual increase in assessments to two per cent unless a property was sold or transferred. The involvement of Ronald Reagan with supply-side economics began in the wake of this enormous—and, to many, appalling—act of revolt against high taxation at the state level. Reagan seemed to waver in his support of supply-side economics during 1978 and 1979, while President Carter and the Democratic Congress struggled to combat by traditional means the increased deficits brought about by rises in foreign-oil prices. On the one hand, as early as the spring of 1978, before the Republican National Committee had put its imprimatur on the Kemp–Roth plan, Reagan was backing it; indeed, he was the only nationally prominent Republican to be doing so at the time. However, he was still steeped in the old-time economic creed that federal deficits must be met with austere budgets and stiff taxes, and that May he horrified the supply-siders by saying to a group of Washington newsmen at his Pacific Palisades home, "Frankly, I'm afraid this country is just going to have to suffer two, three years of hard times to pay for the binge we've been on." "Hard times" seemed to imply high taxes rather than supply-side solutions. To complicate matters further, Kemp, whose name was coming to stand for tax cutting, was still regarded by the Reagan forces as a potential rival for the Republican Presidential nomination—even though, during his quarterbacking days, he had served as an off-season political acolyte to then Governor Reagan in California, and even though in May, 1978, he had stated privately that he had no intention of running for President and would support Reagan. Later, however, he annulled that promise on the ground that Reagan supporters had broken faith by publicizing it, and over the next year or so Reagan incessantly wooed Kemp to get him to declare his firm public support: he invited the congressman and his wife to lunch in Los Angeles, he repeatedly mentioned Kemp and quoted him approvingly in campaign speeches. For his part, Kemp, goaded by the supply-siders, held out for an unequivocal Reagan commitment to the supply-side cause. But even when Reagan finally got Kemp's overt support—at the time of the formal announcement of Reagan's candidacy, in November, 1979—he was still keeping the supply side at arm's length. In his announcement speech, Reagan recommended "reducing federal tax rates where they discourage individual initiative—especially personal income-tax rates," and added that "proposals such as the Kemp–Roth bill would bring about this kind of realistic reduction in tax rates," but, at the same time, he suggested that Carter's tax on "windfall" oil profits—pure anathema to the supply-siders—might not be such a bad thing.

Reagan's ambivalence, or perhaps confusion, about supply-side theory continued through his campaign and up to his election in November, 1980. (After all, George Bush, Reagan's eventual choice as his Vice-Presidential running mate, had derided supply-side theory as "voodoo economics" when he was campaigning against Reagan for the Republican nomination.) Whether by intention or through inadvertence, Reagan's economic pronouncements remained vague, and demand-side sentiments kept creeping into them. Each time this happened, Kemp, Mundell, Laffer, and Wanniski, as high priests of the faith, would react collectively with horror and outrage. Wanniski has said, "We would call Kemp and scream 'Deviation! Deviation!' And he would call people and scream 'Deviation!' " Indeed, according to Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak, in their book "The Reagan Revolution," on September 3rd there was a meeting of Reagan's economic advisers at the candidate's campaign retreat in Virginia, to which none of the hard-core supply-siders were invited, and at which the Laffer Curve concept of greatly increased tax revenue from reduced tax rates was categorically rejected. In a Reagan speech that followed the meeting—it was delivered to the International Business Council in Chicago on September 9th—he was on the fence again. On the one hand, he used impeccable supply-side rhetoric when he said, "More than any single thing, high rates of taxation destroy incentive to earn, to save, to invest;" on the other, in a "fact sheet" composed by Reagan advisers and distributed at the gathering where the speech was given it was pointedly predicted that only modest revenue increases could be expected to accrue as a result of enactment of the Kemp–Roth bill. So it went throughout the campaign. In the final week, Reagan defended Kemp–Roth, giving as his reason that the nation's productive capacity was "underutilized"—an argument that had egregiously Keynesian overtones, whether or not Reagan or his speechwriters knew it.

So the supply-siders' cries of "Deviation!" were ringing over the wires to Reagan headquarters almost up to the moment of the candidate's election, and the new President came into office either an unreliable convert to the supply side or an insufficiently instructed one, or both. His appointments to key positions in the Treasury Department reflected that uncertain allegiance. The jobs of Under-Secretary for Tax and Economic Affairs and Assistant Secretary for Economic Policy went to men who, while they were generally thought to lack the ideological zeal of

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the Mundell–Laffer–Wanniski group, were well-recognized supply-siders: Norman B. Ture and Paul Craig Roberts, respectively. (Roberts resigned his post last January after an internal Administration quarrel.) The presence of Ture and Roberts was balanced by that of Beryl Sprinkel, a dedicated monetarist and non-supply-sider, in the important post of Under-Secretary for Monetary Affairs; and the top job, that of Secretary of the Treasury, went not to the supply-siders' choice—Lewis E. Lehrman, the chairman of the executive committee of the Rite Aid drugstore chain, who had been active in the Reagan campaign—but to Donald T. Regan, a prominent Wall Streeter with no identifiable economic ideology. Finally, the new director of the Office of Management and Budget, and the only supply-sider to land a Cabinet post, was David A. Stockman, a convert to the supply side, who by the time of his appointment was thought to match the dedication to it of his converters.

Unquestionably, Stockman was among the more interesting members of the Reagan team. Born in 1946, he had grown up in St. Joseph, Michigan, where his parents had a fruit farm. As a student at Michigan State University, in East Lansing, during the Vietnam War, he had participated in antiwar activities and had signed newspaper ads placed by the far-left Students for a Democratic Society. In 1968, following his graduation, he enrolled in the Harvard Divinity School, planning to pursue studies, begun in Michigan, of the liberal theology of Reinhold Niebuhr. In Cambridge, he became a live-in babysitter in the home of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then a professor of education and urban politics at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, and now, of course, a United States senator from New York. At the annual Gridiron Club dinner in Washington in March, 1981, Moynihan, who was featured on the evening's program, as was Stockman, offered a teasing, or possibly not so teasing, summary of his former babysitter's character and ideological propensities. Speaking of Stockman at divinity school, Moynihan said, "Dave was everything you could dream of in a mole. Cornfed and cowlicked, he was the best boob bait for conservatives ever to come out of the Middle West. . . . I have never known a man capable of such sustained self-hypnotic ideological fervor." Going

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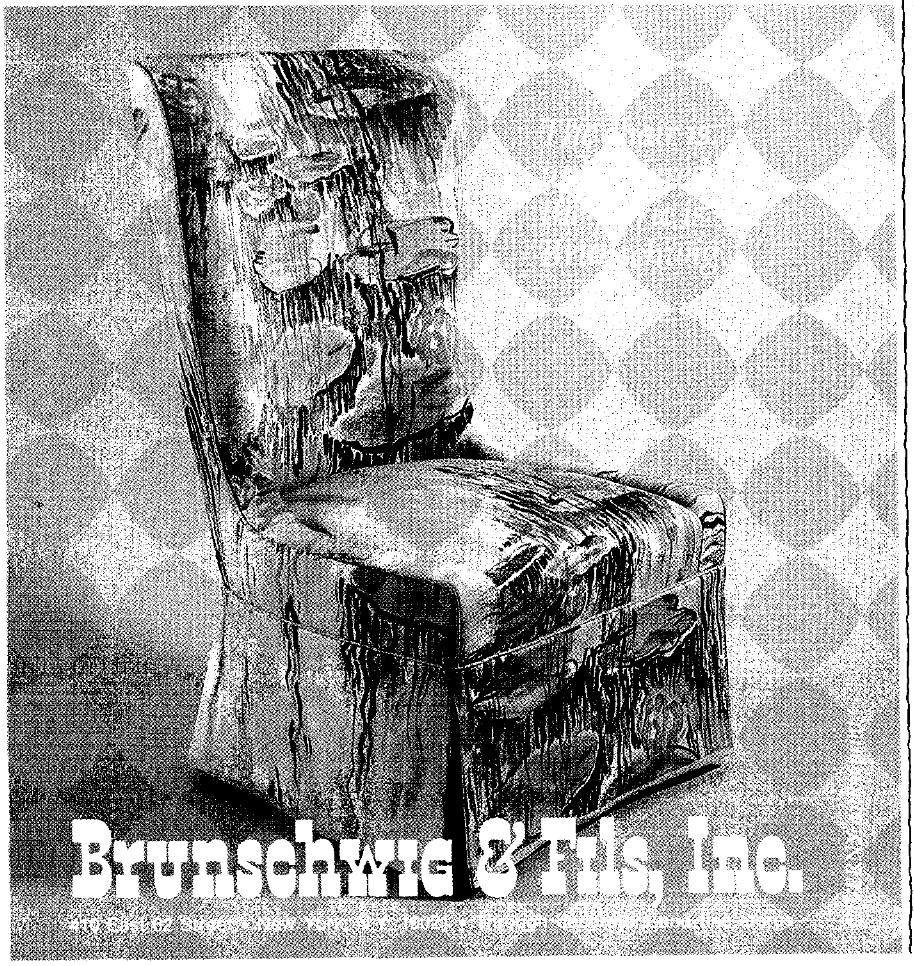

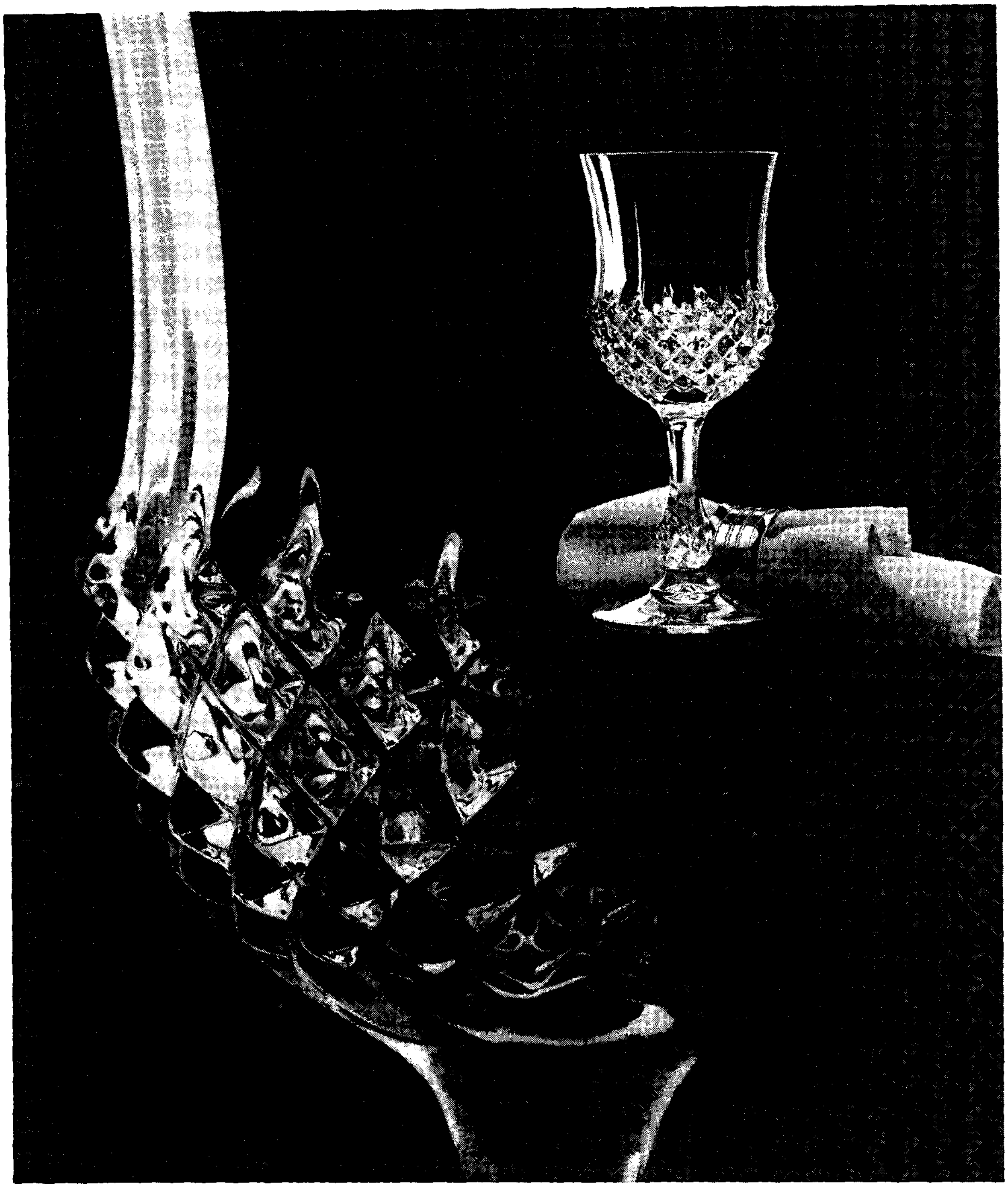

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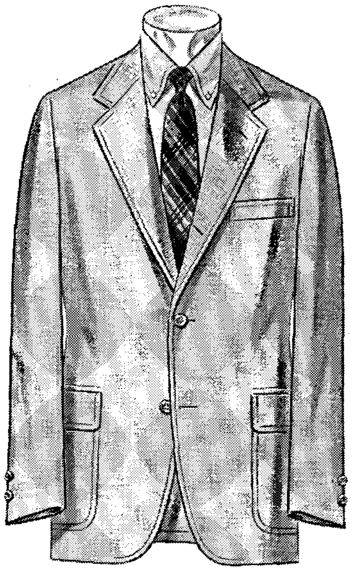

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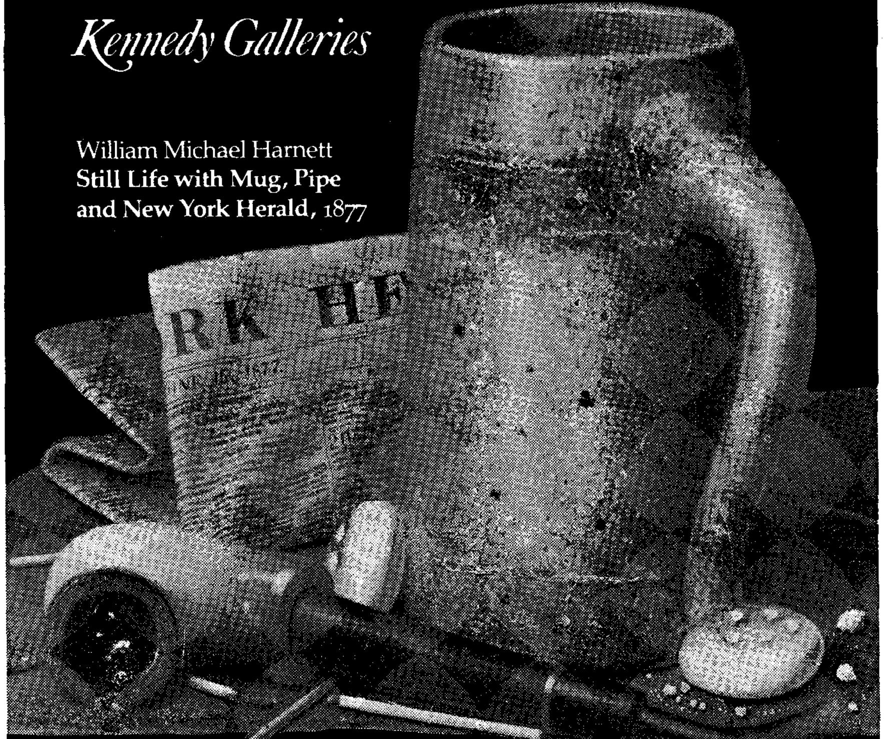

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on to Stockman's subsequent changes of belief, Moynihan continued, "One day he arrives at Harvard preaching the infallibility of Ho Chi Minh. Next thing you know he turns up in Washington proclaiming the immutability of the Laffer Curve."

Chronologically, Stockman's move to Washington took place in 1970, when—with a recommendation from Moynihan, among others—he became an aide to Representative John Anderson, of Illinois. In 1972, he was made executive director of the House Republican Conference, of which Anderson was chairman. Still holding that position, he brought out in the spring, 1975, issue of *The Public Interest*—the same issue in which Wanniski's exposition of the Mundell–Laffer hypothesis appeared—an article entitled "The Social Pork Barrel," in which he set forth for the first time his idea that the federal government's social programs should be drastically cut, for both practical and moral reasons. (Former Representative Anderson commented recently, with marked asperity, "In 1975 . . . David Stockman was . . . working for me, in effect. . . . Without my knowledge, he contracted with the magazine . . . to do a piece that drew a great deal of attention by undertaking to savage a number of the positions that I myself happened to hold.") Around then, Stockman began spending a great deal of time at the home of Representative Kemp, who in due course introduced him to Laffer and Wanniski. In 1976—the year Stockman himself was elected to Congress, for the first of the two terms that he served as representative of the Fourth District of Michigan—he was close enough to Laffer and Wanniski to be invited to some of the sessions of their "cabal." By the following year, Wanniski had sufficient faith in him to let him read galley proofs of "The Way the World Works," and by the end of 1977 the supply-siders considered Stockman one of their own.

The development of the relationship between Stockman and Reagan grew not so much out of economics or politics as out of dramatics. In the Republican campaign of 1980, Reagan decided to prepare for his television debates with his principal opponents, Representative Anderson and President Carter, by engaging in mock debates with someone impersonating them. The problem was to find a person or persons in the Republican ranks with both the political and the thespian skill necessary for approximating the thinking processes and debating styles of Anderson and Carter. The logical choice to play Anderson was Stockman—originally a supporter of John B. Connally for the Republican nomination, but by this time a Reagan man—because of his long and close association with the Illinois representative. In the mock debate, Stockman's performance as Anderson so impressed Reagan that he decided that this was the man to play Carter, too. And in his second role Stockman seems to have outdone himself. A Reagan adviser who attended the mock debate, with Stockman cast as Carter, has said that if Carter had played himself in the real debate as well as Stockman had played him in the false one, Carter might have won the election. And Reagan himself, according to the same adviser, later came up to Stockman at a Washington dinner party and said, "You sure beat me in that debate."

Thus inspired to an access of enthusiasm for Stockman, Reagan appointed him director of the O.M.B.—one of the top economic titles in the executive branch of the government. The appointment was, by a wide margin, the supply side's greatest coup up to then. And, within weeks after Inauguration Day, Stockman emerged as the new Administration's first star headline-getter. On February 18th, he sent to Congress a three-pound document entitled "America's New Beginning: A Program for Economic Recovery," detailing proposed budget cuts that totalled some thirty-five billion dollars, with emphasis on the previously sacrosanct "entitlement programs," such as Social Security, food stamps, federal guarantees for student loans, Medicaid, unemployment insurance, and Aid to Families with Dependent Children. In mid-March, appearing on the Sunday television program "Issues and Answers," he shocked liberal Democrats, and even some conservative Republicans, by saying, "The idea that's been established over the last ten years that almost every service that someone might need in life ought to be provided, financed by the government as a matter of basic right, is wrong. . . . I don't believe that there is any entitlement, any basic right to legal services or any other kinds of services." Over the subsequent weeks, he led a furious lobbying effort for his budget cuts in both houses of Congress, and the budget cuts were approved essentially as Stockman had proposed them, by the Senate in mid-

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May and by the House near the end of June, with Stockman taking most of the bows for the accomplishment.

The irony was that this grand opening turn by the Administration's top-ranked supply-sider was not essentially a supply-side action. Dedicated supply-siders generally take a far more tolerant view of huge federal budget deficits over the short term than traditional Republicans do, because they believe, on the strength of the Laffer Curve, that such deficits can soon be reduced or eliminated by the stimulative effects that accompanying tax cuts will have on the tax base. (In this respect—such are the bewildering anomalies of economic theory—supply-siders resemble the New Deal Keynesians of the nineteen-thirties, with their controversial approval of "deficit spending" in times of depression. A more tolerant attitude toward federal deficits than had formerly prevailed was, indeed, one of the greatest changes in government economic thought which had been brought about by the Keynesian revolution.) Through the spring and summer of 1981, the supply-siders went along with Stockman's axe-wielding on the budget because it was paralleled by equally rapid political progress toward their beloved income-tax cut. On May 11th, the Senate showed its hand on that matter by resoundingly defeating a Democratic effort to limit sharply the amount of tax cuts for fiscal 1982. On July 29th, the House and Senate approved by far the largest tax-cut measure in the nation's history, amounting in all to some one hundred and fifty billion dollars over three years, and on August 13th President Reagan signed it into law. Along with other changes, designed principally to benefit businesses and high-income individuals, personal income-tax rates in every bracket, high or low, were to be reduced by twenty-five per cent over thirty-three months, the initial five-per-cent cut going into effect on October 1, 1981, and subsequent ten-per-cent cuts on July 1, 1982, and July 1, 1983; the maximum tax on unearned, or investment, income was to be cut from seventy per cent to fifty, and on capital gains from twenty-eight per cent to twenty; over a six-year period, estate taxes were to be eliminated except on estates of over six hundred thousand dollars, and on those they were to be drastically reduced; and depreciation guidelines for businesses were to be liberalized. All in all, the changes were certain within a few

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years to change the socioeconomic structure in the direction of distributing more income and property to the rich, just as the budget cuts—signed into law by the President along with the tax cuts—were certain to take income and services away from the poor.

The night of the tax bill's passage, champagne was poured at the White House. It may be assumed that similar celebrations were held, and perhaps candles lighted, at the various supply-side shrines around the country. Despite the fact that the cuts it provided for were smaller and came later than most supply-siders wanted, the 1981 tax bill embodied supply-side theory in purest ray serene.

I DECIDED to begin my calls on supply-side theorists with a man holding federal office—not Stockman, who had at all times been more a political than an economic figure, but Norman Ture, Under-Secretary of the Treasury for Tax and Economic Affairs. My visit to Ture happened to fall on October 1st, the day when the Reagan Administration's economic programs—tax and budget cuts alike—began going officially into effect. Between the passage of the programs in the summer and that date, though, supply-side economics had been experiencing rough political going. The leading supply-side theorists had predicted beforehand that the very enactment of the tax cuts would arouse such expectations of economic growth that the depressed stock market and, especially, the disastrously depressed bond market would respond immediately with brisk rallies, even before the cuts took effect. But this had not happened; on the contrary, during August and September, both stocks and bonds had, perversely, dropped. Early in September, an unnamed senior Administration official was quoted in the New York *Times* as saying, "On the first of August, everyone was crowing. Now there's all this gloom and doom. We are caught in this vicious cycle: as long as the big budget deficits persist, the markets are skeptical; that keeps interest rates high and that feeds the deficit." The skepticism of the markets was, of course, skepticism as to whether the Laffer Curve would work strongly enough, or soon enough, or at all. Meanwhile, Administration spokesmen had begun casting Wall Street and its satellites in the role of sinister forces out to discredit the supply side by driving down the prices of stocks and bonds at the very moment

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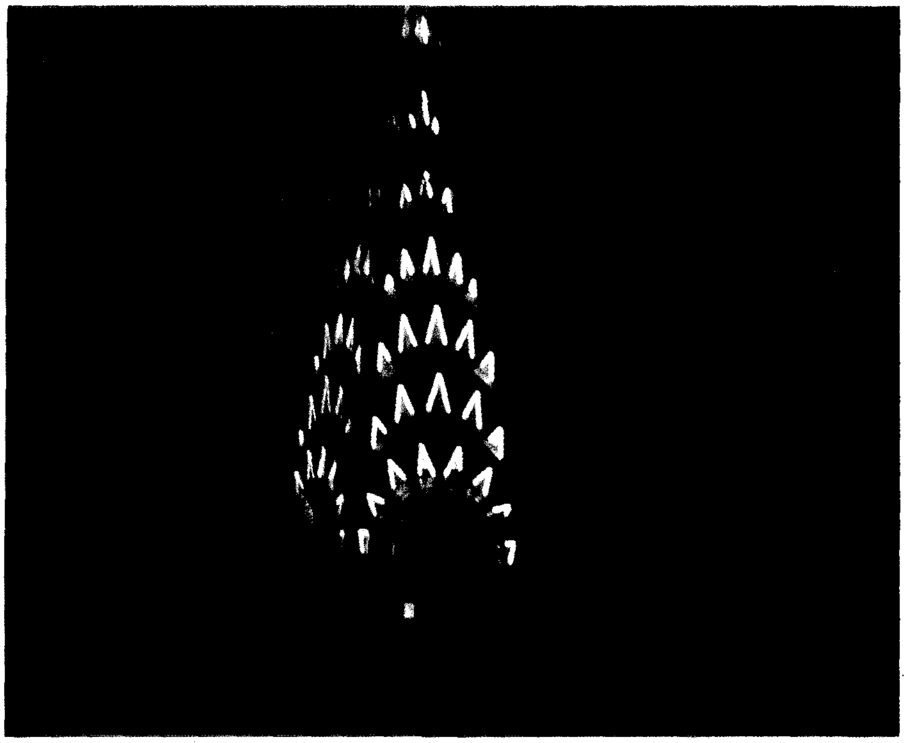
when according to supply-side theory they ought to be going up. Treasury Secretary Regan had complained about "worrywarts in the bond markets," and Murray Weidenbaum, chief of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, had taken a patronizing tone, describing investors as "slow students," incapable of quickly getting a new economic idea into their heads. Howard Baker had gone further in his scolding of Wall Street. Baker had said to the press that he found it "absolutely appalling" that investors were "voting with their money" against the Administration's programs; such an action, he had added, with a hint of threat, was "a very dangerous game." Some observers had thought it odd, and perhaps a bit comical, that an Administration committed above all to a revival of unfettered free enterprise should be attaching moral opprobrium to investment decisions made, precisely, as acts of unfettered free enterprise—and made, presumably, with what Dr. Johnson had described, in a phrase with which the Reagan Administration would probably agree, as the most innocent of motives, that of making money.

At all events, when I talked to Ture he was not in a censorious mood toward the markets, but, rather, inclined to the view that more time would have to pass before they could be expected to soar upward and enrich the Treasury along with everyone else. A few days earlier, in New York City, he had told a supply-side forum, which I attended, "I would urge that you rid yourself of the notion that anything that has happened since the first week in August . . . casts up evidence that there were mistakes in the Reagan program." I found Ture in the Main Treasury Building, in a splendid office which, I was told by one of his secretaries while I was waiting for my appointment, had been the working quarters of President Andrew Johnson for two months in 1865, while the widow of the assassinated Abraham Lincoln was being given time to move out of the White House. Ture is a sober, serious, rather scholarly-looking man of medium height, with dark hair and horn-rimmed glasses, who appears younger than his age, which is fifty-eight. He lives in Alexandria, Virginia, with his wife and two daughters, and commutes in a 1973 Mercedes. His name, pronounced "Turey," is a contraction of a Slavic name. He tends to talk in long, complicated, syntactically impeccable sen-



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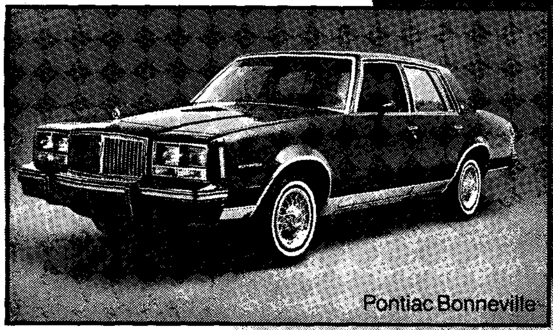
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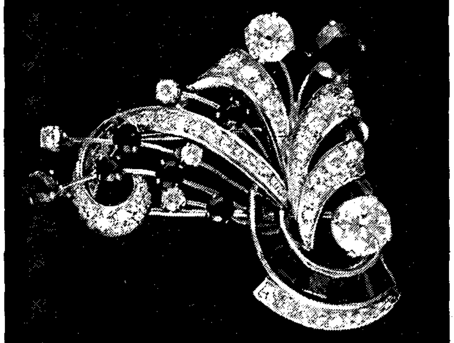

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tences which sound as if they were ready to go unaltered into an economics journal, though hardly into a dinner-table conversation.

Ture's over-all theory of the economics of taxation is contained in a paper and accompanying testimony that he presented to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress early in 1981, and I had read these before seeing him. In his view, supply-side economics is "properly perceived as a return to basics, not as a daring venture into hitherto unexplored intellectual territory." He is wary of the phrase "supply-side economics," preferring "neoclassical analysis." Ture's neoclassical analysis looks upon the effects of fiscal policy in a way that differs radically from the Keynesians'. They believe that government can assure a relatively smooth growth path for the economy by adding to or subtracting from disposable income; that is, by managing aggregate demand. Aggregate supply, in the Keynesian system, "is taken as given and is not seen as an appropriate or feasible fiscal-policy target." By contrast, in the supply-side (or neoclassical) analysis aggregate supply is *not* taken for granted. The heart of Ture's theory is that disposable income in the economy as a whole is not (as the Keynesians would insist) directly affected by tax changes, either upward or downward, but that the effect is a two-step affair. The "first-order" effect of tax changes is a change in prices relative to each other—for a key example, the prices of capital and of labor. The resulting effect on incomes may come very quickly and may be very large, but it is nevertheless a "second-order" effect, and must be recognized as such.

Initially, Ture's distinction between first-order and second-order effects of tax changes seemed to me abstruse and academic. I came to grasp that, however abstruse, it is not academic, since it leads directly to what, in the supply-side view, the nature of a tax change should be in order for it to bring about maximum economic stimulation. To Keynesians, as far as stimulation is concerned a tax cut is a tax cut, effective to the extent that it puts spendable money into the hands of consumers. To Ture, on the other hand, a tax cut is worthless for stimulative purposes unless it provides increased incentive to producers. From this perspective, a fifty-dollar-per-person tax rebate is of no use, while a cut in marginal tax rates—the highest rates paid by high-income taxpayers—is the essential stimulative measure. As Ture said in his testimony before Congress:

> Fiscal policy embodying the neoclassical analytics would concentrate on reducing marginal tax rates in order to reduce the costs of effort and of saving, thereby increasing the amount of labor and capital services supplied and employed, resulting in increases in real output. . . . Note that it is the marginal tax rate on which the neoclassical analysis is focused. . . . It is the tax on the marginal dollar of income which affects one or more relative prices and which, therefore, enters into individual and household discussions about the amount and composition of economic activity. A tax reduction which reduces tax liability without reducing marginal tax rates, accordingly, is ineffectual.

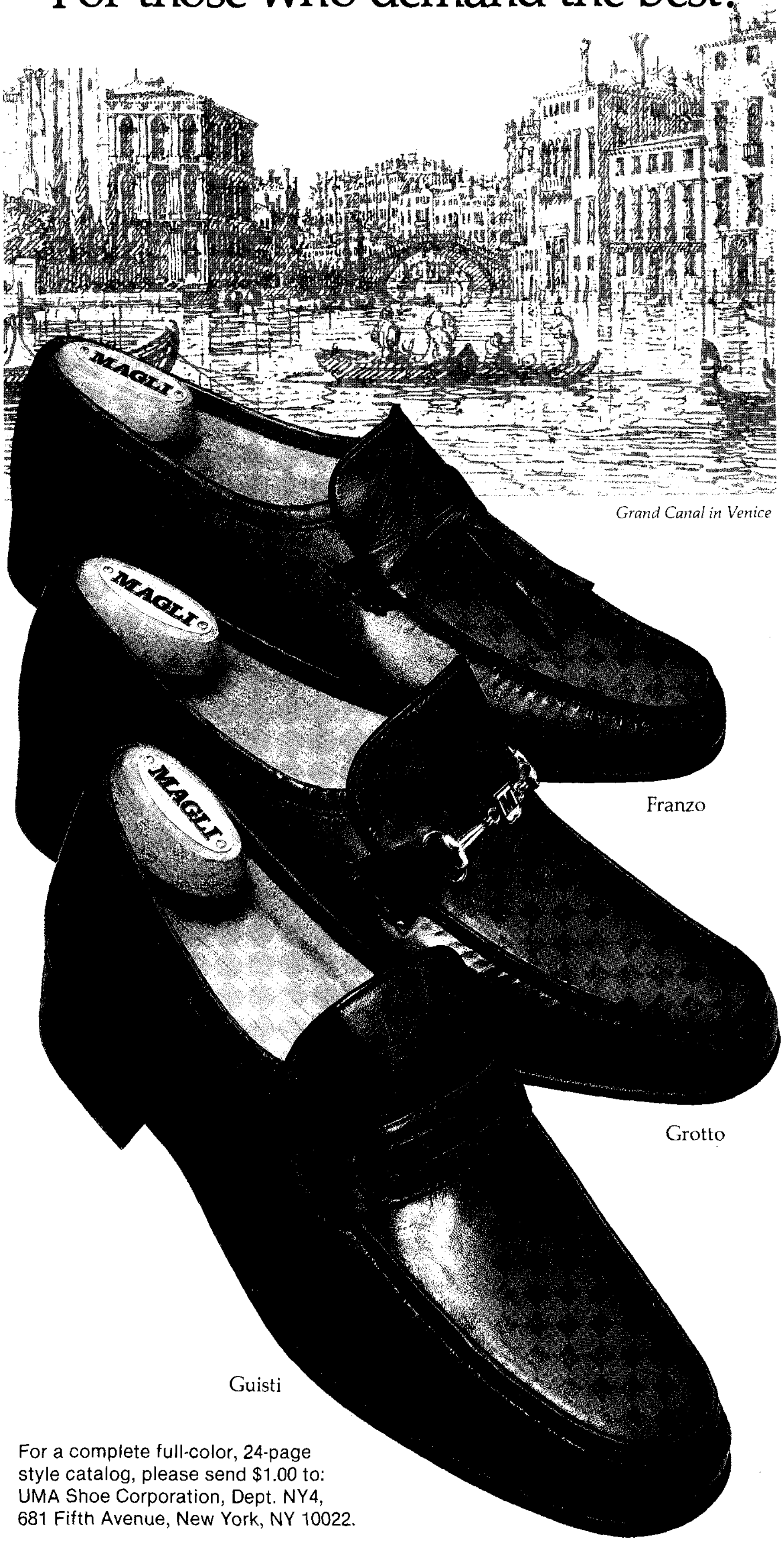
In the same testimony, Ture is scathing about Keynesian theory, which he believes has at its core a drastic error in logic:

> In the Keynesian exposition, the question of the first-order income effect on which the [neoclassical] analysis relies is finessed by delineating the response rather than its cause. A tax reduction, for example, is deemed to result in an increase in spending, which generates an increase in demand for output, in turn increasing the demand for production inputs, hence an increase in their employment, leading to an increase in output and in real income which validates the increase in spending—that is, provides the real income which affords the real command over goods and services. The fatal and obvious flaw is in the sequence of those responses: no increase in total real spending can ensue from the tax reduction itself without a coincident increase in total output and real income. By assuming that a tax reduction results in an increase in aggregate effective demand which then generates the necessary increase in output and real income, the Keynesian approach relies on an analytical sleight-of-hand.

To put the matter another way, in Ture's neoclassical analysis a tax cut in itself is merely a reshuffling of spendable money—a shifting of some of it from one taxpayer to another, or a shifting to taxpayers from the Treasury, which, of course, is not only a spender itself but the biggest spender of them all. New spending resources are created only if the tax cut is so structured as to increase the incentive of producers to produce—to work longer hours, invest more money, employ more people, and turn out more goods and services than they felt inclined to when they were inhibited by the higher marginal tax rates that had prevailed previously—and thus to make a real addition to the total economy. Ture, then, who among supply-side theorists is generally considered a moderate, would seem to reject Keynesian theory as simply fallacious—something that, as I would learn in the course of my investigations, by no means all supply-siders do.

Nor has Ture always done so. Like several of his supply-side colleagues, he himself was formerly something of a Keynesian. He grew up in modest circumstances in Cleveland, attended Ohio State University, left it in 1943, before taking a degree, to join the armed services, and upon his return went to the University of Chicago, famous as a training place of conservative economists, where he took the first course given there by Milton Friedman (who was to win the Nobel Prize in Economics in 1976), emerging in 1947 with an M.A. in economics. After three years as an assistant professor at Illinois College, in Jacksonville, Illinois, and a year of working for the State of Ohio's Department of Highways, he went to Washington as a tax analyst for the Treasury Department, where he served from 1951 to 1955, in the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. "In those days, I considered myself a political independent, although now I'm a card-carrying Republican," Ture told me. "I think I'd probably classify myself as a Keynesian until the early nineteen-sixties. In the later fifties, when I was working on fiscal policy for the Joint Economic Committee, I began to have my first qualms about Keynes' propositions. As time went on, I became increasingly uneasy about the analytic structure of Keynesianism, and gradually concluded that one ought to go back to classical price theory." His qualms notwithstanding, Ture was a member of President-Elect Kennedy's basically Keynesian Task Force on Taxation in 1960, and although he turned down a job in Kennedy's Commerce Department, he served as a Treasury consultant on tax matters under both Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Through most of the nineteen-sixties, he was director of tax studies at the National Bureau of Economic Research, and there he came strongly under the influence of Arthur F. Burns, then the bureau's president, later chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and now United States Ambassador to West Germany. Ture says, "That was a marvellously stimulating association. Certain of our findings brought me up very short. My conclusion was that the Keynesian analytical system can't be verified. When something like that happens to a Chicago-trained economist, he has to sit himself down and start thinking."

By 1967, when a tax surcharge was



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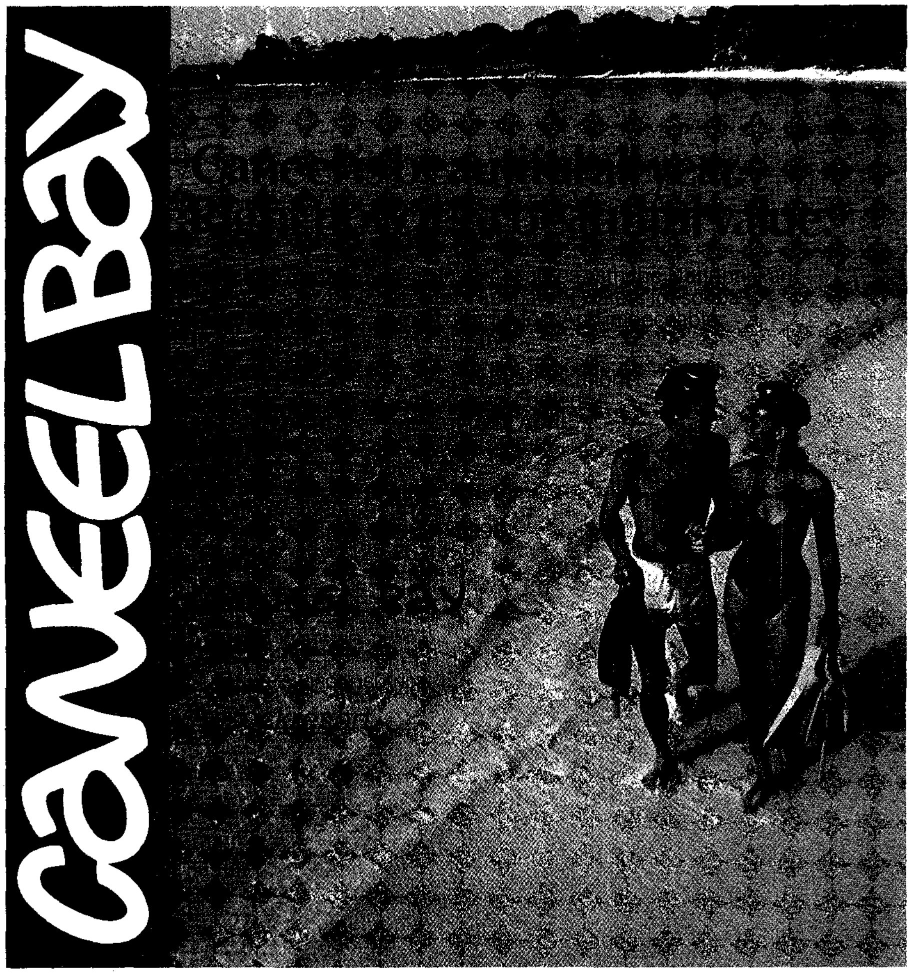
under consideration to help finance the Vietnam War, Ture testified to Congress that such a surcharge would fail to achieve its stated objective—that it would depress not consumption, as the Keynesians believed, but savings, and would have an adverse effect on interest rates. "From that point on, I began to look closely at a lot of things," he told me. "I had an emerging new viewpoint." It was, of course, what is now called a supply-side viewpoint, and the fact that he acquired it so early has recently led him to speak of Laffer and Wanniski as supply-side Johnny-come-latelies. "I began to reject the notion that public economic policies affect aggregate demand," Ture told me. "What we're really studying is the way government action changes prices relative to each other. This is not new. Indeed, it's the more ancient way of examining the question of economic policy. It was the mode of thought relied upon for centuries, until the coming of Keynes. For example, Andrew Mellon, in the nineteen-twenties, focussed on the incentive effects of taxation. We are rediscovering and updating an old mode of thought." Early in the nineteen-seventies—by which time Ture was out of government service, and was devoting himself to his own Washington-based economic consulting firm, Norman B. Ture, Inc.—he made use of the old mode of thought in constructing his trail-breaking (or perhaps trail-rebreaking) econometric model based on supply-side assumptions, which was used in analyzing the probable effects of the first Kemp bill. "Jack got this perception that something had to be done to free up the economy," Ture went on. "In doing our analysis, we relied on an extremely rudimentary model, which we've since improved." At the time, he and his associates solicited the views of people in the Treasury, which, generally speaking, was in the hands of Keynesians. "They expressed considerable interest," Ture said. "There was an extended exchange. They pointed out some anomalies and deficiencies in our analysis, and we pointed out some in theirs. It was a productive exchange, and they thought our [analysis] contained very interesting material." Ture feels that toward the end of the seventies, as the supply-side approach gradually gained ground in the debate, many economists who were not really supply-siders began climbing on the bandwagon, thereby tending to sully the purity of the movement, and that



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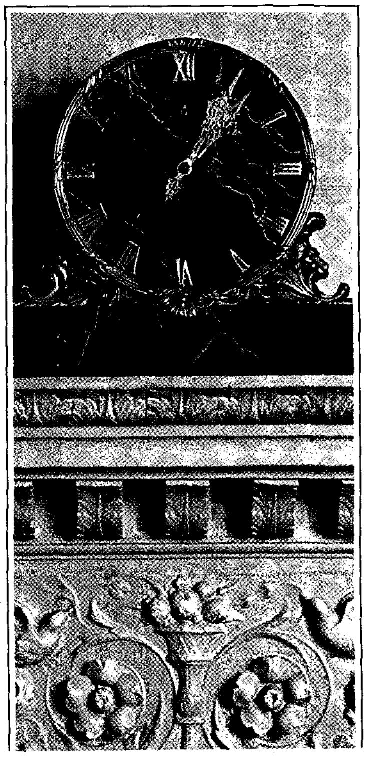

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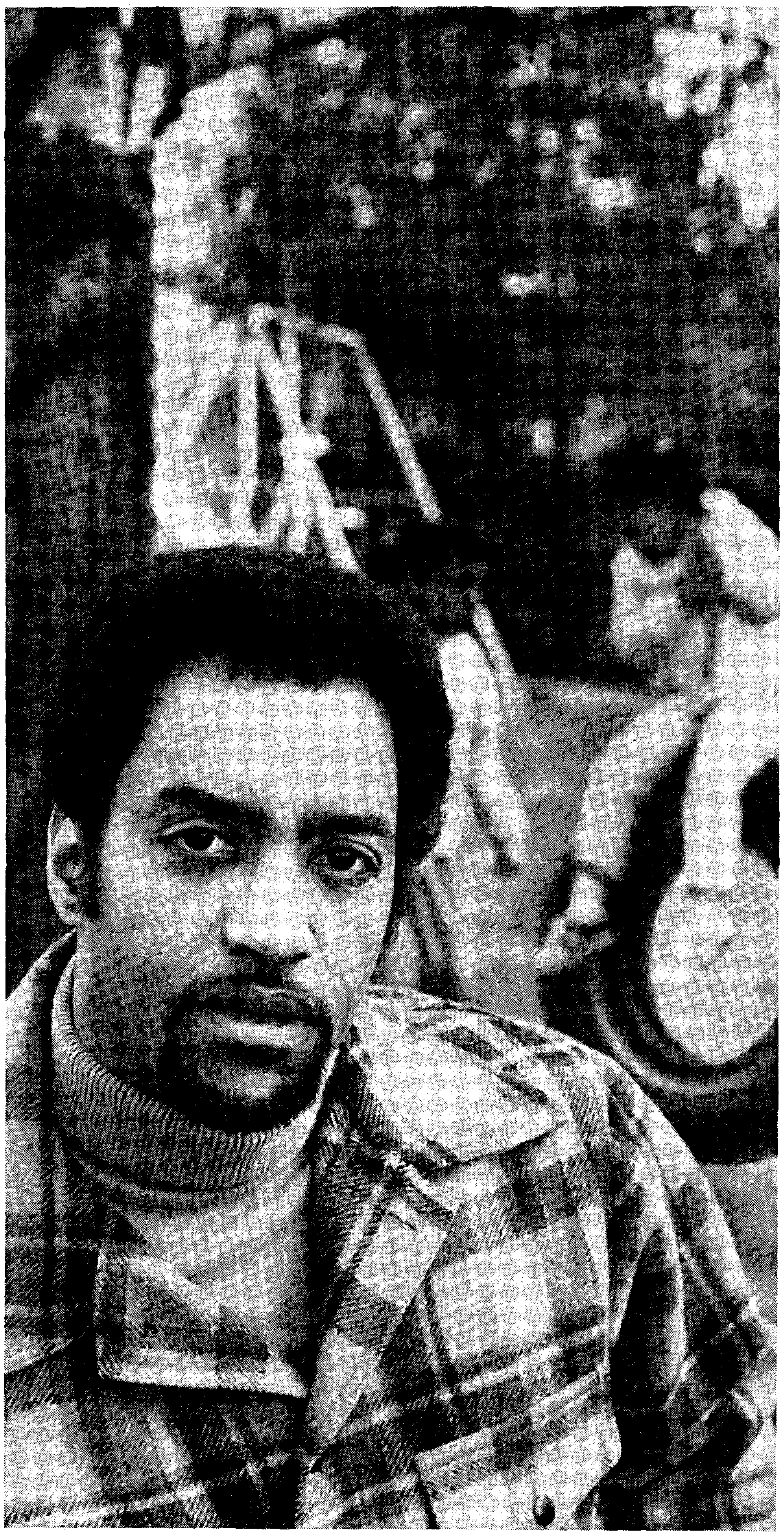

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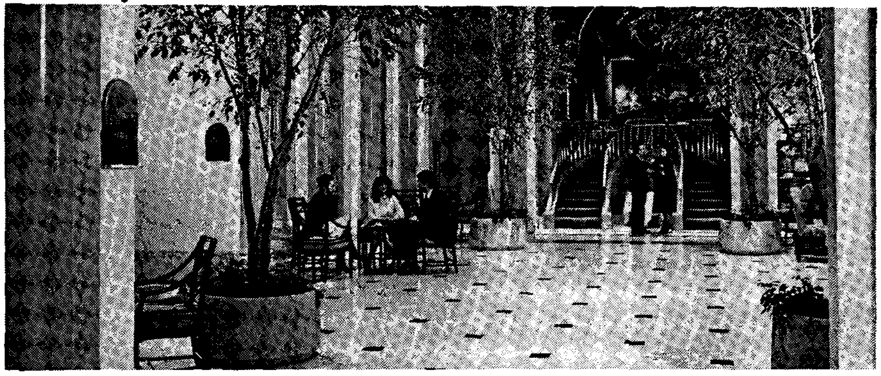

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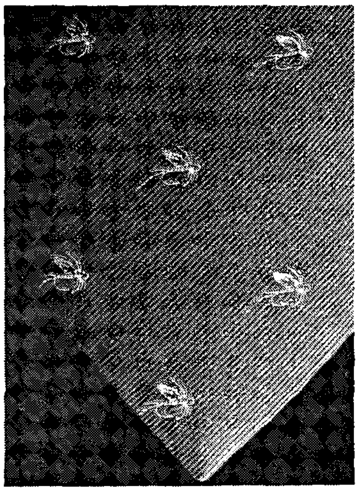

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this tendency has since become even stronger. "Now just about everybody wants to poke into the supply side," he said. "At heart, many of them are variants of Keynes. There's one group of economists who are truly price-theoretic—true supply-siders, if you like—and another group who merely entertain the notion of an aggregate-supply function. Many of the second group are basically Keynesian. They're people with an ad-hoc collection of notions. They fail to grasp the idea that the first-order price effect of a tax change is the core issue—and, after all, it *is* a hard idea to get across."

Indeed, in talking to Ture, and reading his writings, it struck me that one of his contributions to the popularity of supply-side theory might be his tendency, surely untainted by intention, to make it complicated and difficult. The Laffer Curve is so simple and comprehensible that it strikes many people like a revelation, but for the same reason it makes them suspicious. In the popular view, economic theories are *supposed* to be complicated and difficult, as Ture's first-order, second-order analysis is. As for the fact that the tax policies to which his analysis leads tend to be kind to the rich and less kind to the poor, I got the impression that he simply considers such matters largely beyond his purview. It's not that he consciously favors the rich or is insensitive toward the poor, but, rather, that his preoccupation with bringing about economic growth through tax policy more or less blinds him to questions of economic equity or equality.

Before leaving, I asked Ture to define the difference between supply-side theory and what Democrats have for years called the trickle-down theory. "That's a pejorative term!" he burst out, with a lot more animation than he had shown previously. "The way you make labor more productive is by giving it more and better capital to work with. If that's trickle-down, we'd better have it. Besides, Herbert Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to which the term was frequently applied, was too interventionist for us. Good public policy calls for fortifying the actions of markets rather than trying to dam them up. We have a cultural difference with Hoover."

A FEW weeks after my talk with Ture came a series of events that, obvious though my question on trickle-down theory had been, made me feel practically prescient in having asked it. In the second week of November, advance copies of the December issue of *The Atlantic* became available, and in it was the now famous article entitled "The Education of David Stockman," by William Greider, then assistant managing editor for national news of the Washington *Post* and a columnist for that newspaper. Based on a series of breakfast conversations between Stockman and Greider that had been conducted over a period of eight months, beginning shortly before Stockman's appointment, the article contained some direct quotations from the O.M.B. director, an ostensibly dedicated supply-sider, that constituted by far the most shattering blow the supply side had received up to then. (Moreover, the article constituted so melodramatic a political event that a Washington modern-dance troupe, the Dance Exchange, used Stockman's remarks quoted in it as the subject of a satirical "Docu-Dance," which was performed publicly in February, with Jessica Rea, a dancer in her sixties, in the part of Stockman.) At some unspecified time in 1981, before Congress passed the tax cuts, Stockman, according to Greider, had said to him, "The hard part of the supply-side tax cut is dropping the top rate [on investment income] from seventy to fifty per cent—the rest of it is a secondary matter." If, as the context suggests, by "hard" Stockman meant "primary" rather than "difficult," that statement conformed perfectly to Ture's "neoclassical analysis," in which the marginal rates at the top of the income scale are taken to be the ones that most potently, though indirectly, affect national productivity. However, in Greider's quotation Stockman went on, "The original argument was that the top bracket was too high, and [that] that's having the most devastating effect on the economy. Then, the general argument was that, in order to make this palatable as a political matter, you had to bring down all the brackets. But, I mean, Kemp–Roth was always a Trojan Horse to bring down the top rate." Greider went on, in his own voice:

> A Trojan horse? This seemed a cynical concession for Stockman to make in private conversation while the Reagan Administration was still selling the supply-side doctrine to Congress. Yet he was conceding what the liberal Keynesian critics had argued from the outset—the supply-side theory was . . . only new language and argument to conceal a hoary old Republican doctrine: give the tax cuts to the top

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brackets, the wealthiest individuals and largest enterprises, and let the good effects "trickle down" through the economy to reach everyone else. Yes, Stockman conceded, when one stripped away the new rhetoric emphasizing across-the-board cuts, the supply-side theory was really new clothes for the unpopular doctrine of the old Republican orthodoxy.

And then Greider quoted Stockman directly again: "It's kind of hard to sell 'trickle down,' . . . so the supply-side formula was the only way to get a tax policy that was really 'trickle down.' Supply side is 'trickle-down' theory."

What, exactly, *is* "trickle-down" theory? William Safire, in "Safire's Political Dictionary," expresses his belief that the idea, though not the precise name, derives from William Jennings Bryan's famous "Cross of Gold" Presidential-convention speech of 1896, in which he said, "There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below." The expression "trickle-down theory," according to Safire, originated in the 1932 Presidential campaign, when Democrats used it to deride Hoover's statement that his program was aimed at restoring prosperity to corporations and banks and that this would invigorate the economy. Since then, Democrats have revived it at intervals, to denigrate Republican economic policies. Inasmuch as the expression has always been used in derision, Stockman's adoption of it to describe supply-side economics was a clear act of apostasy, and no ordinary apostasy: as the Administration's highest official who formally avowed the faith, Stockman was surely a supply-side high priest, perhaps even the supply-side Pope. There were cries of pain and outrage from supply-siders, and of triumph from their enemies. A couple of days after the *Atlantic* article appeared, President Reagan summoned Stockman to luncheon at the White House—a session that Stockman described at a news conference afterward as "in the nature of a visit to the woodshed after supper." He acknowledged that his "poor judgment and loose talk" had damaged the Administration's economic program, and offered his resignation, which Reagan refused. Stockman also said in his news conference that he did not believe that people had been betrayed in any way by the program of tax cuts; that the expression "Trojan horse" had been "a rotten, horrible, unfortunate metaphor;" and

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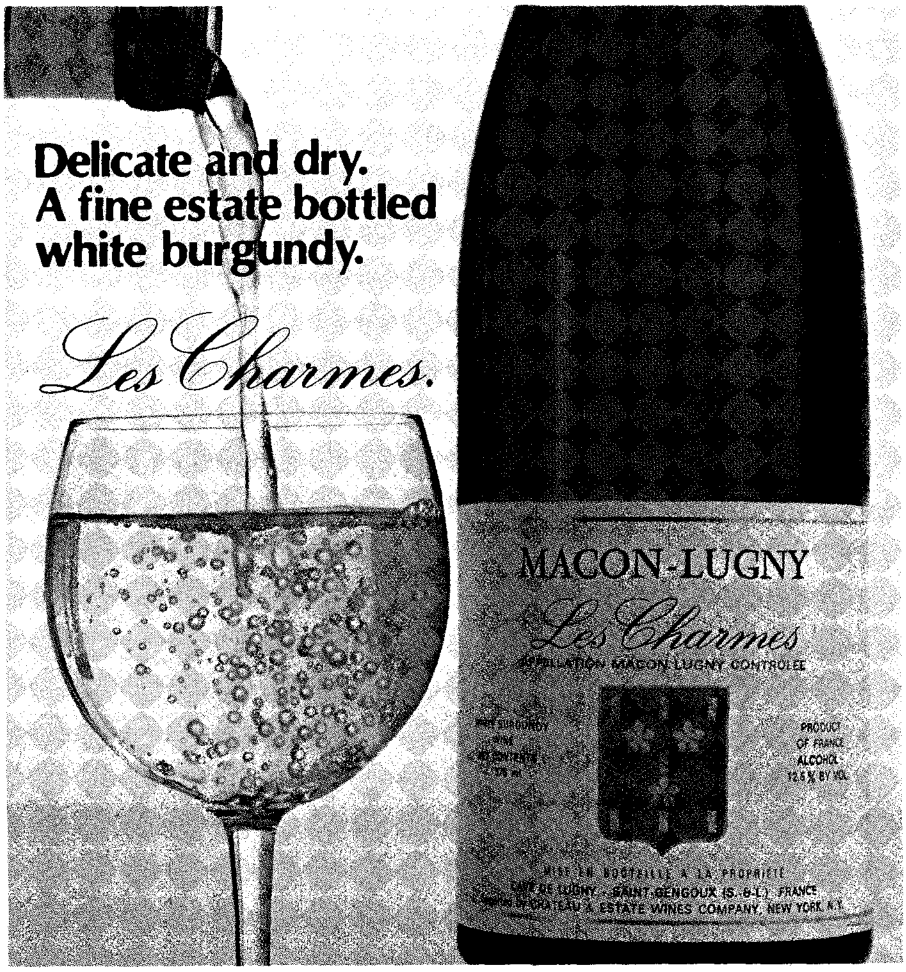
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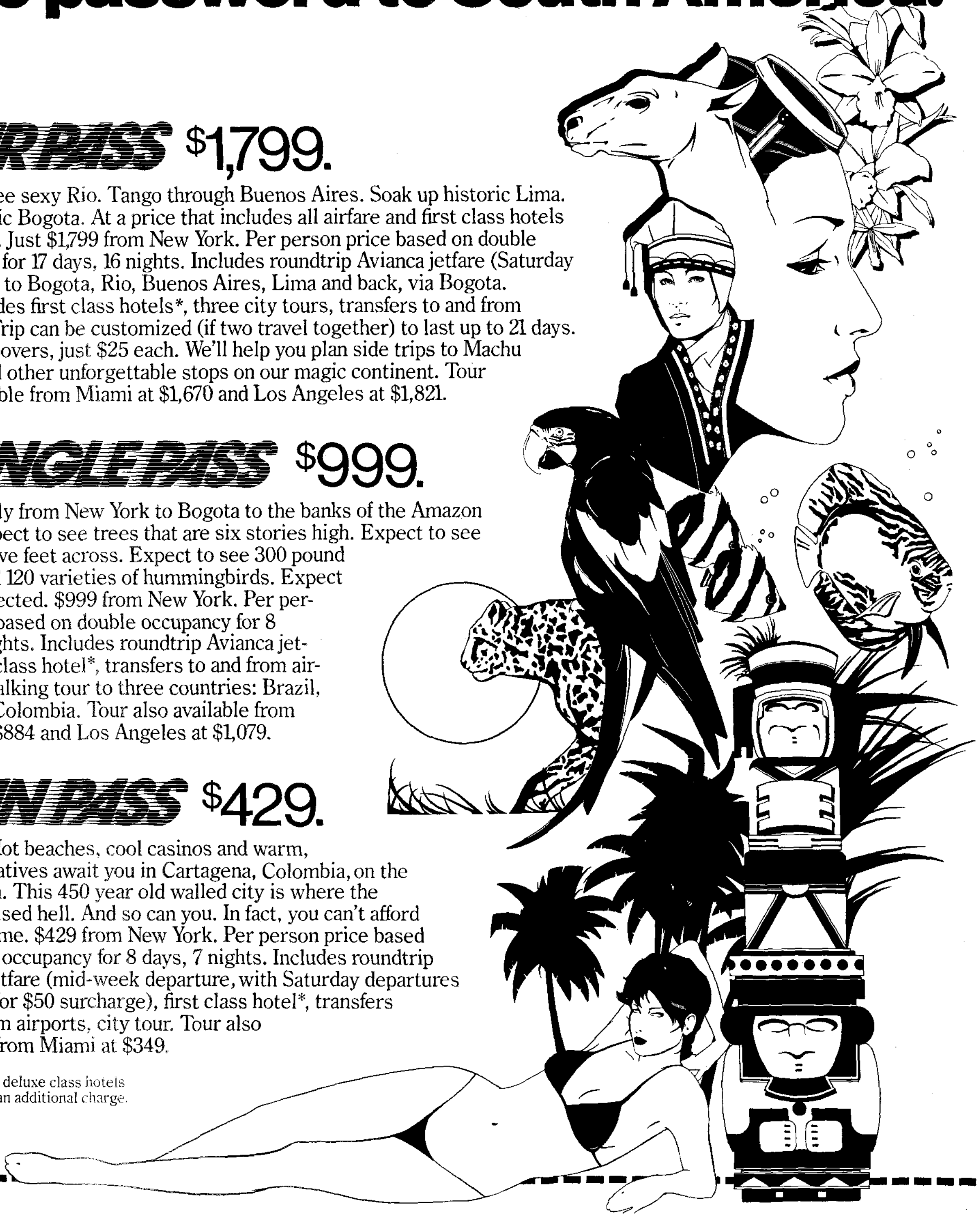

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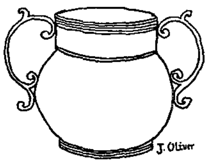
that in adopting the phrase "trickle-down theory" after Greider had used it in their conversation he had "just simply conceded the point." Finally, he affirmed, "I believe, absolutely believe, the supply-side theory is workable." Here, then, were recantation and indulgence, familiar sequels to apostasy. The question of exactly why Stockman had spoken to Greider as he had—he admitted that the quotations were accurate, but said he had understood that the article would not appear until later on in the Reagan Administration—remains cloudy, and is perhaps one rather for psychological than for political or economic analysis. On the face of the matter, Stockman had apparently been seeking to add a modern wrinkle to theological history—apostasy with a future release date.

IT was in this context that, in mid-November, I went to visit Wanniski. I found him at his think tank, Polyconomics, Inc., which has its offices in a large, comfortable former town house on a side street in Morristown, New Jersey. At forty-five, Wanniski is a husky, swarthy, bushy-browed man just under six feet tall, whose bearing—until he speaks, and immediately reveals a passion for abstractions—suggests a professional athlete. I found him not particularly concerned about Stockman's recent defection; rather, he seemed inclined to argue that the defection had actually started to take place even before Stockman assumed office at the O.M.B., and that, from the supply-side point of view, it was better to have this secret turncoat out in the open. Wanniski pointed out that in December, 1980, after Stockman was appointed, but while the Reagan Cabinet was still in the process of formation, Stockman had begun to show his true colors, at a private meeting, in New York City, of Reagan economic advisers, including supply-siders and non-supply-siders. At the meeting, according to Wanniski, Stockman had differed sharply with some of the more orthodox supply-siders present, and they had complained that Stockman seemed to be so preoccupied with budget cuts that they were afraid he would allow tax reduction to be sidetracked. On the same day, Stockman had met Lawrence Kudlow, of the investment firm of Bear, Stearns & Company, a young "economic gunslinger" (as Wanniski called him) who during the campaign had shown himself to be a dedicated disciple of former Secretary of the Treasury William E. Simon, an anti-supply-side Republican ultraconservative. Stockman, Wanniski went on, had immediately been impressed by Kudlow, and had later made him his deputy and closest confidante at the O.M.B. Thus—the Wanniski argument went—"Stockman barely made it into 1981 with a breath of supply side left in him," and his self-exposure in *The Atlantic* was a generally healthy development. Wanniski told me that at the moment he himself was more preoccupied with an intricate debate that he insisted was currently raging behind the scenes in the Administration, concerning what had really happened in the French economy in the year 1926. Everyone agreed that the French economy had taken a turn for the better during that year; the argument, mysteriously, was about whether the upturn occurred because Raymond Poincaré, the French Prime Minister, raised taxes or because he lowered them. Anti-supply-siders in Washington were now passionately espousing the former view, supply-siders the latter. The difference arose, Wanniski explained to me, because Poincaré had increased some taxes and reduced others. As Alan Reynolds—a former protégé of Milton Friedman whom, Wanniski told me with satisfaction, he had recently "captured" for the supply side and made chief economist of Polyconomics—had written in a recent Polyconomics publication, "what happened in France in 1926 is profoundly important because of a recent misunderstanding of that distant period that is being used today in Washington to rationalize the emphasis on budget deficits, leaving monetary issues to Federal Reserve discretion."



Difficult as it was to picture Reagan Administration officials spending their days debating the policies of Poincaré, I found myself somewhat captivated by Wanniski's and Polyconomics' blend of history, ideology, and gossip. I asked Wanniski to tell me something of his background and early life. He is, it seems safe to say, the only prominent supply-sider whose maternal grandfather was an active sympathizer with the Communist Party. He was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where his father and his mother's father, who were nearly the same age, were anthracite miners. Wanniski's grandfather, a Marxist and atheist of Lithuanian descent, helped organize the mines on behalf of the Party in the nineteen-twenties. Wanniski's father, of Ukrainian-Polish background, was cut from different cloth. Having studied for a time in his youth for the priesthood, he became a loyal member of the United Mine Workers, under the leadership of John L. Lewis, and in his political views he was at all times, according to Wanniski, "one hundred per cent American." In 1938, the grandfather moved to Brooklyn, where he became superintendent of an apartment house, and two years later Wanniski's father followed and took a similar job. As a young man in Brooklyn, Jude Wanniski came to think of himself as a Fabian Socialist. When he was eighteen, his grandfather, still a fervent Marxist, gave him a copy of Marx's "Capital," which Jude found himself unable to read. Twenty years later, in 1975, his grandfather, on his deathbed, insisted that the young man try it again; this time Wanniski succeeded in reading the book, and was startled to find, or believe that he had found, a parallel between the Communist classic and Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations." "Two supply-side minds at work" is the way Wanniski defines the parallel now. He went to Brooklyn College for a year and a half, and then transferred to the University of California at Los Angeles, where, after concentrating on geophysics, he took up political science and went on to graduate study in journalism. Today, as the proprietor of Polyconomics, and the supply side's de-facto publicity man, he lives in Morristown with his wife and three young children, in a house with a swimming pool, and plays golf regularly at the Spring Brook Country Club. He spends a great deal of time with his children, he told me, and the title of his book "The Way the World Works" is derived from the answer he gave when one of them asked him what the book he was writing was about. As for the book itself, he described it to me as "the outcome of a lifelong effort to throw one blanket over both my father and my grandfather."

Wanniski took me to lunch at the Spring Brook Club, and there, as we sat overlooking the golf course, he talked about the supply-side scene as he sees it. "Supply-side economics is one of two kinds of economics," he said. "Its basic belief is that the individual producer, rather than the consumer, is the dominant actor in the economy. Note that at certain times

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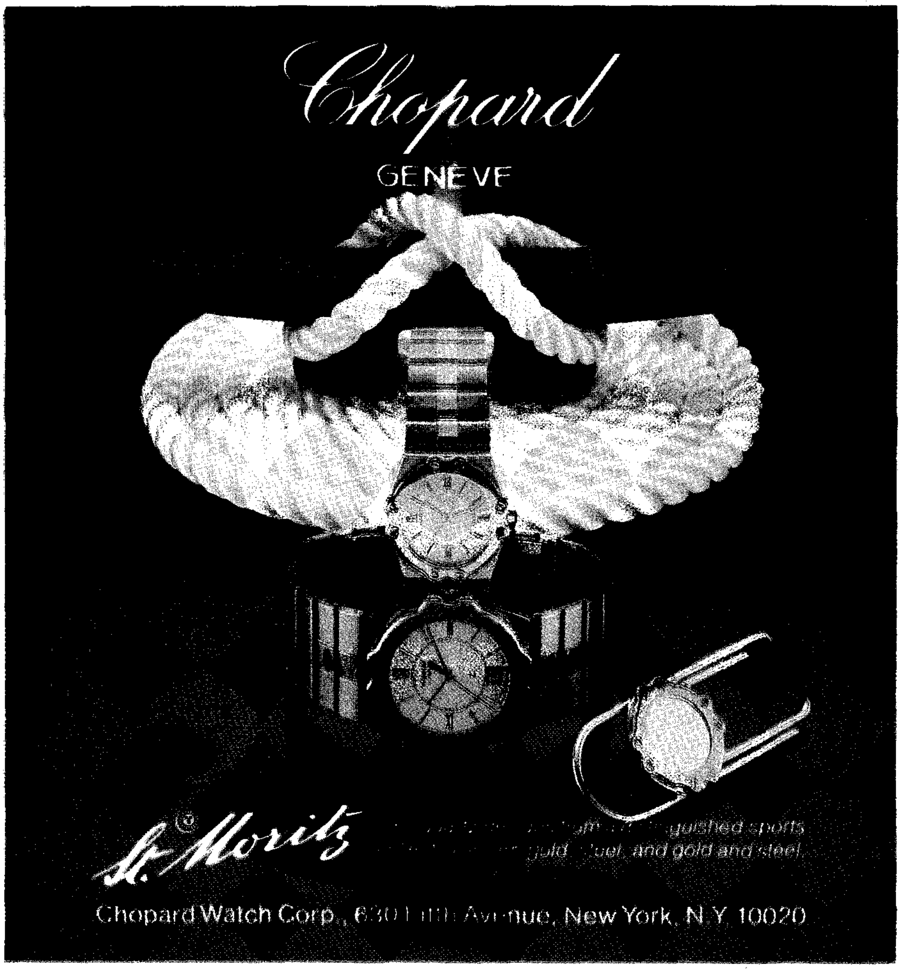
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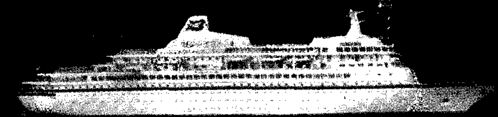

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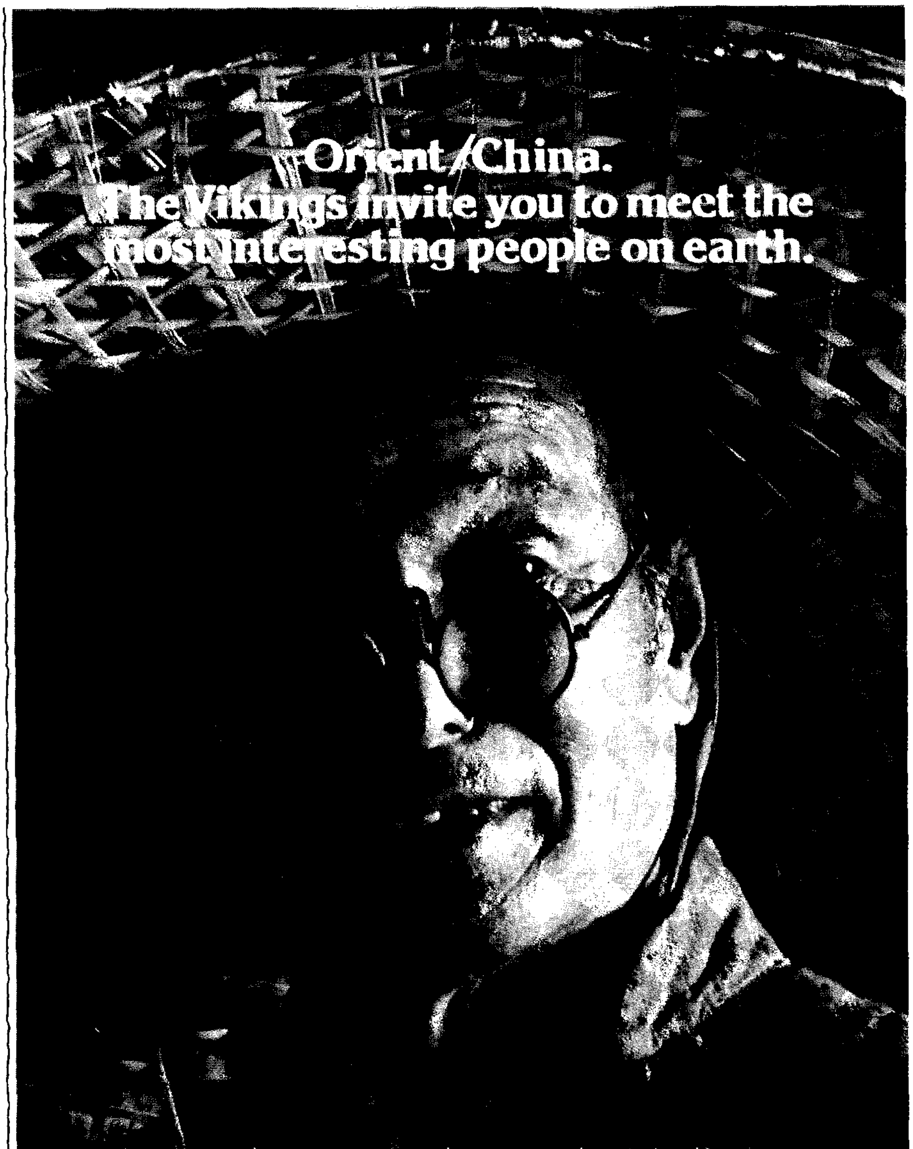
and in certain circumstances this analysis might suggest not tax cutting but tax *raising*. For example, suppose potholes in roads and highways were ruining producers' trucks. In such a case, doubling the gasoline tax to raise revenue for pothole repair might be indicated, because the potholes were hobbling production. Nor can it be said that demand theory is worthless. Demand theory by its nature suits the needs of an economy in contraction. It is designed expressly to see that people at the margins of society are taken care of. Supply-side theory has its eye on the ball of production, and is adapted to the needs of an economy in expansion. We believe that individuals at the margins of society can be taken care of through political institutions—what has been called the safety net. We provide a model of how to maximize output, and therefore government revenues, too. We leave it to politicians to decide how to divide up those revenues. That is, on the social question supply-side economics is neutral. In fact, we opposed Stockman's second round of spending cuts across the board, on the ground of not wanting to throw widows and orphans out into the snow."

Wanniski was willing, even eager, to admit that supply-siders have their internal differences and quarrels; indeed, he spoke of some of those quarrels with particular verve. As early as 1979, Wanniski recalled, Laffer and Ture were publicly at odds about the policies of the Thatcher government in Britain. That August, Laffer wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*, "The Thatcher budget lowers tax rates where they have little economic consequence and raises tax rates where they affect economic activity directly. The result is a substantial increase in the effective rate of taxation in the U.K. . . . Mrs. Thatcher's tax restructuring has lowered direct taxation but has taken even more away through indirect taxation. . . . A consumption tax of the U.K. variety is just as damaging to private incentives as is the equivalent income tax." Ture, in a letter to the *Journal*, replied that Laffer was flouting his own theories by putting emphasis on effective, or average, tax rates, when supply-side theory insists that it is the marginal tax rate that counts in stimulating production incentive. Again, supply-siders today disagree noisily on whether monetarists—who believe that the cure for inflation is slow, steady growth of the money supply—are allies or enemies of the supply side. Ture, for example, insists that he has no basic disagreements with the monetarists in government, such as Beryl Sprinkel at Treasury and Murray Weidenbaum of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Wanniski, on the other hand, believes that supply-siders and monetarists are often pulling in precisely opposite directions (in this he agrees with James Tobin, the Keynesian, anti-supply-side Yale economist who won the 1981 Nobel Prize in Economics), and at the time of our interview he had recently raised a storm by writing in a Polyconomics newsletter, "The public flogging of Beryl Sprinkel would do wonders for the bond market if joined to the 10th Anniversary of the closing of the gold window and an announcement that it will soon be opened."

Of late, the most crucial and sensitive difference among supply-siders has been on the question of whether or not, as an additional step to insure the practical effectiveness of their tax-cut program, the United States must return to the gold standard, which it partly abandoned in 1933-34 (when gold coins were removed from circulation and their possession by citizens outlawed) and finally abandoned in 1971 (when gold payments to other nations in exchange for dollars were suspended). The argument in favor of a return to gold is that it would restore stability to the dollar internationally and curb inflation domestically; the argument against it is that it would choke off trade and cause depressions by artificially restricting growth of the money supply. Mundell and Wanniski favor a full return to gold; Laffer favors an intermittent gold standard, which would move in and out of effect in response to certain economic triggers; and Ture is against a return to gold. Wanniski told me he believes that the Reagan tax cut is certain to fail of its purpose to one extent or another unless a gold standard is restored. "Gold begins the process," he told me. "Bob Mundell, prophetically, was talking about the necessity for a gold standard as early as 1969, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bretton Woods agreement. At that time, he predicted for the seventies a period of floating international exchange rates that would be a painful experience for all nations concerned. Of course, that's exactly what happened. When I met Mundell, in 1974, I asked him how he had come to make such an accurate forecast. He replied that he



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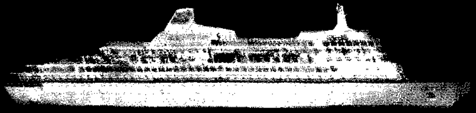

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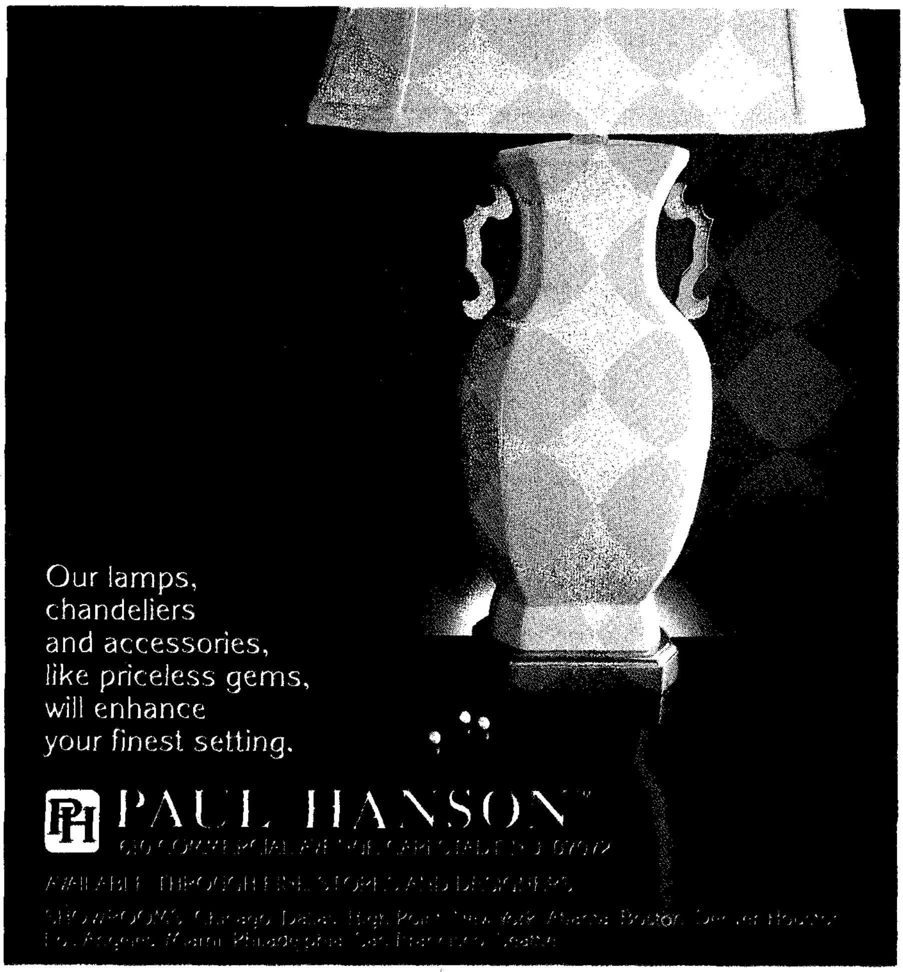
could see how things were going from the Treasury's actions at the time—attempts to patch up the problem of currency fluctuations through mutual loan agreements." Wanniski told me, with relish, of an exchange he and Ture had had on the subject of a gold standard during the autumn of 1981. They had met at a cocktail party in Washington, and Ture had said, "Jude, if you're for gold, how can you call yourself a supply-sider?" Wanniski had replied, "Norman, *I* get to say who's a supply-sider and who isn't."

Wanniski, I concluded at the end of our conversation, is the supply side's romantic—picturing heated intra-Administration debates about Poincaré, suggesting the "public flogging" of a Treasury official, trying to "throw one blanket" over his Marxist grandfather and his all-American father, seeing the very circumstances surrounding Christ's birth as the outcome of supply-side government action. To him, government economic policy-making seems to be an endless melodrama, marked by scenes of high confrontation that are half ideology and half personal relations. If Wanniski is seen by many as the supply side's clown, he doesn't seem to mind. Before leaving, I asked him if he had been considered for or had sought a job in the Reagan Administration. "There was some talk about it, but I wasn't interested," he replied. "I feel I have to remain outside and be the keeper of the pure model."

NEXT, I went up to Columbia to visit Robert Mundell, considered by Laffer and Wanniski the greatest living economist. To prepare myself, I looked up his curriculum vitae and dipped into his published works. He was born in Kingston, Ontario, in 1932, took a B.A. in economics at the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver, in 1953, and thereafter did graduate work at a varied and impressive group of institutions. In 1953-54, he was at the University of Washington; in 1954-55, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he received his doctorate in economics in 1956; in 1955-56, at the London School of Economics; and in 1956-57, at the University of Chicago, as a post-doctoral fellow. He began his teaching career as an instructor at the University of British Columbia in 1957, and during the subsequent decade he taught at Stanford, the Johns Hopkins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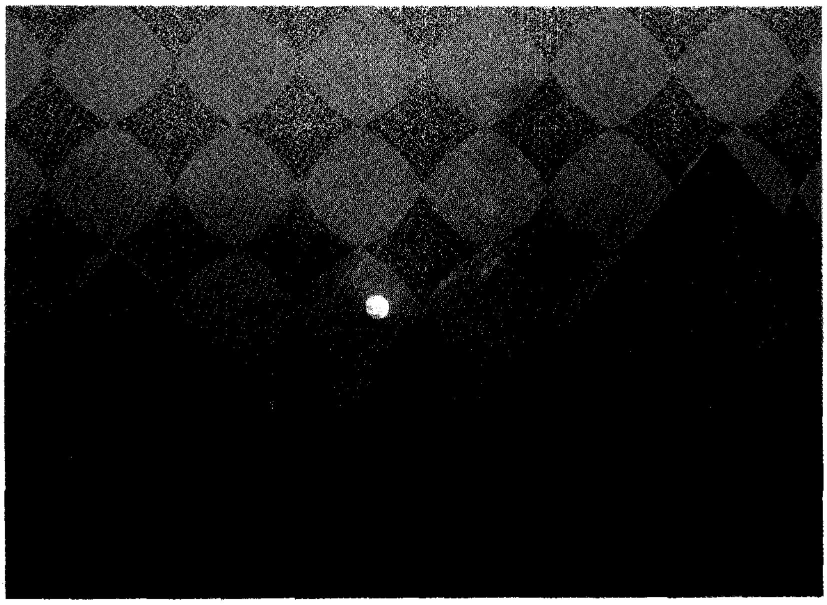
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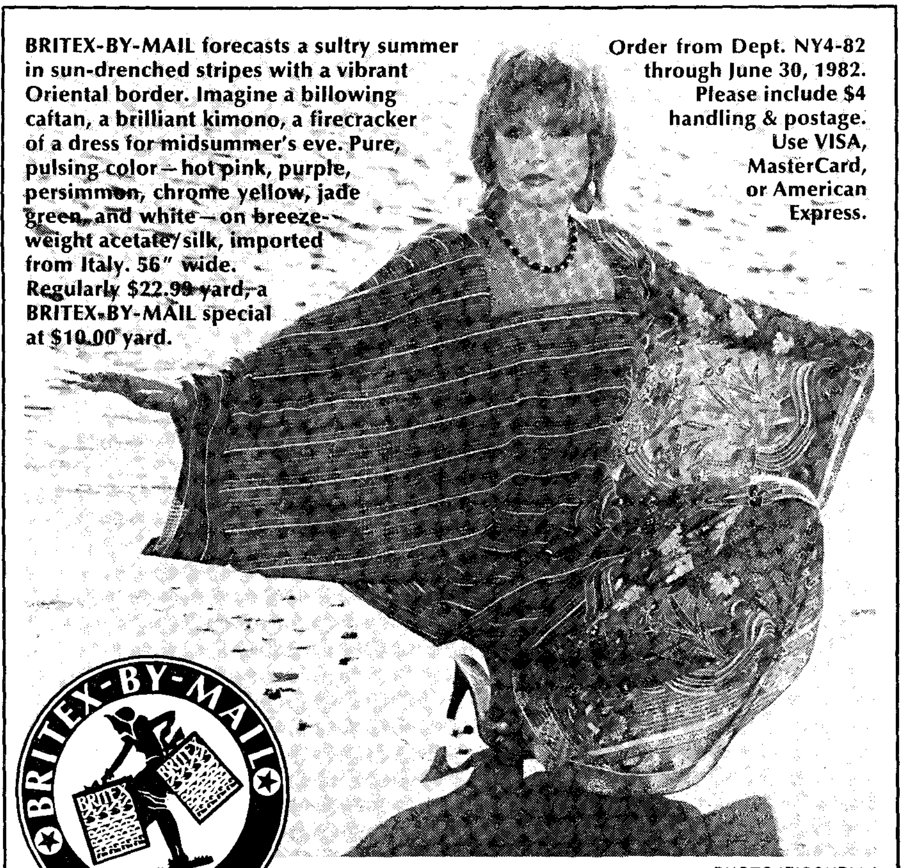
University Bologna Center, McGill, and, finally, Chicago, with two years off to serve as a senior economist with the International Monetary Fund and one to serve as a research professor at the Brookings Institution. In 1966, after an initial year as a Ford Foundation research professor of economics at Chicago, he became a regular professor there, and he stayed in that post until 1972, serving during the first four of those six years as editor of the Chicago-based *Journal of Political Economy*, which was Thorstein Veblen's preserve at the turn of the century, when he did most of its editing and some of its writing. In 1974, after two years back in Canada—at the University of Waterloo, in Ontario—Mundell came to Columbia as a professor of economics, and he has remained there since.

All in all, a thoroughly mainstream career, dotted with connections to institutions known for their liberal orientation—the London School of Economics, Brookings, and the Ford Foundation, for example. In his books, Mundell is a free user of the mind-boggling equations to which academic economists are notoriously prone. (Some economists—among them Keynes himself, who could write lucid and elegant prose when he wanted to—have been accused of putting in the equations principally for the purpose of certifying their professionalism.) For example, in a book of Mundell's entitled "International Economics," published in 1968, I came upon the following, in the course of an analysis of international payments:

$$\frac{\mathrm{dB}}{\mathrm{P}} = \mathrm{QM} \cdot \frac{\mathrm{TQ}}{\mathrm{QM}} \left[\frac{\mathrm{RQ}}{\mathrm{QM}} \cdot \frac{\mathrm{QM}}{\mathrm{TQ}} - \frac{\mathrm{TW}}{\mathrm{QM}} \cdot \frac{\mathrm{QM}}{\mathrm{TQ}} - 1 \right]$$
$$= \mathrm{I} \frac{\mathrm{dP}}{\mathrm{P}} \left(\mathrm{n}_a + \mathrm{n}_b - 1 \right)$$

The context made clear that $\frac{\mathrm{dB}}{\mathrm{P}}$ meant simply "deficit in the balance of payments," but I found the rest of the equation, and indeed of "International Economics," beyond me, and I turned to a volume that Wanniski had suggested I look into—"Inflation as a Global Problem," a transcript, with an introduction by Randall Hinshaw, of a conference of leading economists and financiers (Mundell among the former) on international monetary problems, which took place at Bologna, Italy, in April, 1971, under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins Bologna Center. The transcript of the conference, at which Mundell created a sensation, shows Mundell as a daring pioneer of supply-side theory, and a



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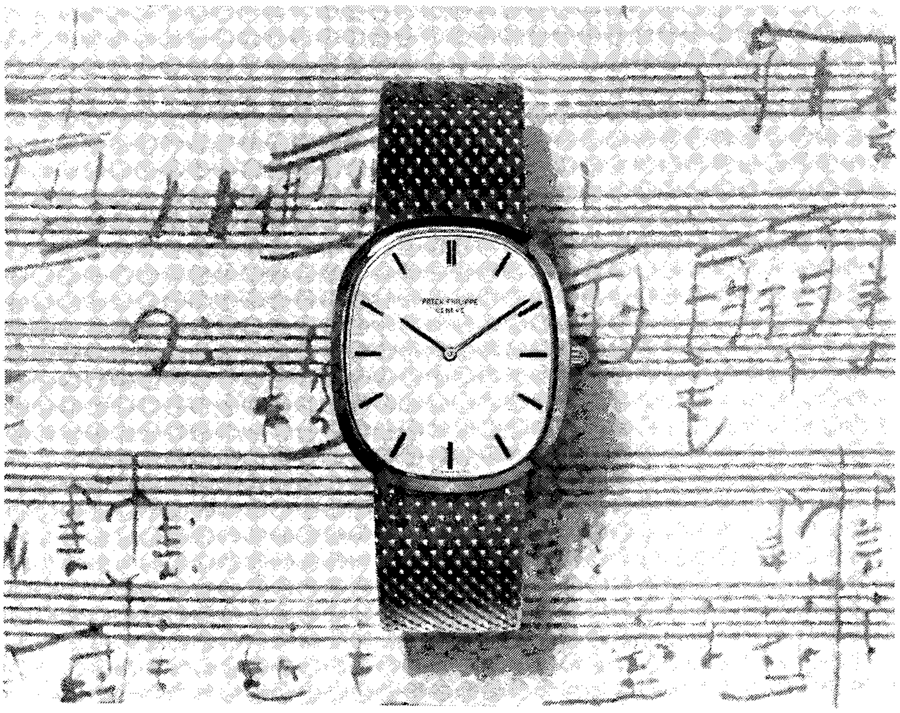

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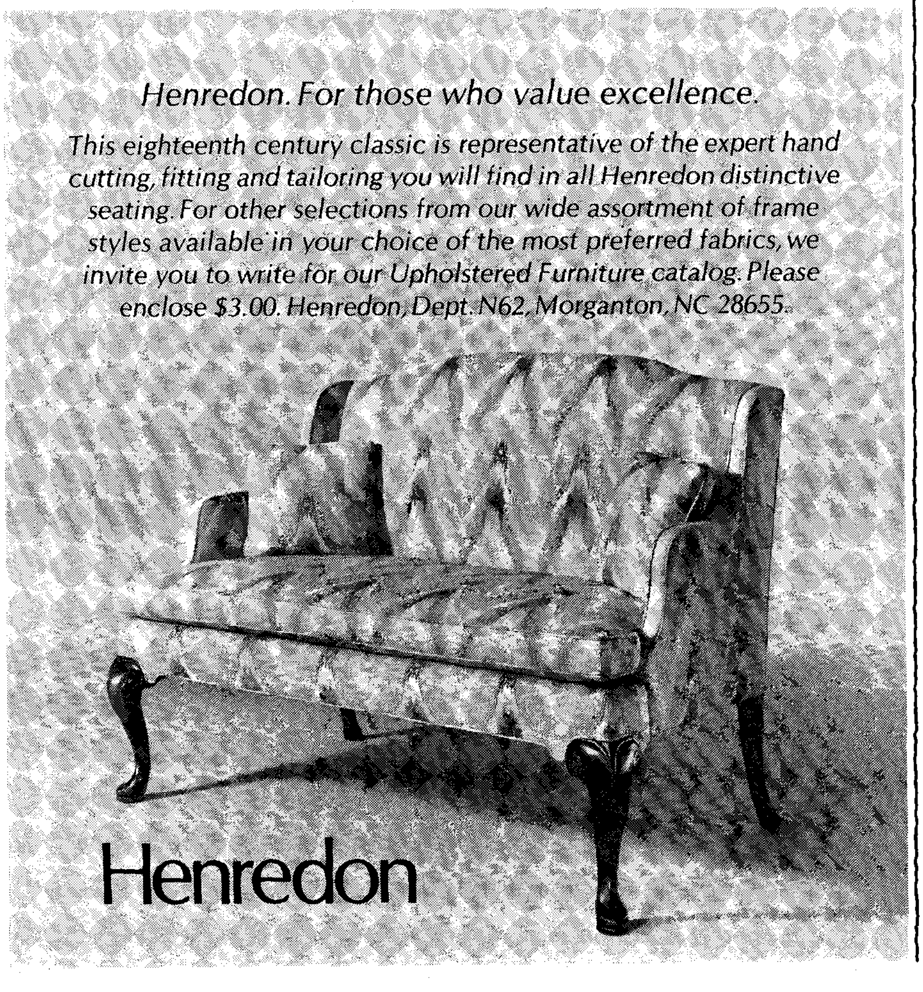

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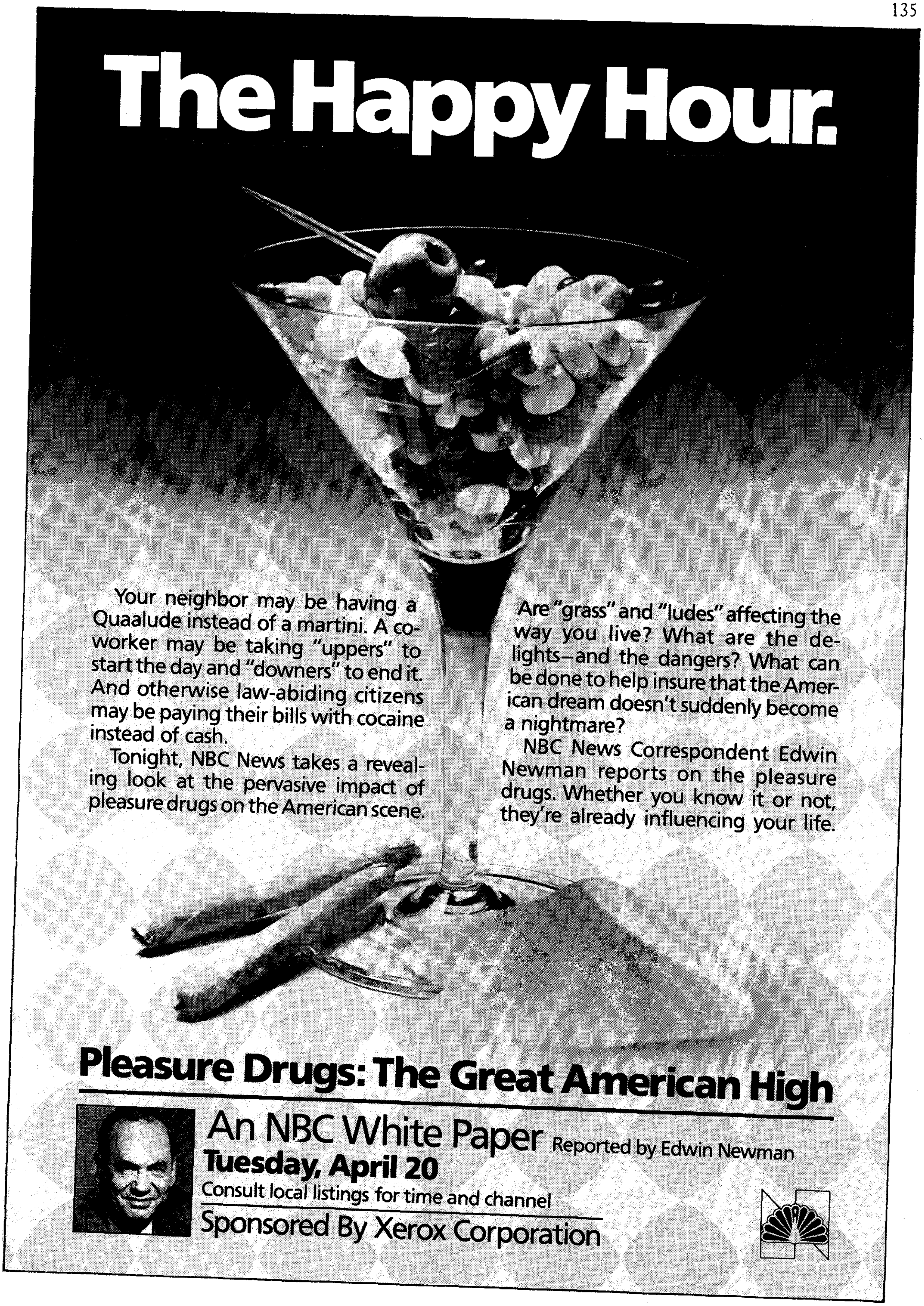
brash one. Among Mundell's remarks, admirable in their clarity, were the following:

> In 1968 our problem [in the United States] was to stop the inflation without causing a depression. How should we have done that? Should we have done it through monetary policy or through fiscal policy? The actual policy was a tax surcharge—a move that reduced effective demand and thus was partly responsible for the recession that came about in 1969-70. After the tax increase, the inflation actually accelerated. This should not really surprise anyone, since, with a given rate of monetary expansion, a tax increase should lower output expansion and thus increase prices. And when inflation occurs in a progressive tax system, the budgetary policy becomes even more stringent than intended, because people move into higher tax brackets. By any calculation of budgetary tightness, there was great stringency in 1968, 1969, 1970, up to the present time. I can only conclude that the Administration's answer to the question of how to stop inflation without causing a depression [its answer being through tight fiscal policy and loose monetary policy] was the wrong answer, because the policy adopted caused a depression without stopping inflation. . . .
>
> What, then, is the appropriate policy? My first observation would be that monetary and fiscal policies do not have the same effects on the economy. Monetary expansion has an effect upon expectations that is different from fiscal expansion. Fiscal expansion has a bigger effect on the real variables in the economy, and monetary policy has a bigger effect on the rate of change of the value of money, the reciprocal of the inflation rate. The right policy, I think, is to split monetary and fiscal policies, using monetary restraint to check inflation, and tax reduction—which would reduce the upward wage pressure—to increase employment.

Going on to speak of the alleged inflationary effect of large federal budget deficits that might result from such policies, Mundell made another remark that has a contemporary ring in 1982:

> I'm frankly not worried about this problem at all.
>
> I think it's a mirage.

Here, then, in 1971, was a brief exposition of virtually all the principal ideas of supply-side economics: the stimulative effect of tax cuts on production; the "first-order" price effect of a tax cut; the emphasis on "expectations;" the relative tolerability of big budget deficits—everything but the Laffer Curve itself. The system proposed by Mundell was the exact opposite of the generally received economic view in 1971 of how to fight inflation without causing depression, and the exact opposite of the policies pursued to that end by the Johnson and Nixon Administrations. Hinshaw, a professor of economics at the Claremont Gradu-



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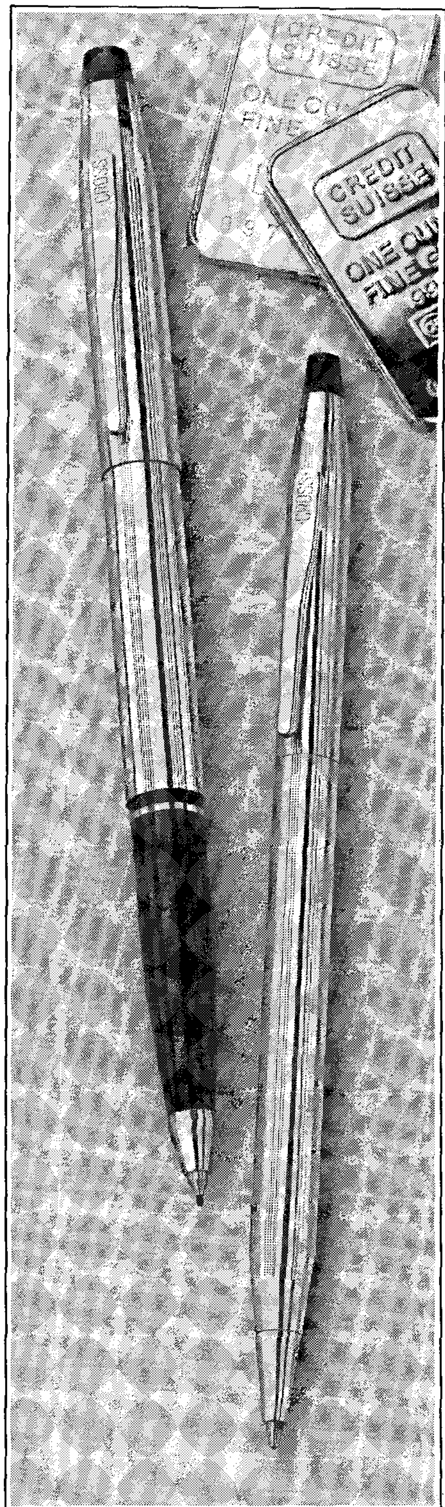
ate School, apparently understated the matter when he wrote that Mundell's views "met with considerable resistance around the conference table." After all, if Mundell was right just about everyone else was wrong, and the leading governments of the free world, in their frantic efforts to put out the fire of inflation, were in fact fuelling it. One participant—Sir Eric Roll, a director of the Bank of England—did exclaim, "More power to Bob Mundell!" But most of the others felt that there was at the conference what Lord Robbins, the chairman of the Court of Governors of the London School of Economics, called "a Bob Mundell difficulty." So many verbal arrows were directed at Mundell that Willard Thorp, the conference chairman, compared Mundell's position to that of St. Sebastian. Among those who, with academic tact, expressed strong disagreement with Mundell's views were Professor Gottfried Haberler, of Harvard, Professor Fritz Machlup, of Princeton, and Giovanni Magnifico, London representative of the Banca d'Italia. In response to Haberler's objection, which focussed on the problem of budget deficits, Mundell was less than tactful, as the transcript shows:

> MUNDELL: Gottfried Haberler said, "Ah, but that means a budget deficit." It may or may not, because the tax base, through multiplier and accelerator effects, may change. [The Laffer Curve is anticipated in this statement.] But suppose it does mean a budget deficit in the United States—who cares?
>
> HABERLER: Then the money supply . . .
>
> MUNDELL: Look, Gottfried . . . I think it's shocking that, thirty-five years after the Keynesian revolution, we should be squabbling about an issue that should have long been laid to rest. . . . The tax cut will employ more people and equipment, and the economy will move at a far faster rate toward recovery than before.

After the conference had absorbed the shock of this somewhat brusque reproof to Haberler, a seventy-year-old pillar of the economics establishment, from the thirty-eight-year-old Mundell, Lord Robbins, after noting that he himself still disagreed with Mundell, smoothed the situation over by saying, "Bob—here I lay down a sociological law—is seldom wrong. . . . If Bob can induce President Nixon to change his present policy in the Mundell direction, I shall watch with fascinated and detached interest the result." Mundell never did induce Nixon to change his policy in the Mundell direction, but he and others induced a later President to take such a



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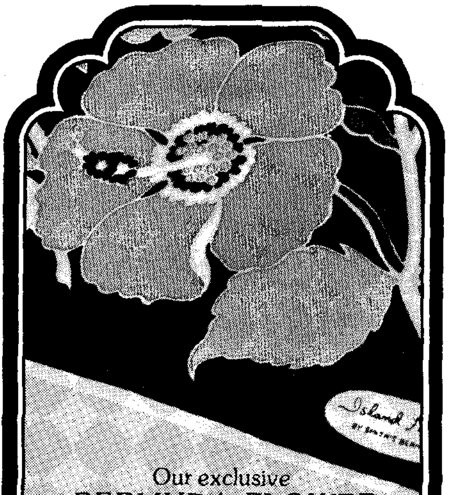

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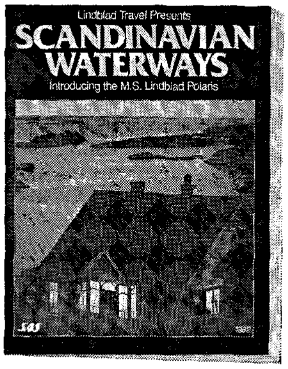

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direction: the current fiscal and monetary policies of the Reagan Administration are exactly the ones that Mundell recommended at Bologna.

Last December, an eventful decade after Bologna, I met Mundell in his lair—a tiny, cluttered office on the tenth floor of Columbia's School of International Affairs building, at 118th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where the university's Department of Economics is housed. At forty-nine, Mundell is a heavyset man with an almost startling mixture of facial and speech characteristics. He speaks in a slow, slightly slurring way, in what might almost be taken for an old man's voice, while his face, set off by lightish, straight, shoulder-length hair, has the innocent, angelic cast of a baby's, except when, occasionally, it breaks into a rather diabolical grin. He was wearing a turtleneck sweater, a tweed coat, and bluejeans, and was smoking a pipe. Mundell retains his Canadian citizenship, and I found something distinctively Canadian about him—a whiff of the North. Divorced since 1972, he lives in an apartment on Claremont Avenue, near the Columbia campus. In response to my request for family information, he told me that his grandfather had come from Scotland to Chicago in 1901 and had later moved to Canada, and that his father was a career Army man. The family lived at the Royal Military College at Kingston, where Mundell's father was stationed, until 1939, when they moved to the village of Latimer, outside Kingston. Following the end of the Second World War, Mundell's father retired, and the family moved to Haney, near Vancouver. At the University of British Columbia, Mundell told me, he studied Slavonic languages along with economics, and took military training during the summers. (It occurred to me that there is something military about his bearing but that the suggestion is of a rebellious soldier rather than a dutiful one.)

Mundell said that throughout his career he has been something of a supply-sider or, at least, a classical economist rather than a Keynesian. Reaching into one of the apparently unruly piles of papers that filled his office, he pulled out a typescript of his doctoral dissertation, written in the middle nineteen-fifties. Its subject was incentives and allocation effects in international trade.

"In the thesis, I used the pure classical economic model," Mundell told me. "There was no Keynesianism in

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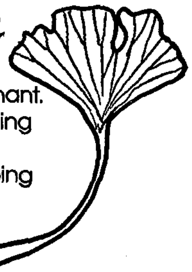

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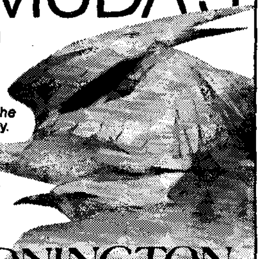

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it; it was purely a building up of the classical model. In graduate school, and up to the early nineteen-sixties, I worked almost exclusively on classical economics. Then for a few years I concentrated on largely Keynesian models—still in the field of international trade, which I made my specialty. Around 1965, there came a big change—a sharp move back to the classical, money-oriented models, the context of the classical economy. What Keynes added to economic theory was an explicit theory of aggregate demand. This had been left implicit in classical theory. All economists believe in both supply *and* demand. It's a question of which is seen as the driving force. Manipulation of demand is important in times of depression and high unemployment but is inappropriate for times of inflation and relatively full employment. The reason my work has been essentially on supply is that while it was being done we were in a world of essentially full employment. The economic theorist works with different models which apply at different times. In the late sixties, I frequently talked about both supply and demand management. At that time, Keynesianism was riding high, and the focus on supply had not been much considered by government policymakers in any country. I was integrating my earlier, Keynesian ideas into supply-side theory, and the issue essentially disappeared for me. Keynes used 'classical' as a term of opprobrium. He carried the torch of a revolution, and he converted the bulk of economists, especially American economists. They began to neglect the supply side. Of course, F.D.R.'s policies in the nineteen-thirties were practical Keynesianism. That was the moment for them. The fact is that Keynesianism reached its peak popularity only long after its time of peak usefulness was past. After 1945, the problem that required a demand-side model—the problem of mass unemployment—was essentially corrected."

Mundell doesn't appear to be rich, and it struck me that the fact that his economic ideas are generally approved by the rich probably doesn't please, displease, or much interest him. My feeling was that, as a professor immersed in theory, he has little in common with the rich. Continuing his exposition, he said that in Europe Keynesian theory never took over economic thought to anything like the extent that it did in the United States, and that it has never taken a strong

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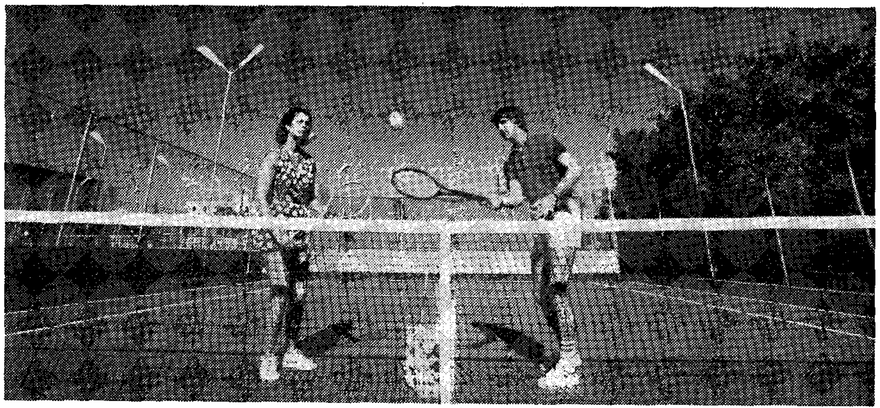

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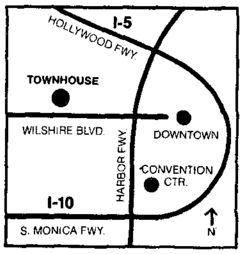

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hold in the Third World, where stimulating production rather than managing demand is almost always the key problem. Mundell spends a month or more each year in Montevideo, Uruguay, where, with funds from the University of the Republic of Uruguay and from that nation's central bank, he has set up a doctoral program in economics for Uruguayans. He considers Uruguay the world's best example of a supply-side economy in action, and therefore a living laboratory for his researches.

I asked Mundell when he had become interested in tax cuts as a means of stimulating production.

"In 1961," he replied. "That was the year I first suggested tax cuts to deal with unemployment, and simultaneous tight money to control the external balance of payments. In February, 1971—two months before the Bologna conference—I attended a meeting of consultants to the Treasury Department, in Washington. It was the day John Connally became Secretary of the Treasury, I recall. I recommended a tax cut and monetary restraint. What they subsequently did was the opposite, and what they got is well known—more inflation, and the collapse of the gold standard that August." As supply-side theory gradually gained political status during the nineteen-seventies, Mundell tended to stay aloof from the political scene, participating in it only indirectly, through Wanniski and Kemp. He took no direct part in the Reagan Presidential campaign. In the entire decade, perhaps the closest he came to intervention in political matters was his advocacy, still mostly through Wanniski, of an across-the-board income-tax cut in the late autumn of 1974, and his disapproval of the rebates and special payments of March, 1975. "My ideas on tax cutting were not popular with the Ford Administration," Mundell told me. "As to the rebates and special payments in preference to an across-the-board cut, the issue was between macro-stability, which I believed an across-the-board cut would have brought, and compassion. The Ford Administration solution was a compassionate solution. But economics has never been based on compassion. It is based on consumption problems and production problems. In a world of consumption and no production, economics doesn't matter, because everybody starves anyhow. The aim of supply-side economics is to make the pie for general consumption bigger. The

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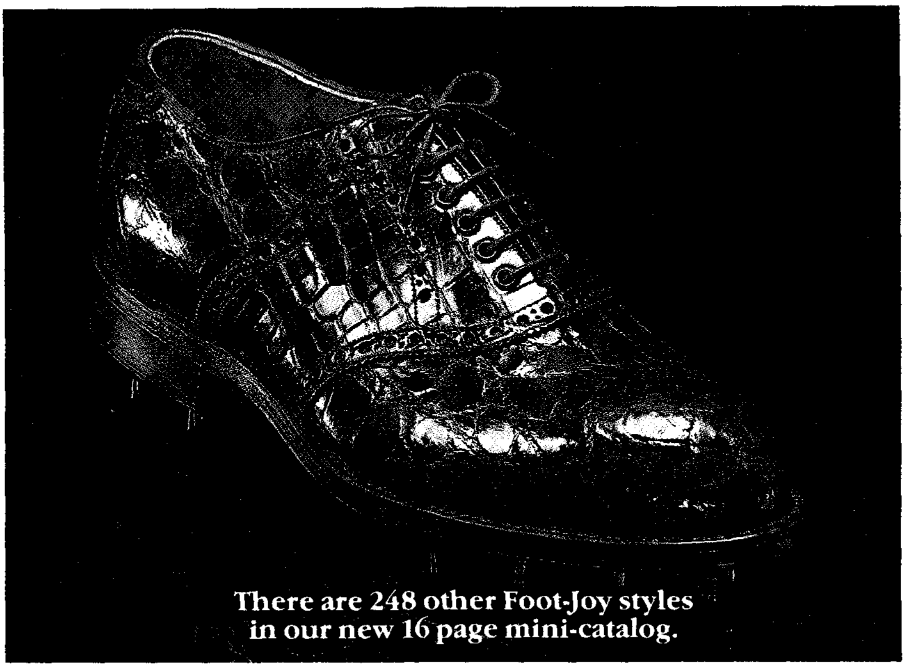
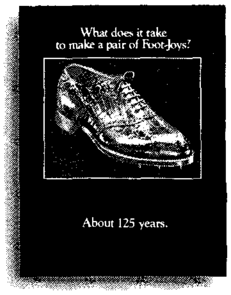
question of who gets how much of the pie is for politicians. It's a tradeoff between compassion in the present and compassion in the future. Everybody's compassionate, but there are degrees of compassion. There is a degree beyond which you begin to damage the productive aspect of society. In supply-side theory, profits are good, not bad. They guide production in the right direction—that is, up. If taxes are too high, they are a bottleneck in the supply apparatus." The diabolical grin suddenly crossed Mundell's face, and he said, "Those rebates and special payments were a demonstration of the Keynesian 'trickle-up' theory, which I've just invented, and which you're welcome to, if you want it. The trickle-up theory is based on the premise that benefits to the poor will trickle up to the rich."

Mundell and I went to lunch at a second-story restaurant overlooking upper Broadway, and during the meal he discoursed on the place of Keynes in current economic thought and on Keynes' economic philosophy in general. "I don't like the attempt today in the economics profession to bury Keynes," he said. "If we did bury him, we'd only have to dig him up again if we got into another period of mass unemployment. His model was and is the effective one for such a period. I don't think of myself as carrying the torch of a revolution. Good economists today learn both classical and Keynesian theory. In my writing, I've described Keynesianism as romantic and the supply side as realistic. There's room in the world for both. In depression times, Keynesian romanticism is *correct.* I don't adapt my opinions to what other supply-siders think. I listen to their opinions, but I make up mine myself. I disagree with some of them about monetarism. Monetarists are demand-siders, like Keynesians. Incidentally, the idea that you should always cut taxes is absurd. After all, in the end you've got to pay for government expenditures."

IN January, I went out to California to see Laffer. His office is in a small suite on the sixth floor of Hoffman Hall, on the campus of the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles. It is almost, though not quite, as modest as Mundell's at Columbia, but is considerably more Californian, featuring pictures and ceramic figures of animals and birds. There I met Laffer—a fairly short, chunky man of forty-one with a sort of





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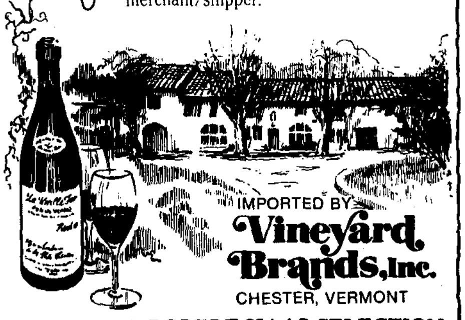

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pixie air of youth and mischief which makes him seem, at first glance, more like a clever advertising man than like an economic guru. I spent the morning in his office and in the student cafeteria downstairs in the building, listening to him talk about his life and his economic theories. Although he has had a certain fame—or, in some cases, infamy—in economics circles since the early nineteen-seventies, his name has been generally known in California and nationally only since 1978, when attention was forcibly called to his specialty, tax cuts and their advantages, by California's passage of Proposition Thirteen. (He supported it, but with reservations.) During the time we were sitting in the cafeteria, he did not seem to attract the curious glances usually accorded a celebrity faculty member on his campus; on the other hand, he did engage in a few of the intense, personal conversations with students that are characteristic of the life of a valued teacher. Between these encounters, Laffer told me that he loves teaching, that students are his "lifeblood," and that of the thirty or so current employees at his consulting firm, A. B. Laffer Associates, about one-third are former students of his. One former student—Jan P. Seymour, a U.S.C. Master of Business Administration—has been his administrative assistant since shortly after her graduation, in 1978, and is a co-founder and director of A. B. Laffer Associates. Laffer literally entrusts his professional life to Miss Seymour: she sometimes makes appointments for him without his knowledge or approval, and when she has booked someone into his schedule he sees the person without necessarily knowing in advance who he is or what he wants.

Laffer's home life is somewhat anomalous, too. Since he and his wife, Patricia, separated, in 1979, he has been raising his four children, now aged eighteen to nine, with the help of a governess-housekeeper, at a house in Rolling Hills Estates, a suburb south of Los Angeles. Laffer told me that he normally spends most of his days at U.S.C., and perhaps one full day a month at A. B. Laffer Associates, which is near his home. Once a week or so, he goes somewhere overnight to give a lecture, and the fees from his lectures constitute a part of the income of A. B. Laffer Associates. He frequently talks by telephone with most of the leading supply-siders, in and out of government; his one formal connec-

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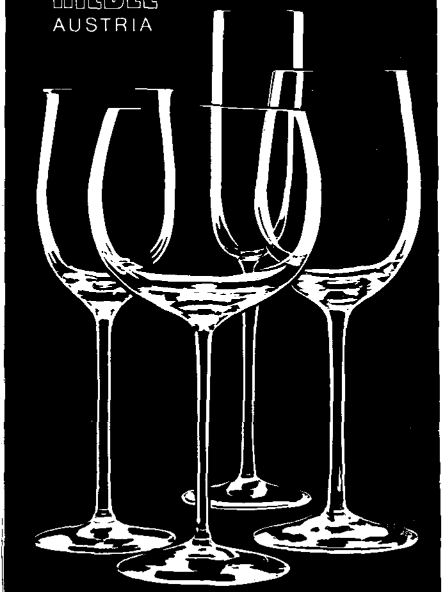

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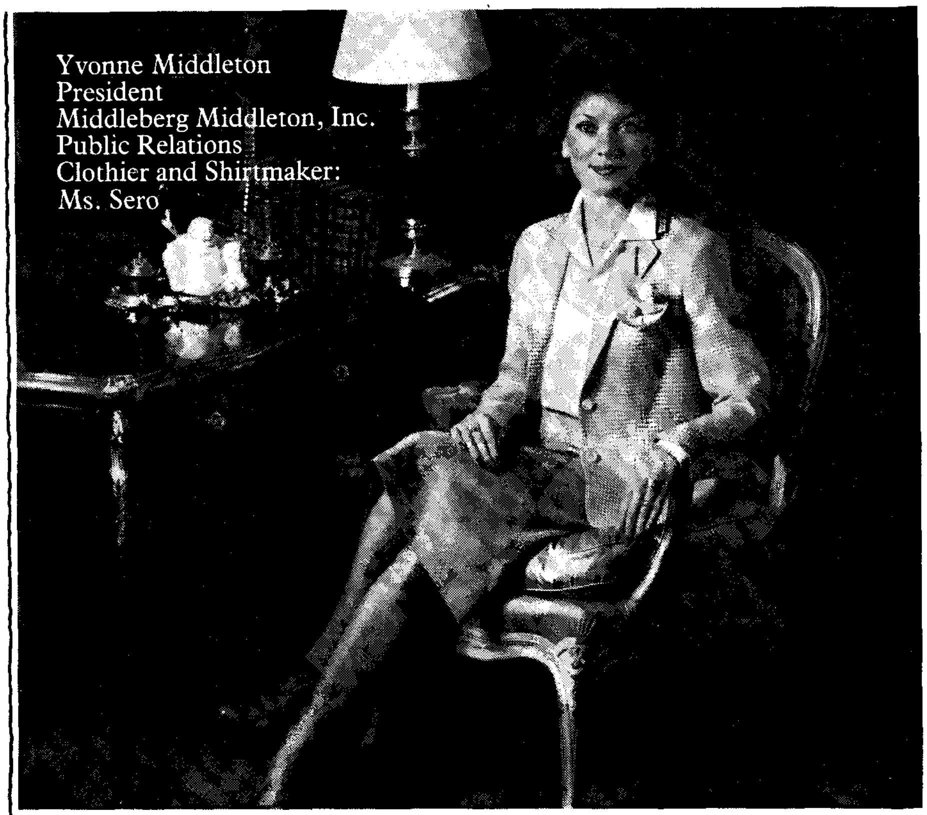
ion with the Reagan Administration membership in the President's Eco- omic Policy Advisory Board—a roup that includes such conservative conomic heavyweights as Arthur Burns, Milton Friedman, George hultz, and Walter B. Wriston, the hairman of Citicorp, and meets in Vashington every six weeks or so. affer is the youngest member of the Advisory Board, and the only supply- ider on it. "Shultz and Friedman are oth former mentors of mine, from Jniversity of Chicago days," Laffer aid. "Even now, I agree with them inety-five per cent of the time, but here it stops."

On supply-side theory, I found Laf- er so undogmatic and modest in his laims as to be somewhat disconcert- ng. To begin with, he insists that the affer Curve is not a rigorous expo- ition of a new economic idea but, ather, a quick and effective way of ommunicating an old concept to stu- lents and laymen. He favors a return o the gold standard in modified form ecause, he says, "I don't think a nonetarist or Keynesian solution will top inflation. However," he adds, 'Milton Friedman and John Kenneth Galbraith, who disagree with me, are bright men, and I may be wrong." When a nation has committed itself to a riverboat gamble, it is less than reassuring to have one of the leading thinkers who inspired the gamble say that. Of supply-siders in general, Laffer says, "A problem I have with people who follow us is that they don't recognize the theory's shortcomings. They go too far. I don't think you cut Social Security or unemployment insurance in a down economy. To do that is—well, immoral. You cut those things in an *up* economy. I might agree with Mundell that Keynesian policy is the right one in a depression. But I seldom write things like that. As I see it, my role is not to be balanced and eclectic. As an academic scholar, I give you a model, presumably constructed thoroughly and professionally. Then you can use it, or part of it, or none of it. When I talk about taxes, I talk about taxes. I don't say that nothing else matters. My specialty is taxes, not sociology or anthropology. I make a lot of mistakes, but never because of bias. As a professor, I shiver at the thought of making public policy. You should never let a professor run your country. But you should listen to what he has to say."

Laffer is the only one of the supply-side theorists I talked with who him-



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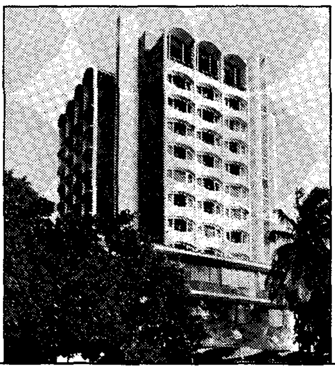

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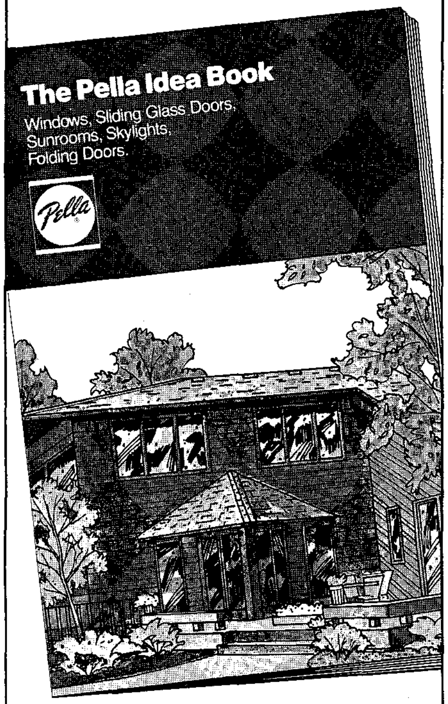
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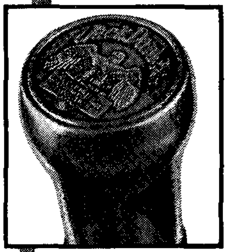
self grew up in the successful business class that has given supply-side economics so much of its political support. At the time of his birth, in 1940, his father—William G. Laffer, a Yale graduate with the Class of 1929—was a beer dealer in Youngstown, Ohio. Six weeks after Arthur's birth, the family moved to Cleveland, where his father joined a company called Cleveland Graphite & Bronze that manufactured bearings and bushings. It later became the Clevite Corporation, and William Laffer became its chairman and chief executive officer. Arthur Laffer, the youngest of three brothers, grew up first in the Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights and later in Lyndhurst, a more rural community outside Cleveland. After first grade, he attended local private schools, where he distinguished himself in athletics; at home, he kept unusual pets, including, at one time or another, turtles, raccoons, crows, and a deer. At Yale, where he began undergraduate study in 1958, he performed poorly as a student, and at the end of his third year stood near the bottom of his class. "I was very immature—a special characteristic of members of my family when young," Laffer told me. "I was involved at Yale in all kinds of goof-off activities, such as a fraternity and a secret society. In the summer of 1961, I went to Germany, and at the end of summer I wanted to take the year off from Yale and stay abroad. My father disagreed, and he and I decided to submit our difference to binding arbitration by a Yale dean. The dean decided for me. I stayed in Germany that winter, studying at the University of Munich, where I finally began to do well. I came back for my Yale class's graduation, in June, 1962, and heard the famous speech President Kennedy made there. That autumn, I returned to Yale for my senior year, and I graduated with high honors in economics the following June."

Laffer then went to Stanford, where he got a Master of Business Administration degree, in 1965, and studied toward, but did not complete the requirements for, a Ph.D. in economics, discovering the work of Mundell in the process. In 1967, he got a faculty appointment at Chicago—he had applied to that university because Mundell was there—and took his first year as leave, as a research associate at the Brookings Institution, in Washington. At Brookings, he met Ture, who was seventeen years his senior, and the two became friends, although they fell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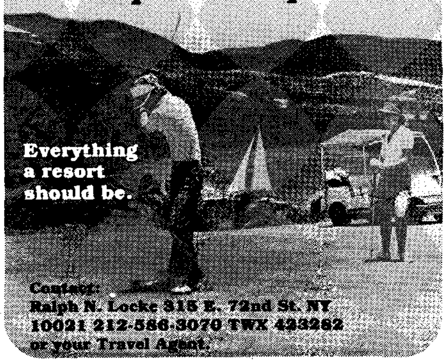
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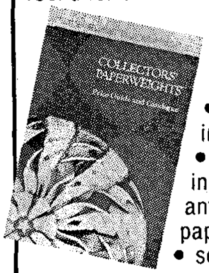
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out on ideological grounds later. (Laffer told me that he agrees basically with Ture's "neoclassical analysis" but thinks it may be "too rigid and dogmatic.") In 1968, he returned to Chicago, and was promoted to a tenured professorship; then, in 1970, at the urging of his old Chicago dean, Shultz, who had become O.M.B. director, he went to Washington to be chief economist at the O.M.B.

In Washington began what was for Laffer a time of trial in the wilderness. Early in 1971, the Nixon Administration forecast a gross national product for the whole of 1971 of one thousand sixty-five billion—a figure considerably higher than most economists had expected. The origin of this forecast, which caused an uproar in economics circles, turned out to be the O.M.B.; more specifically, it was identified as the product of an unorthodox econometric model developed chiefly by the publicly unknown Dr. A. B. Laffer. The model was characterized as being an exceptionally crude one, involving only four equations, rather than the dozens or hundreds conventionally expected of such constructions; the most striking result of these methods, it was pointed out, was an assumption that changes in the money supply have an almost instantaneous effect on the gross national product, rather than the belated effect that had been posited by Friedman and other recognized authorities. O.M.B. Director Shultz defended the forecast against its detractors, but in late April Congress released a report from the staff of the Federal Reserve Board strongly criticizing the model and rejecting its conclusions. In mid-May, by which time the affair had assumed the dimensions of a minor scandal, the *Times* printed in its Sunday business section a rhyme signed by "Alfred Priori" and entitled "Laffer's Money Machine," which began:

They laughed at Laffer's money
  machine,
Such a quaint econometric model
  has seldom been seen.
Four simple equations led Laffer to
  say
Output and M go up almost the
  same day.

In reality, the O.M.B. model had not been the sole basis of the Nixon Administration's forecast, and Laffer had not been the sole creator of the model. Nevertheless, he was publicly blamed and ridiculed for it, and he took the criticism hard. He says now, "I didn't do that forecast. I was hardly thirty years old, and I had a very

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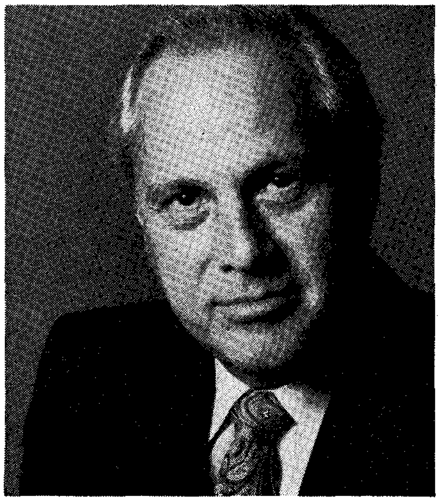

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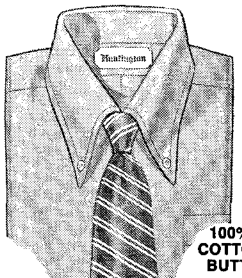

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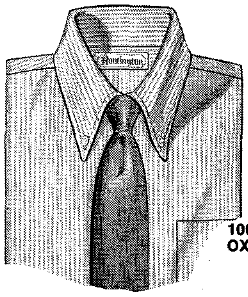

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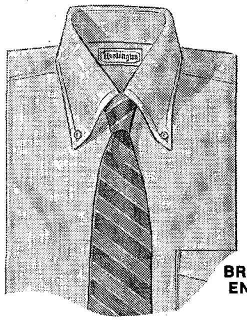

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low rank. I didn't *dis*agree with the number ten sixty-five, but it wasn't my number. I was terrified about the whole thing. It dragged on and on, and I got quite depressed." As it happened, several years later, after several rounds of recalculations by the Commerce Department, the forecast of one thousand sixty-five billion turned out to have been nearly correct; but that was too late to cheer up Laffer. In 1972, he returned to the University of Chicago, where he ran head-on into a charge—a false one, he says—that back in 1968 he had concealed from the university authorities the fact that he had failed to complete his Ph.D. requirements at Stanford. (He completed them, and got the degree, in 1972.) His disgrace therefore continued, and many of his Chicago faculty colleagues avoided speaking to him. Meanwhile, over several years, presumably in reaction to the strain he had been under, he had gained an alarming amount of excess weight. "I had started gaining at Stanford. I was fat at Brookings. I was real fat in Washington," Laffer says. Now, back at Chicago, and apparently facing career disaster, he went on a crash diet, and lost seventy-five pounds in ninety days. By 1976, the year he went to U.S.C. as a full professor, he was comparatively thin, he was gradually becoming known for the Laffer Curve and the Mundell–Laffer Hypothesis, and he was well on his way to becoming a prophet of supply-side economics. Of the years of the ten-sixty-five forecast, the accusation of bad faith, and the unwanted fat, Laffer says equally, "Right now, it seems as if that was all a good hazing period."

Laffer recognizes that his name is well known nowadays, if only for his pedagogical device. Airline stewardesses and hotel bellmen say to him, "Oh, the Laffer Curve. Good—I want *my* taxes cut." However, he plays down the mythic aspect of his situation; when I asked him about the alleged drawing of the curve on the napkin, he made a dismissing gesture and said, "Oh, that's just something of Jude's." When I asked whether he had considered or would consider taking a job in the Reagan Administration, he replied, "Right off the bat, I couldn't consider it, because I'm raising my four kids."

That afternoon, I drove out to Rolling Hills Estates to see A. B. Laffer Associates and Laffer's house. The former has offices in a commercial part of Palos Verdes Peninsula—pleasant

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nough, though without a view of eiher the Los Angeles skyline or the Pacific. The offices were full of crisp, purposeful young people busily writing eports and newsletters for clients and ubscribers. It occurred to me that the atmosphere was more that of Chicago or Cleveland than of California. Lafer's own office was a partial excepion, though; its decorations included more animal prints and figures, and one wall was devoted to memorabilia, ncluding letters, pictures, newspaper clippings, and cartoon jokes involving Laffer and the Laffer Curve. Laffer old me that he keeps and treasures a note from his ideological opponent John Kenneth Galbraith, in which Galbraith pointed out that the curve is shaped something like a wishbone, and added, "Which, symbolically, is right."

Laffer's home, a few miles down the road, is a white ranch house with cactus gardens in the front and rear yards. It is furnished with an assortment of antique furniture and crystal, and that lay it was well occupied, inside and out, by children and pets—among the latter a puppy, turtles, huge macaws, finches, and quail. Some of the birds were in cages, some not. Apart from a kidney-shaped swimming pool, the over-all effect was less of affluence or splendor than of bohemian insouciance. While I was there, the telephone rang, and Laffer launched into a patient explanation of and apologia for supply-side economics; his harangue had the quality of a performance by an actor in what he hopes and expects will be a long-running show. When, fifteen minutes later, I waved goodbye to him to catch a ride back to Los Angeles, the performance was still going on.

THINKING back on my conversations with the supply-side theorists, I realized that quite aside from whether or not I agreed with or approved of their theory, I couldn't help liking them. I had found them to be intelligent, dedicated, and, for the most part, entertaining men. And their sincerity had seemed to me to be beyond question. Any conception of them as cynics concocting theories to suit the wishes of, say, rich and greedy constituents seemed very wide of the mark. (Of course, I could not know whether the same could be said of all their allies, in and out of political office.) Nor was my impression of coldhearted men, indifferent to the fate of the less privileged members of soci-

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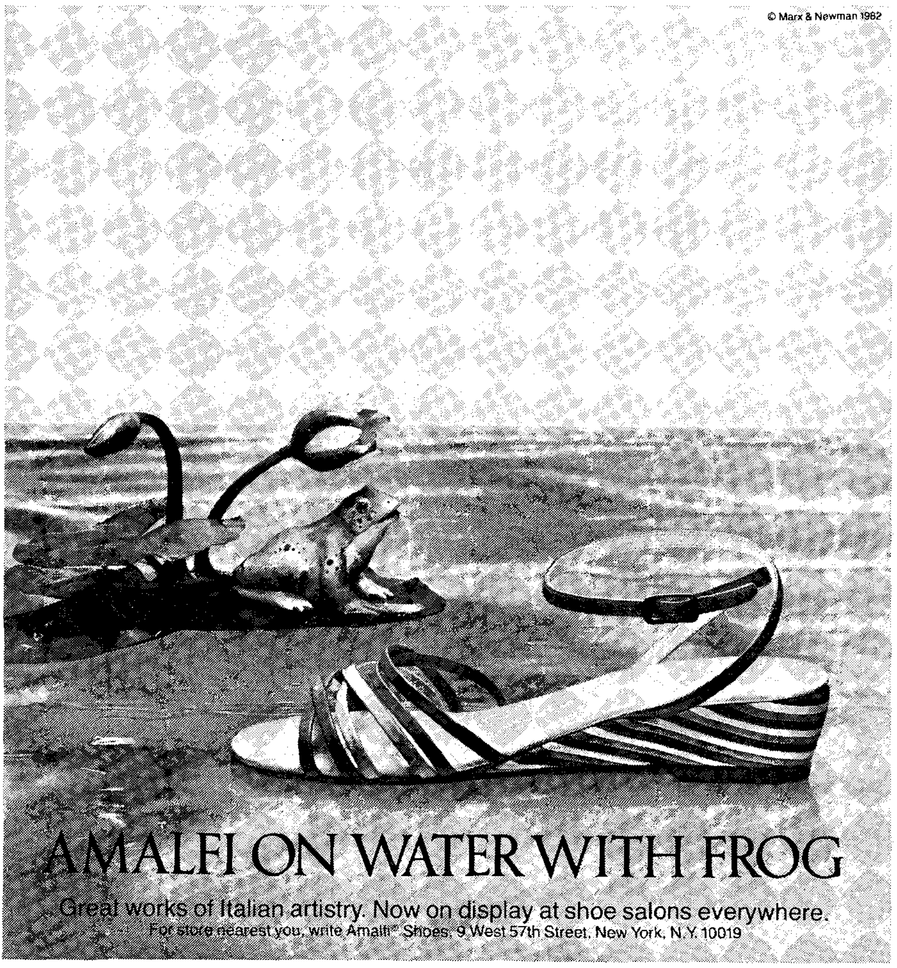
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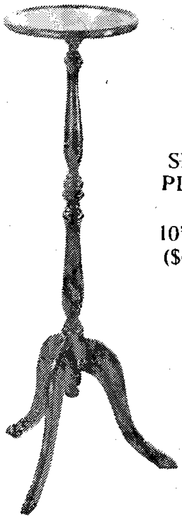

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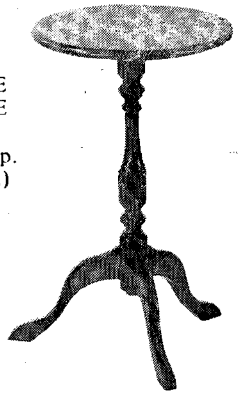

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ety. Instead, it was of men in the grip of an intellectual concept, condemned by their very zeal to a kind of tunnel vision. The zeal was understandable enough. After all, stubborn economic stagnation combined with out-of-control inflation during much of the nineteen-seventies had made it clear that Keynesian management of the economy *was not doing the job it was* intended to do. Being part of a great counter-movement that involved an entirely different and generally contrasting approach to the problem, and one that ultimately prevailed politically and assumed responsibility for the economy, must have been heady stuff.

If one grants, as I do, the underlying good faith of supply-side economics—if one believes that it is not inherently a Trojan horse for the rich but an honest attempt to create a rising tide of productivity that will lead to increased incomes for rich and poor alike—two large questions about it as government policy seem to me to remain. They are, first, "Is it right?" and second, "Will it work?" As to the first, supply-side economics, as we have seen, explicitly and without apology recommends regressive tax policies—policies calculated to benefit the rich more than they do the poor, and thus bound to increase the differential between the two groups. If one believes that such policies are wrong, in and of themselves, one must conclude that, at best, supply-side economics is a bargain with the Devil. Its claim to usefulness must rest on the premise that the economic benefits it brings to the majority overbalance the social cost in regressive tax policy.

This is the second question: "Does supply-side economics work in practice as it is supposed to in theory?" The answer is still far from clear. Practical evidence that cuts in marginal tax rates stimulate production to the extent that the supply-siders count on is scanty. Wanniski's examples from the distant past must be taken with a grain of salt, since they occurred in economic and social settings so little comparable with our own and since most of them, far from involving marginal income-tax rates, did not involve income taxes at all. The boom of the nineteen-twenties in the United States is a much more relevant case; it may equally well be argued, however, that that boom was not the result of tax cuts but the occasion for them. Computer-assisted models of the postwar United States economy have by no

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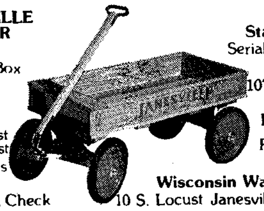

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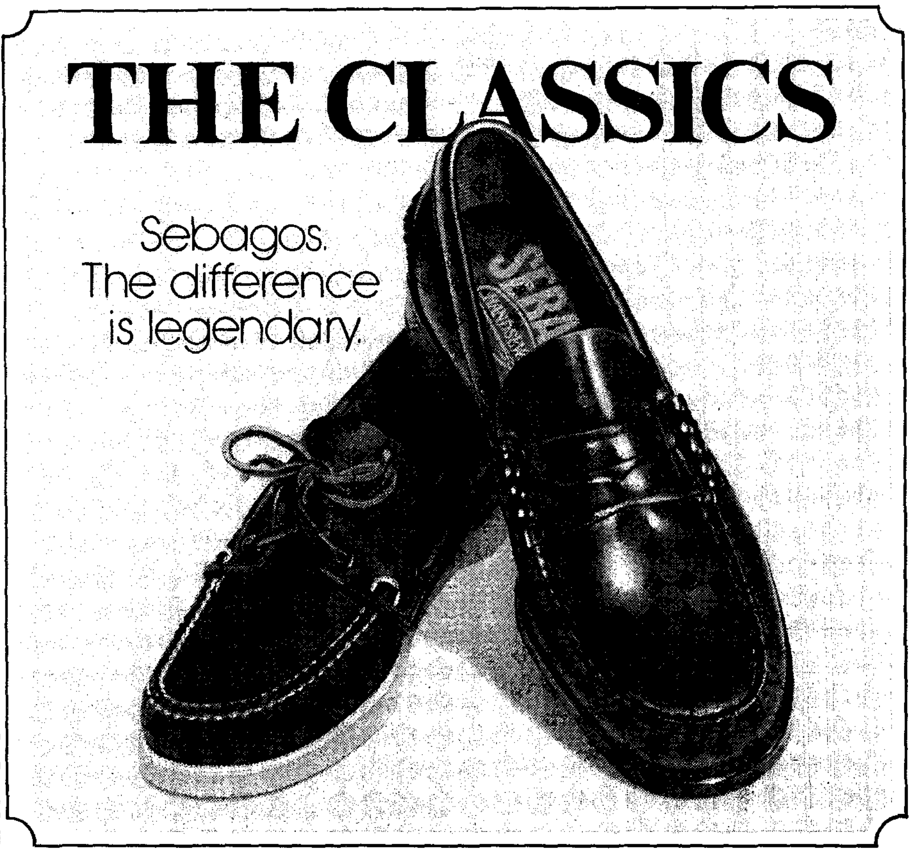
means settled the issue for our own time; either they have shown a large, productive response to tax cuts or they have not shown it—depending to a large extent, apparently, on the prior convictions of the model-builders. In Puerto Rico in recent years, the Laffer Curve appears to have been vindicated—income-tax rates for fiscal 1980 were five per cent lower than the rates for 1979, and tax revenues were seventeen per cent higher—but Puerto Rico, anti-supply-siders insist, is very much a special case, for a variety of reasons. In sum, as George Gilder, the evangelical supply-sider, emphasized in his best-selling book, "Wealth and Poverty," published early last year, embracing supply-side economics is still, to a marked extent, an act of faith.

It is an understatement to say that up to now that faith has not been justified by the record of the Reagan Administration. Despite the expectation of substantially lower taxes brought about by the tax-cutting law last summer, and despite the actuality of the first cut last October 1st, a Commerce Department forecast made in mid-January shows that new business investment will actually be lower in 1982 than it was in 1981. Meanwhile, despite lowering inflation rates, projected estimates of the federal deficit have shot up to alarming highs, and interest rates have climbed to record levels and remained near them, threatening to subvert the incentive-increasing effect of the tax cuts by making it prohibitively expensive for businesses and individuals to borrow money for new ventures. The Administration, which originally promised a balanced budget by 1984, now admits that there will be huge deficits in that year and beyond. Talk is beginning to be heard about the real possibility of a depression.

Not surprisingly, the Keynesians and their allies have in recent months reacted to this apparent practical unravelling of supply-side economics with a certain tone of triumph—but also with grave concern. In general, they have tended to take the unravelling for granted, and to emphasize the moral aspect. In November, Robert B. Reich, of Harvard's John F. Kennedy School, expressed the view that the moral and practical aspects were inseparable. He wrote, "America can reduce its unemployment and inflation, and can enjoy economic growth, only to the extent that it harnesses the social ideals of all its citizens in



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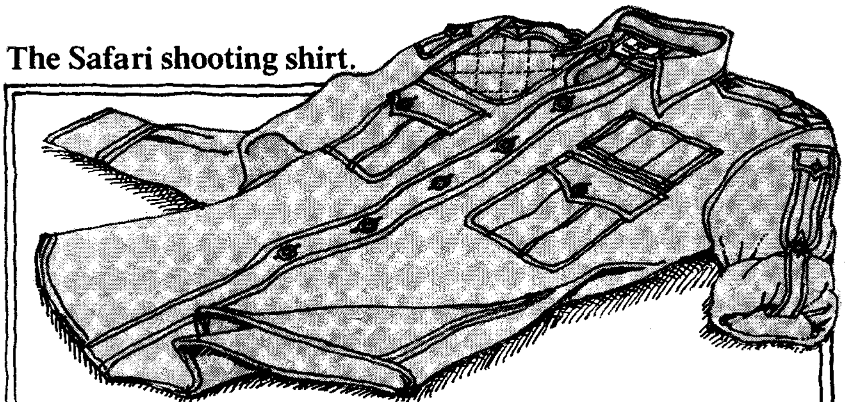

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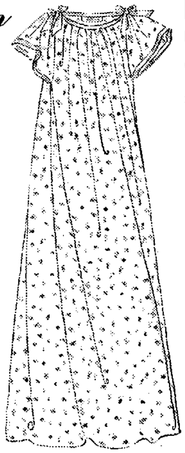

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the process—spreading the burdens and benefits equitably, compensating for losses attendant upon economic change, and striving for justice and decency." In October, Lester C. Thurow, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, suggested that the Reagan economic program, with its "assumption that society is nothing but a statistical aggregation of private economic actors," tends to break down the "feelings of mutual obligation and respect" that are the glue holding any society together. Also in October, Tobin of Yale declared, in a speech at New York University, "The U.S. budget and tax legislation of 1981 is a historic reversal of direction and purpose . . . The message is clear enough: inequality of opportunity is no longer a concern of the federal government . . . The Reagan economic program is advertised to cure inflation and unemployment, to revive productivity, investment, hard work, and thrift. It probably cannot achieve those wonderful results. What it is sure to do is to redistribute wealth, power, and opportunity to the wealthy and powerful and their heirs."

What Senator Baker in 1981 called a riverboat gamble seems in 1982 to have become a race against time. If—and even Tobin, archpriest of Keynesianism, admits the possibility—supply-side economics in the United States can succeed in its own terms before it either scuttles itself politically or brings on a depression, the nation will be richer, and will then have to deal separately with the economic inequities it has brought into being along with economic recovery. If it cannot, there will indeed be the Devil to pay.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

The sour, abrasive, un-innocent high kinks of Hindemith's 1921 "Kammermusik No.1" proved to have worn well—you could find some of today's minimalism in it, some flinty neoclassical chatter, a nice lowdown sound from the accordion. Richard Pittman's conducting was half sand, half spinach, hitting the mark precisely.—*Richard Buell in the Boston Globe.*

Another wonderful evening in the concert halls of Boston.

•

Some in the audience suggested that nuclear proliferation be stopped, and that the United States pursue SALT II with Russia. But still others were quick to point out that the United States cannot expect a fair agreement on arms limitation with Russia until it achieves military parody.—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record.*

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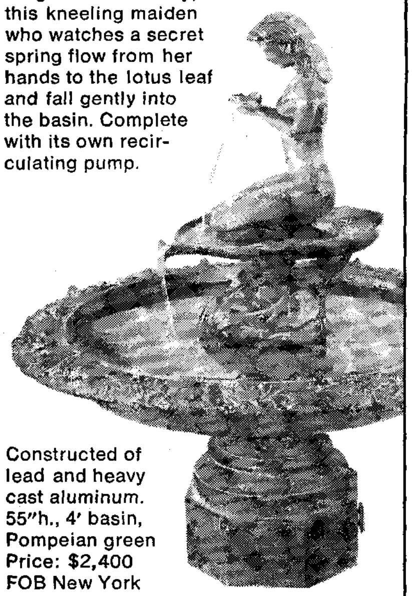

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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

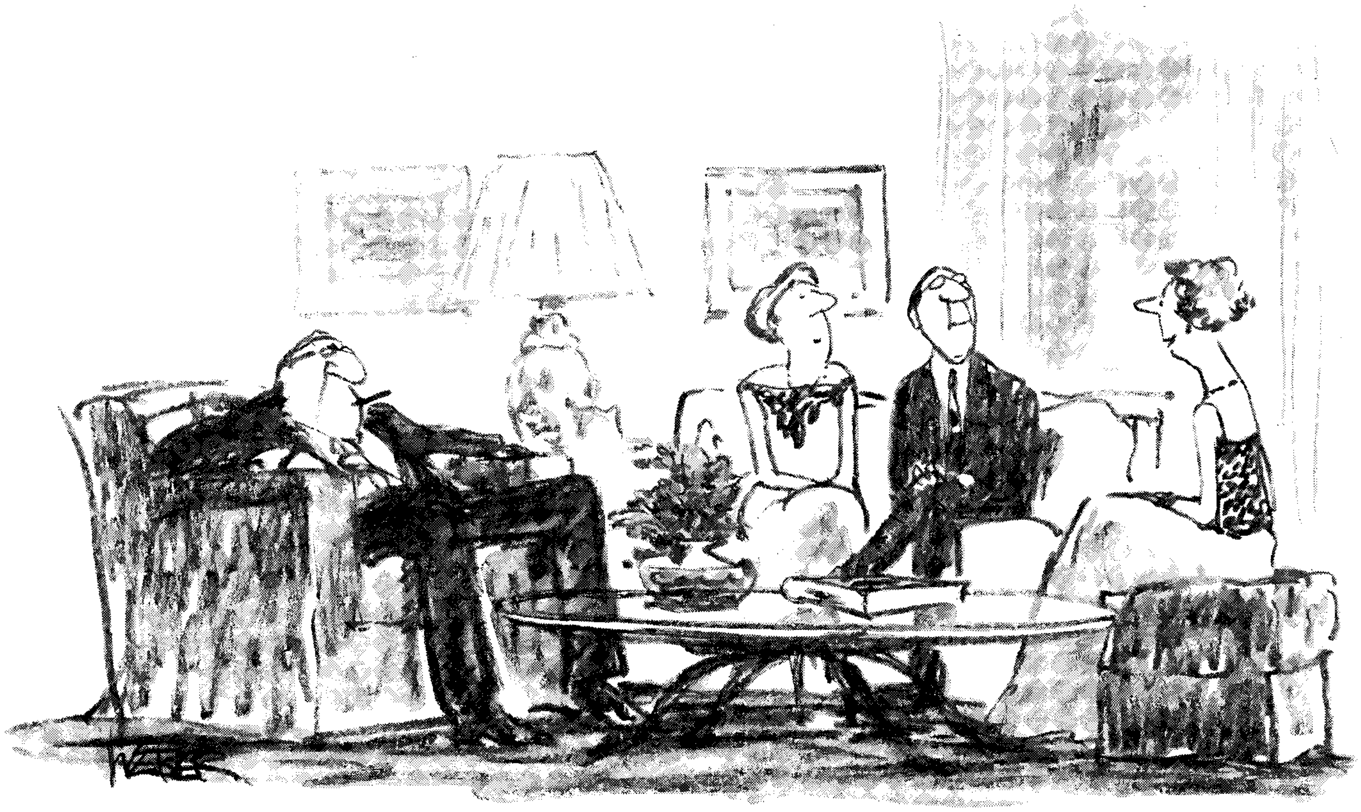
“Pastorale,” Deborah Eisenberg’s very funny, stylish comedy at the Second Stage (through April 18th), in effect consists of the conversation of a young woman named Rachel, who goes off from New York to spend a weekend at the country place where her friend Melanie and Melanie’s friend Steve are house-sitting, and stays for about a year. She has left the city because the man she picked up and invited to move in with her has himself picked up a girl and is staying with her in Rachel’s apartment. Anyway, Rachel has nothing else to do but wait around for her unemployment insurance to come through. Eventually, however, she has to get a job, because she hasn’t any money. Through Melanie’s bitchy friend Edie (all fictional Ediths are either bitchy or servile), Rachel and Melanie find jobs sewing dresses. Although neither of them can sew, this doesn’t prevent them from accepting an advance on their wages. The action, such as it is, takes place in the living room of the house that Melanie is tending, and it lasts from June through the following April, when they are all dispossessed.

One of Miss Eisenberg’s many accomplishments is that she has written a play—a first play, at that—about inertia (among other things) and kept it moving, and not only through chronology. The play, as I say, is conversation, and the three principal conversers are Rachel, the most original of the three—it is easy to see why Melanie wants her around—who is much given to musings as she paces (at one point, she paces up and down on a couch) and to modestly delivered generalizations that have the force of thunderclaps; Melanie, endlessly hospitable with bed as well as board, endlessly amiable and obliging as she deals out hash or bourbon or whatever; and Steve, loyal friend to both of them, who is told, near the end (and no wonder) that he looks sad and tired. There are, of course, episodes, but the funny words are what stick in the mind.

The play has been cleverly staged by Carole Rothman, who uses a curtain between episodes; a calendar leaf is pulled across in front of it on a pulley to denote the passing of time. (A curtain is always welcome in comedy.) The acting is good. Christine Estabrook is Rachel, Judith Ivey is Melanie, Thomas Waites is Steve, and Elizabeth Austin is rotten Edie. The scenery was designed by Heidi Landesman and lighted by Frances Aronson; the costumes were designed by Nan Cibula.

“Three Acts of Recognition,” by the modern German dramatist Botho Strauss, is a three-hour-and-forty-minute work at the Public. It is set in a museum at the opening of an exhibition of “Capitalist Realism,” and there are seventeen characters, who come and go, many of them in some state of emotional disrepair, and most of them friends of the curator (whose name, Moritz, is pronounced in different ways by the different actors). The play is eccentric, with indications of quality throughout, and perhaps a director less eccentric and more modest than Richard Foreman could have made clear what Mr. Strauss had in mind. As it is, all is fragmented by the usual Foreman blackouts and crashes and what sound like pistol shots. All the actors manage to keep their heads, and William Atherton, Bill Raymond, Joan Mac Intosh, Ruth Nelson, and Richard Jordan do considerably more than that. The technical standards at the Public are as high as any in town. Once again, nothing but praise for the scenery, by Sally Jacobs; the lighting, by F. Mitchell Dana; and the costumes, by Franne Lee.

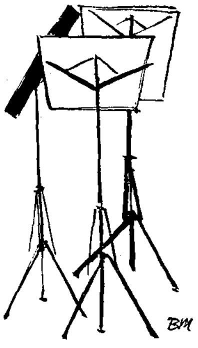
—Edie Oliver



“Jesse’s my anchor.”

MUSICAL EVENTS

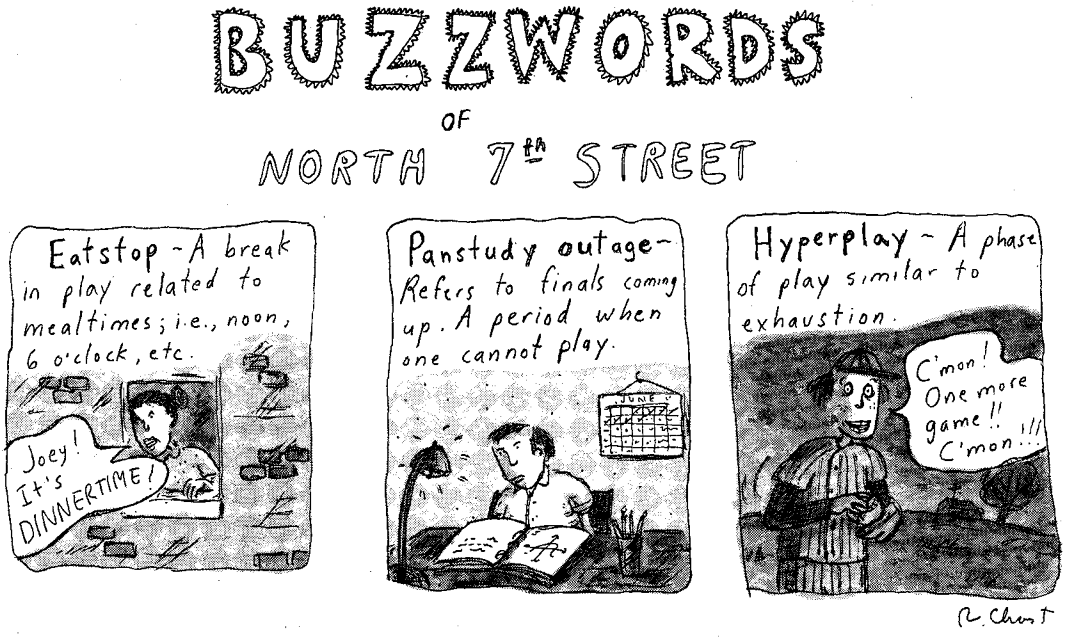
Fidelity



ONE of the concert series presented this season at Merkin Hall—a four-hundred-and-sixty-seater and, on the whole, the city's best chamber for public chamber music—is entitled "Haydn on Original Instruments." Its first two programs provided evenings of delight. At the first of them, Malcolm Bilson played Haydn on his fortepiano modelled after the seventeen-eighties Anton Walter instrument that Mozart once owned. (It was built in 1977, by Philip Belt; "apt" might be an apter epithet than "original" in the series title.) One must be a Horowitz to bring Haydn's keyboard sonatas to full, detailed life on a modern iron-framed monster. When Horowitz plays Haydn on his Steinway, the textures are clear, the timbre is light, and the composer's marvellous inventions hold one spellbound. So they do when Mr. Bilson plays Haydn on his Belt-Walter. It is a different experience and no less enthralling, for Mr. Bilson is not just an accomplished player. He combines very good fingers with intellectual and structural command, wit, fancy, and exuberance. Mind, ear, and muscles work as one, and his piano works with them, stating, singing, sighing, and turning into shapely yet thrilling sound tempestuous ideas that—unless one is a Horowitz—must on a modern instrument be either coarsened or played down. (During the intermission, one of New York's celebrated piano teachers remarked to me, "How vulgar this makes a Steinway sound!") Mr. Bilson played three great sonatas (Nos. 49, 34, and 52), the F-minor Andante and Variations, and the C-major Fantasy.

The second concert was given by varied consorts. Mr. Bilson accompanied the soprano Susan Robinson in a group of Haydn's English canzonettas. Miss Robinson has a voice of uncommon purity and steadiness. "The Mermaid's Song" showed her fluency in divisions, "She never told her love" a most beautiful molding of expressive line, and "Sailor's Song" a meetly Haydnish exuberance and musical humor. Voice and instrument were a balanced duo; the turbulent accompaniment of "Fidelity" ("While hollow burst the rushing winds") could surge forth without drowning the singer. John Hsu, a virtuoso performer on the baryton—that recondite instrument that presents to the world a viola-da-gamba front of bowed strings while the player's left thumb reaches in from behind to pluck, harplike, a second set of strings—joined David Miller, viola, and Fortunato Arico, cello, in two of Haydn's one hundred and twenty-six baryton trios. (Haydn's employer, Prince Nikolaus Esterházy, played the thing.) The baryton's timbre is a thread of dusky, grainy gold. The charm of the sound, Grove warns us, wears thin after a while. An "integral" recording of all hundred and twenty-six trios would be daunting. But just two of them left one eager to hear more. Haydn made jokes (which Mr. Hsu recounted with quiet elegance), and even while making them he wrote music of rare beauty, poetry, and finesse.

Haydn's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday—does anyone still need telling?—fell last month. The March *Musical Times* is a Haydn number; in its first article, the Haydn scholar Jens Peter Larsen reminds us how much we still have to learn about the composer, recalls his "many-sidedness and richness," and looks forward to the "abundance of new experience and pleasure" that awaits us. At this concert, the canzonettas and baryton trios brought forward aspects of the less familiar Haydn, while two string quartets presented the known master in a clearer, truer light than usual. Opus 54, No. 1, and Opus 77, No. 2—Haydn's last completed quartet, and one of his greatest compositions—were played on eighteenth-century instruments and with eighteenth-century bows by the Classical String Quartet (Nancy Wilson, Linda Quan, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Arico). Merkin Hall tries to provide good program notes, and James Webster's copious notes for these Haydn concerts were exemplary. His statement that "an eighteenth-century violin permits unparalleled lightness, clarity, and subtlety of articulation, greater ease and precision in fast tempi, and less need to depend on vibrato for expressive effect" was demonstrated in sound. But old instruments and a technical command of them are not, of course, enough; the members of the Classical String Quartet—who came together at Aston Magna—are also subtle and penetrating musicians. Since a critic concerns himself with all aspects of a concert, let me deplore just the violinists' decision to sheathe themselves in strident modern colors that swore at the music. The third concert in the series, to be given by the Amadé Trio on April 19th, is devoted to five of Haydn's piano trios, works that—as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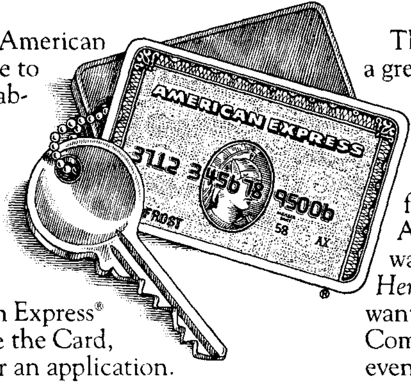

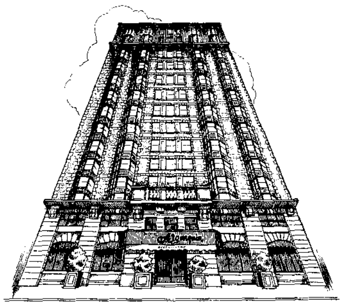
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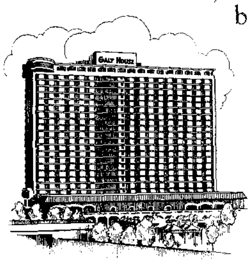
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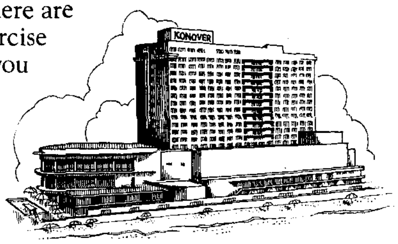
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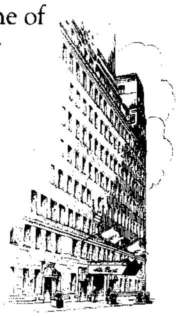
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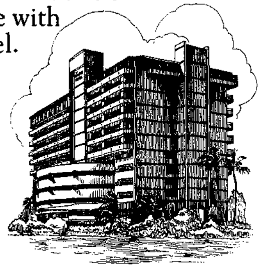
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Charles Rosen remarks in the recently published "Haydn Studies" (Norton) —are particularly difficult to balance on modern instruments.

THE jubilee of Haydn the opera composer—for some fifteen years his principal activity was directing a busy and distinguished opera company —was celebrated in Philadelphia. A visit to that city brought me a theatre, a company, and an opera unseen before. The Arch Street Opera House opened in 1870. It played four decades of light opera, two of vaudeville, and then—renamed the Trocadero—four of burlesque. Now, attractively restored, it is a Chinese movie house but also the home of the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, a company that in its seven seasons has done some adventurous things. "Orlando Paladino," the latest of them, was the last but one of Haydn's Esterház operas, and a success there and elsewhere; in German translation, as "Der Ritter Roland," it was played in at least twenty cities. Antal Dorati has recorded it for Philips; the modern stagings I know of—Santa Barbara in 1967, Birmingham, England, in 1980, and now Philadelphia —have been in English (three different translations). If stagings have been few, the reason is easy to find: the libretto is apparently a mess. But it's a fascinating piece: a *dramma eroicomico* that shows Haydn trying new things as he moves from the vein of his earlier comedies toward that of his most successful stage work, the beautiful opera seria "Armida." Orlando, Angelica, and Medoro provide the familiar basic situation. There's also Rodomonte, King of Barbary, who blusters in again and again wanting to fight everyone in sight. Whenever bloodshed threatens, the sorceress Alcina makes an opportune appearance. In the Act I finale, she drops an iron cage over Orlando. In the Act II finale, she turns him to stone. In Act III, she transports him to the Underworld, where Charon sprinkles him with Lethe water and he forgets his mad love for Angelica. The shepherdess Eurilla provides a soubrette role; Pasquale, Orlando's squire, is an earlier Leporello or Papageno. Comings and goings are arbitrary; nevertheless, I believe "Orlando" could be held together as a chapter of Ariostan adventure and surprises. The characters are consistent. And the music is beautiful.

The Philadelphians did not quite trust the piece. The conductor and the director, Barbara Silverstein and Vincent Liotta (they also made the translation), reshaped it in two acts, and in doing so dismembered the second-act finale, a glorious stretch of connected music. Two minor characters were missing, and with them we lost the introduzione (one of the few ensembles the opera contains) and Charon's aria, "Ombre insepolte," a wonderful number. In fact, the attempt at "sharpening the opera's dramatic thrust beyond the conventions of the eighteenth century" (thus the program note) blunted its special character. Still, there was plenty left to show what "Orlando" might be, and much to enjoy. The sets, by Dean Taucher, were attractive, and the singing and the orchestral playing (on modern instruments) were fairly accomplished. But most of the singers sang far too loud, producing a pressured, modern sound. (The exception was the tenor Glenn Siebert, a delicate and stylish Medoro.) The Cambridge production of Handel's "Orlando," in a theatre larger than the Trocadero, was proof that in eighteenth-century music light, unforced tones are more dramatic, and allow for more telling projection of the words and subtler phrasing, than voices at full stretch. Moreover, none of the cast showed much skill at recitative. Instead of sentences of dramatic dialogue naturally paced, we heard little clumps of quarter notes and eighth notes, sung out, and broken by rests. ("Angelica's devotion. Will at last be rewarded.") Finding a true style for Haydn's operas is as hard as finding one for his instrumental music.

THE Met revived its stark, striking production of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" (once again in Italian translation as "I Vespri Siciliani"), directed by John Dexter. The costumes, by Jan Skalicky, are black and white, with the French forces in gray. The set, by Josef Svoboda, is a broad staircase, flanked by black wings, against a black sky. Some of the stage pictures are arresting, but they have little in common with Verdi's colorful and varied grand opera: the popular outdoor festivities of Act II and the Governor's artistocratic ball in Act III look much the same. The piece—composed for the Opéra in 1855, just after "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata"—is the most "different" of all Verdi's operas, the most patently Meyerbeerian in the cut of its melodies, its instrumentation, its tex-

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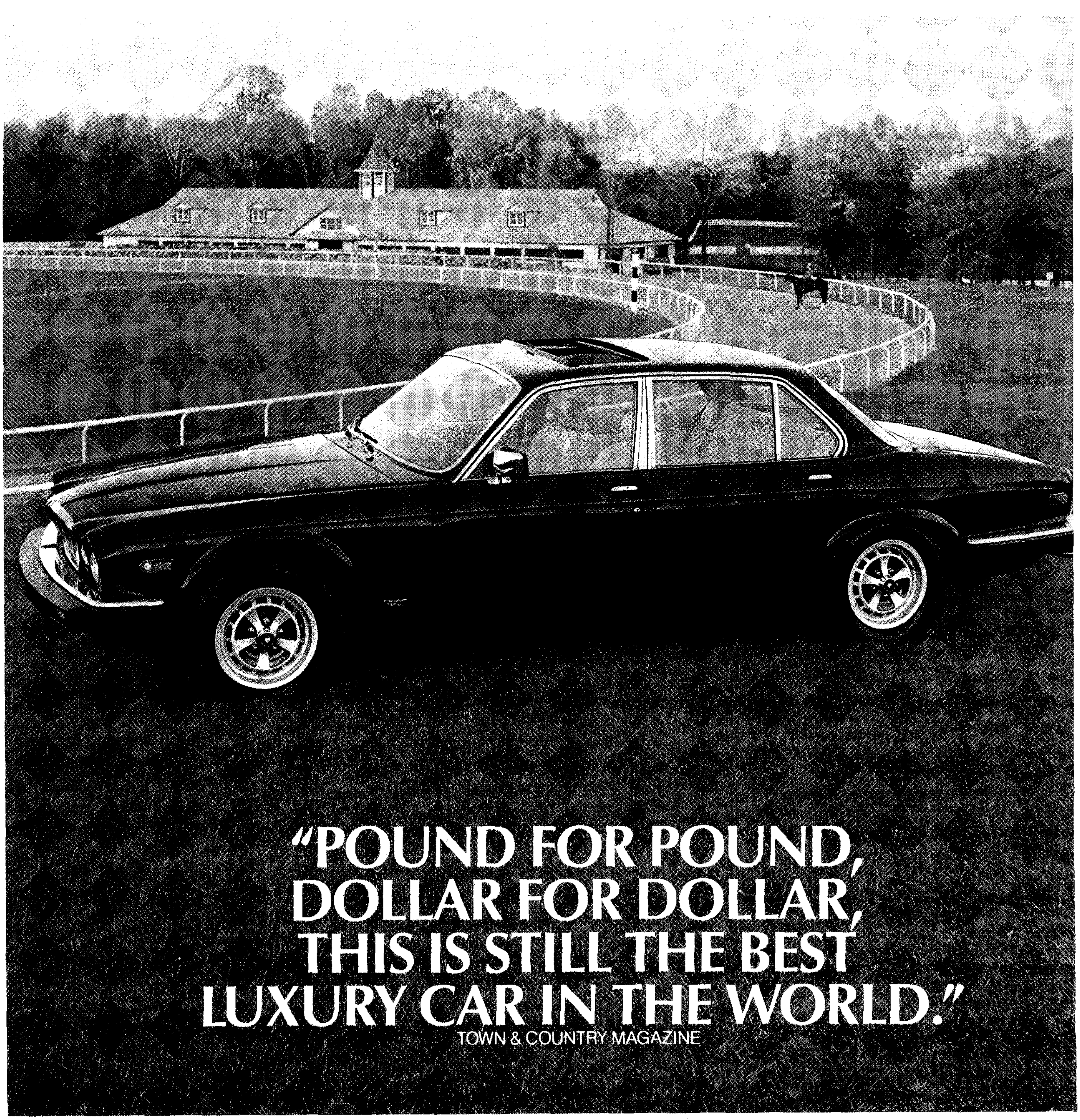
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ıres, and its formal procedures. Com-
ıentators, I think, make too little of
s oddities. There is nothing else in
'erdi quite like the two-part *cantabile*
randioso "Ô noble patrie," in the
ıird-act finale, or the octave theme,
Transports d'allégresse," in the
ɔurth-act finale; there are several
ıings like them in Meyerbeer—and
one quite so stirring. Both Mont-
ɔrt's "Et veux pour te sauver," in the
uo-finale of Act I, and Hélène's and
Ienri's "Pour moi/Au ciel rayonne,"
ı the Act IV duo, suggest "Sì, ven-
etta" (in "Rigoletto") recomposed by
Ieyerbeer in a way to place novelty
nd intricacy before naturalness of
ıelody. Although the Met perfor-
ıance was in the wrong language and
ıcomplete (the ballet and Henri's Act
V mélodie, "La brise souffle," were
ıe largest omissions), and although
ıe staging was wrongheaded and the
inging far from grand, the opera held
ne's interest securely. It is an en-
hralling piece, the product of a great
omposer working at the height of his
owers in a new medium, French
rand opera, that he has determined to
ıaster. I wish the Met did it better but
m glad that it is done.

The principal characters are Henri
nd his father, Montfort. Both roles
vere undercast. The Henri was Wie-
law Ochman, once an elegant lyric
enor, pleasing in Mozart and in "La
Traviata," who has acquired force at
he expense of sweetness. His timbre
vas sometimes nasal, strained, and
ıgly, and his phrasing was blunt. The
Montfort was Pablo Elvira, a decent
econd-league baritone without the
;randeur of tone and of presence one
:xpects in a Metropolitan principal.
Renata Scotto sang Hélène in tones
hat verged often on inaudibility. She
lid not scream loud passages, and that
vas welcome, but the timbre grew
ıarrow when the volume rose. It was
ı carefully studied and seriously in-
entioned performance, sadly man-
ıered in execution. "Ami, le cœur
l'Hélène" and the sicilienne were
reated in so affected and rhythmically
sluggish a fashion that they almost fell
ıpart. At the close, where the stage
lirections tell Hélène to drop to her
knees before Henri in the hope of pro-
:ecting him, Miss Scotto stood alone
amidst a sea of corpses and raised her
hands to her brow as if to say "Oh
lear, what uncouth behavior!" Rug-
gero Raimondi was a smooth-voiced
but unimposing Procida; James Le-
vine, conducting, did not give him
space to register. Mr. Levine began

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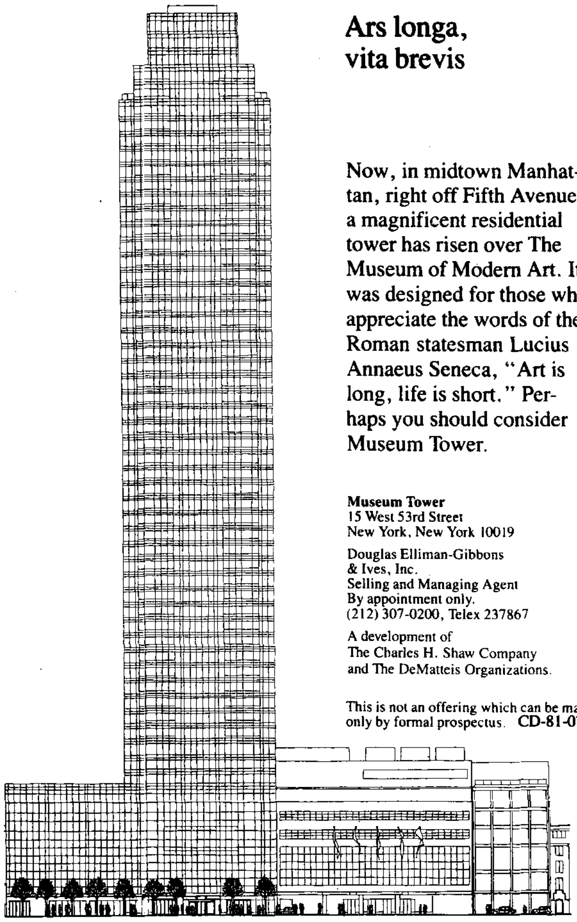

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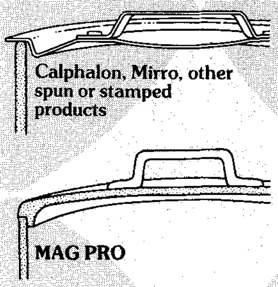

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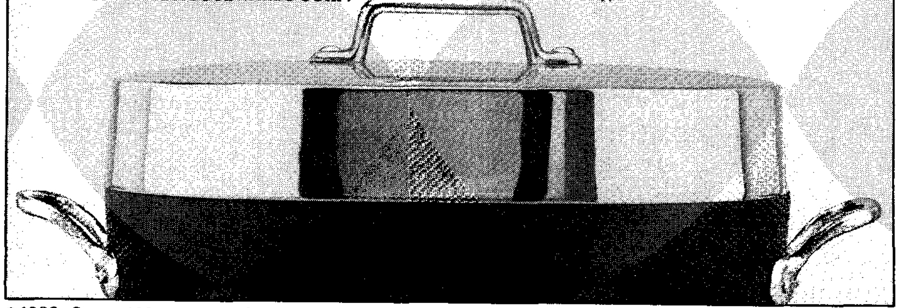

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promisingly. There was drama at the start of the overture. But when the big G-major tune sailed in it was not phrased broadly, and most of what followed was treated with the adolescent excitability that can make Mr. Levine's Verdi seem shallow and insensitive. He gets bright, energetic playing from the orchestra, but to respond to the vigor of Verdi's music by driving through it with bravura is not enough. Conductors who feel the long breaths and who allow the singers to stretch and shape their phrases, to emphasize key words, and to slow melodic triplets without losing basic impetus grow increasingly rare.

The Italian translation, which the Met persists in using, is fairly described by Julian Budden, in "The Operas of Verdi," as "one of the worst ever perpetrated . . . full of slack words and phrases which in the original had been taut and striking," and "wildly false" in some of its scansion. Moreover, it was designed to satisfy mid-century Italian censorship: odd to find the word "liberty" suppressed on the American stage in 1982! Sometimes the scansion is right and the tone quite wrong: because the notes to which Verdi set "Hélène" will not fit "Elena," which is accented on the first syllable, the heroine is regularly addressed, even by her lover, as "O donna."

THE Met's revival of "Die Entführung" was unsatisfactory. The Konstanze, Edda Moser, sang the role on a worn, frayed thread of tone, rising at times to an acid squeal, and her portrayal was blankly expressionless. All three arias were unpleasant to listen to; the first of them, "Ach ich liebte," with the trickier fioriture simply omitted, was painful. If she was unwell, an announcement should have been made; as it was, it seemed cruelty on someone's part to have put her up before an audience to tackle these exuberant outpourings of Mozart's youthful genius. The Belmonte, Stuart Burrows, was got up as a Victorian grocer in Sunday best, complete with watch chain, and he sang with a prosaicism to match. In his second aria, "O wie ängstlich," the octave falls on "schwanke" ("falter"), which generations of Belmontes have made magical, were bawled as if the word meant "defy the fates," while "Lispeln" ("whispering") was sung as if it meant "yelling." Mr. Burrows made heavy weather of "Ich baue ganz" —another piece that Mozart wrote

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r a singer who can sail exultantly rough coloratura intricacies. Kath- en Battle was a promising Blonde, en if she took "Durch Zärtlichkeit" o sleepily and "Welche Wonne" so st that it couldn't be phrased. Her ting was textbook soubrette, not in- ividual, but she has a pretty voice, d she was accurate. Philip Creech, e Pedrillo, has big eyes and a ready rin, but his singing was raw, and is German first-week Berlitz. The smin, Martti Talvela, *was* on what ne used to think of as a Met level—a ne singer who portrayed a rounded haracter. Werner Klemperer was lightweight but, in an understated ay, skillful Pasha Selim.

Mr. Levine's conducting had a risk, active surface and little feeling r the shape and breathing of a hrase. The sets, by Jocelyn Herbert, ok like window displays but are ef- ctive in throwing the action forward to the enormous house. I liked the hampionship of the work as Mozart rote it, without cuts and without ordering—except in Act II when e delaying of Konstanze's second en- ance turned Belmonte's "Wenn der hränen Freude," which should be ad- ressed to her, into a fourth solilo- uy for the tenor. (Like so much else the score—Osmin's three arias, londe's two, Konstanze's first and ird—this aria is a dramatic "di- logue" in which only one person ac- ally gives tongue.) I did not like the enny-plain reading of the notes, be- eft of appoggiaturas, graces, caden- as, and *Eingänge*—those unwritten ut essential "lead-backs" into recapit- lations. I did like the plainness of Ir. Dexter's stage direction, but it eeded much better acting and some ort of "ensemble" thought, for the eeper themes of the opera remained nsounded. These include contrasts ot only of Christian callousness with

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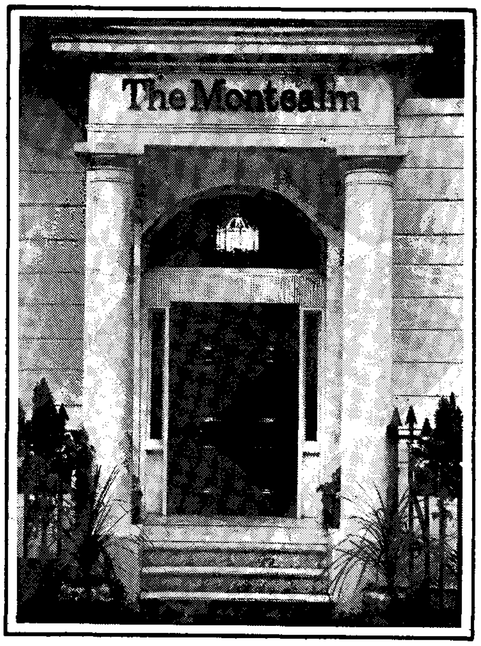

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pagan magnanimity but also of the savage side of Muslim morals with Christian chivalry; the "rights of women," a recurrent Mozart concern; and "the education of Belmonte"—prefiguring Tamino's—from a youth luxuriating in his plights to the mature hero who, strengthened by the love of a heroic woman and enlightened by a wise man, steps forward to lead the finale. These are Mozart's wonderful additions to his sources, distinguishing "Die Entführung" from the stock seraglio operas of the eighteenth century. So are the mirror triangles into which the six characters are grouped, as Konstanze and Belmonte give poetic, romantic voice to plights that Blonde and Pedrillo deal with in active and practical fashion. The Pasha's last, rueful words to Osmin point the pattern.

Having earlier this year directed an "Entführung" myself, I should perhaps, in the politicians' phrase, "declare an interest." But I've been "interested" in "Die Entführung" for as long as I can remember. Working on it in three dimensions—and discovering at first hand the inevitable compromises between intention and practical realization—has not, I trust, made me a biassed critic. Rather, it has sharpened a sense of the opera's richness and of varied possibilities in its execution, and has increased, too, tolerance of what goes wrong and impatience with what can be put right. As Peter Brook says in "The Empty Space," "the more a critic becomes an insider, the better."

ON Monday of Holy Week, Mr. Levine conducted a "Parsifal," at the Met, that was gravely and beautifully paced, memorably breathed and felt, broad, noble, natural, and urgent. More about it later.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Antics

THE Rochester Philharmonic has given world premières of two works by Donald Erb: his Cello Concerto, composed for Lynn Harrell in 1976, and the orchestral piece "Sonneries," heard in March. Both works came to Carnegie Hall last month, the Concerto in a concert by Mr. Harrell and the St. Louis Symphony, and "Sonneries" in a concert by the Rochester orchestra. The Cello Concerto is a showy, clever piece, preoccupied with clattering cre-

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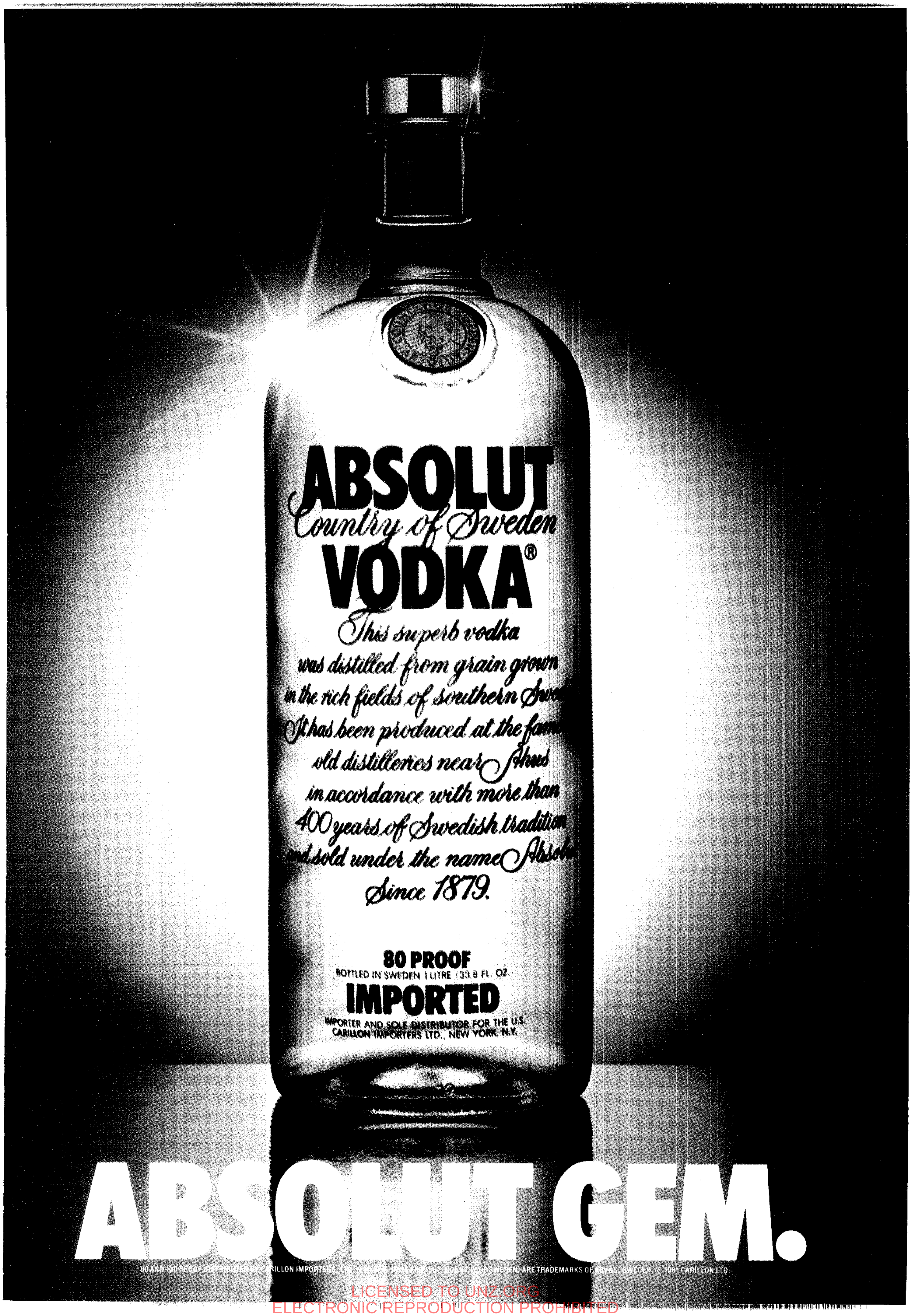
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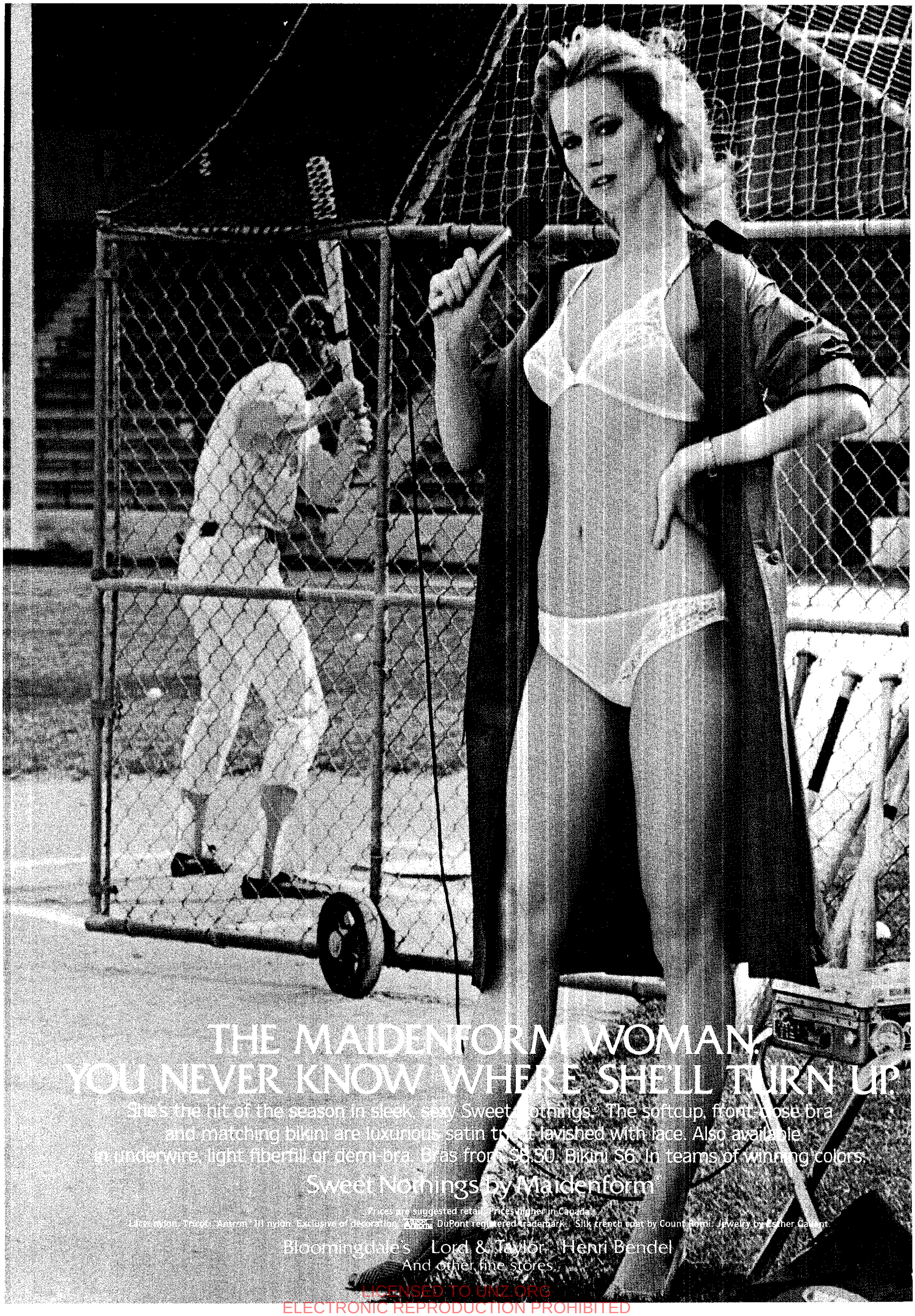
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:endos and wispy, fluttering chromat- : passages. There is a small amount f controlled improvisation, but for the ıost part Erb composes the sonic fects precisely, drawing on the nat- ral harmonic series to construct chords ıat have logic and impact. The solo art is audaciously difficult, and is clear- designed to display Mr. Harrell's ırger-than-life talent. The cellist is alled upon not only to race frantical- around the fingerboard, executing eath-defying glissandi and double- oppings, but also to contribute a vo- al line—or, rather, a moan, since the nging is heard as a vague pedal note nder cadenzalike passages. Especially ı Mr. Harrell's hands, the work acks a considerable punch, and is reat fun to listen to. The audience eemed to like it.

The concerto, in three movements, ısts seventeen minutes. "Sonneries," ı one movement, lasts a couple of ıinutes less, and seems more con- iously designed as a succession of ıgenious noises. There are growling ind choruses and high, whining tring harmonics, a jangled-up version f Gustav Holst's "Mars," static har- ıonious passages alternating with erce semi-improvised ones. Have we ıeard it all before? Yes, in part, but his was a well-imagined version of he familiar sounds; Erb has a sensitive ar and a good instinct for the exciting nd the attractive. What both works acked was a coherent plan: there was ıo particular reason that one sound vas heard before rather than after an- ıther; the climaxes happened ran- lomly. The Rochester Philharmonic's ıccount of "Sonneries" was assured. David Zinman, who conducted, was irm in his directions and gave a sharp dge to all the ensemble work. The St. ouis Symphony was overshadowed in he Cello Concerto by Mr. Harrell's emarkable antics, but Leonard Slatkin teered the music competently, and the lemanding orchestral parts were, as ar I could tell, accurately played. (Mr. Harrell had a different chance to hine in a quasi encore to the Erb, Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," which he played with effortless warmth and serenity.)

The St. Louis orchestra came into its own after the intermission, with Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony—rarely heard in the city. (The New York Philharmonic has announced a performance under Maxim Shostakovich for next season.) This was a most impressive account of a problematical score. Mr. Slatkin conducted

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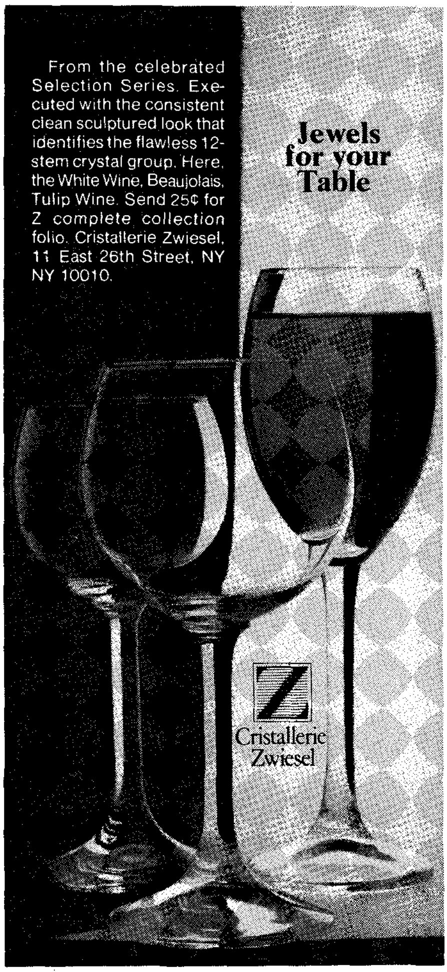

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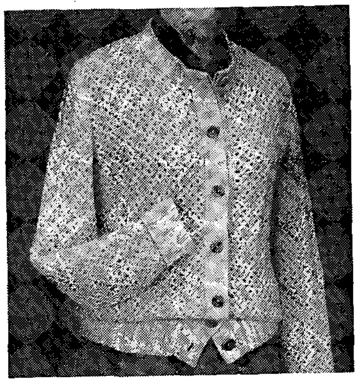

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with such care and conviction that the moments of banality almost slipped by unnoticed. There were fine solos from all the winds—especially flute and sopranino clarinet in the second movement. Nothing could really make the plod of the third movement sound thrilling, but the St. Louis strings—warm yet well defined—at least articulated cleanly and firmly. The wrenching cry that opens the fourth movement was splendidly done; a little more impetuosity from Mr. Slatkin and a little more freedom of phrasing and feeling from the orchestra would have made this moment and the symphony's conclusion even more powerful.

The Rochester concert was completed by Strauss's "Don Quixote," with Steven Doane as soloist, and by an odd account, by Radu Lupu, of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. Communication between pianist and orchestra seemed minimal; though Mr. Zinman guided the accompaniment sturdily, Mr. Lupu pursued rather eccentric course, which veere between a thin, insubstantial touc (played as he was leaning back in h high-backed chair, without shoulde weight) and a hard, incisive staccat (played as he was leaning forwar heavily into the keys). It was a performance full of passing interest, but didn't add up.

More satisfying piano playing wa heard in Carnegie Hall the previou night, when Murray Perahia gave th Schumann Concerto with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Riccardo Muti' conducting seemed too rigid for Mr Perahia's approach, which was ligh and flexible; there were some slips, an a lot of passages that did not quit work, but at important moments—th first-movement cadenza, the second movement main theme, the last-movement coda—Mr. Perahia displayed a original, intense lyricism that renewe the music. —Nicholas Kenyo

• •

ELEGY FOR A CHILD'S SHADOW

Perhaps the moment included a bench, a tree with a bicycle
leaning against it, and a shadow.
From the position of the shadow, the mother
might know whether something
was entering or just leaving. And whether,
if it was leaving, it would be back.

If she had to describe
the shadow, she would say it is shaped like a sundial
in a park where all afternoon children have been playing.
Or she would say it is like a pool
where golden fish swim. When the sun is at a certain angle,
she can hear the water inside the water,
and what she thinks of is a life
dissolving slowly
like a wafer in the mouth of a child.

The fish swim in the pool without expectations.
She feeds them leaves and grass,
but they refuse to eat. Perhaps they feed on time.
Is it necessary to know whether leaves
which have been falling into the pool all afternoon
are floating face up or face down? Or whether
the fish are able to see through clouds
reflected in the water?

Sometimes death is humble,
merely a space
tempting a child to fill it with itself.
As the grass, so plush and blue,
tempts the mother. Lying there, she hears
the sound of rain exciting the leaves
to stillness, and later,
much later, she feels the dark
gliding gently as an eraser over her life.

—Susan Mitchell

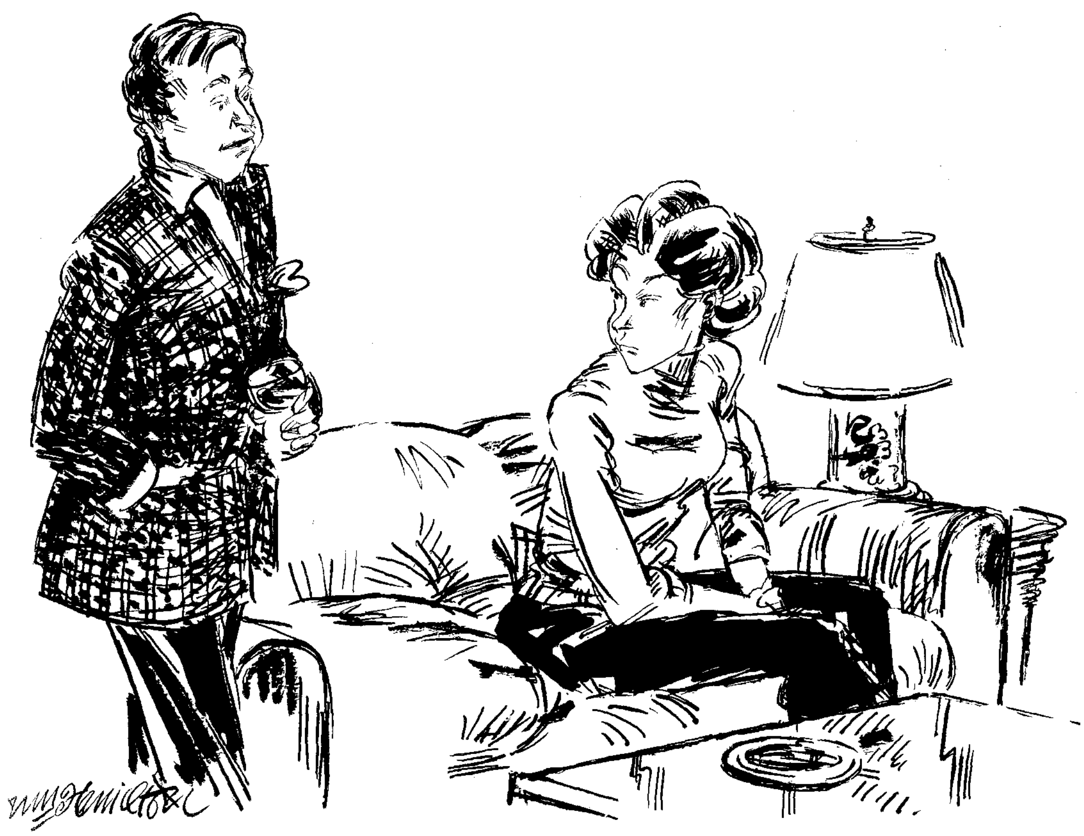
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rhapsody in Blue

THE French romantic thriller "Diva" dashes along with a pell-mell gracefulness, and it doesn't take long to see that the images and visual gags and homages all fit together and reverberate back and forth. It's a glittering toy of a movie, like "Touch of Evil" or "The Stunt Man" or "Zazie dans le Métro." This one is by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix (pronounced simply Ben-ex, with the stress on the second syllable), who understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself very seriously. Every shot seems designed to delight the audience. Now thirty-five, Beineix has been working as an assistant to other directors for ten years; he begins his own directing career as a Euro-disco entertainer with a fabulous camera technique. The movie doesn't have the purity of conception of those other toys. It isn't quite in their class, and though you may come out of it with some of the same exhilaration, it isn't really memorable. But the images are so smooth yet so tricky and hip that Beineix might be Carol Reed reborn with a Mohawk haircut.

The diva of the title is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano called Cynthia Hawkins (and played by the American Wilhelmenia Fernandez), who inspires a fanatic following, like that of Maria Callas. But the glorious Cynthia has a major eccentricity: she refuses to make recordings, because she wants the public to have the full experience of a singer's presence. Jules, the eighteen-year-old hero (Frédéric Andrei), a skinny young postal messenger in Paris, with an official cap that's too big for his face, is, perhaps, Cynthia's most dedicated fan. He rides his motorbike all the way to Munich and other cities she performs in, and when she gives a concert in Paris he sneaks his Nagra tape machine in and makes a recording—he wants to be able to listen to her at home. Her voice is thrilling in the hushed, expectant atmosphere; her off-the-shoulder satin gown reveals a creamy brown arm, and her lips push out toward us as she articulates the words. Jules' face is full of adoration; a tear collects in one eye and falls, while his hands skillfully regulate the dials. It's at this point that the picture opens, and from there on we follow the chaos that envelops Jules because of this tape and a second tape that he knows nothing about. A barefoot prostitute, running away from two assassins and trying to reach a policewoman to turn over a cassette revealing names and details of a narcotics-and-vice ring, sees the killers coming at her, and, just before being murdered, she drops the tape in the saddlebag of Jules' bike. The wide-eyed music lover Jules is the subject of two intertwined chases. The police and the killers are after him for the prostitute's exposé, and a pair of Chinese record pirates from Taiwan are trying to get his concert tape, so that they can use it to blackmail Cynthia Hawkins into signing with them—they threaten that if she doesn't they'll release the illicit recording.

For a while, Jules innocently goes on about his life. In a music store, he watches a young Vietnamese girl, Alba (played by the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu), as she calmly snitches a record and brazens it out with the suspicious clerk. The unfazable Alba is the post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat, she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. Alba appears to have no inner life at all, to be totally—and enchantingly—a creature of surface attitudes, all pose. In the street, outside the store, she tells Jules that the record is a present for a guy who's in his cool phase, and takes him to meet the guy—Gorodish (Richard Bohringer), the most dream-born of the characters (and ultimately, perhaps, the least successful element). When you see this movie, which opened in Paris in March, 1981, and is still running (it has just won some of the top French prizes—Best First Film, and Best Photography, Sound, and Music), you get a clearer sense of what went wrong for Coppola in his "One from the Heart." Much of what Coppola seemed to be aiming for—the dreamy-disco fun in the detritus of tech commercialism (bashed-in old cars, broken signs, painted skies on billboards)—Beineix had already got onto the screen. And Beineix made it



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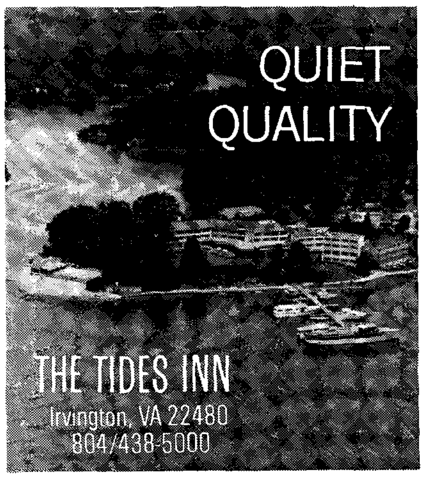

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work, because his picture has the baroque characters to go with it—a dozen or so of them—and an amusing enough suspense plot to support it (though the plot is so smart it outsmarts itself in places, and the introduction of a fairy godfather does seem a bit of a cheat). Jules lives in a warehouse-like garage and auto graveyard that's reached by a huge car-lift elevator, and Gorodish (he could be thirty-five or forty) lives in a vast bluish space so large Alba skates around in it. Kinetic sculptures slosh water back and forth, and Gorodish works on the waves of a giant jigsaw puzzle of the sea, while piling up Gitanes cigarette boxes, with their wavy blue and white lines. When all hell breaks loose around Jules, Gorodish in his white suit helps him hide out by packing him into his white Citroën and taking him to a lighthouse-castle that's magical in the blue dawn light. Gorodish seems to be a punkers' deus ex machina, wise in the ways of criminals. He knows how to deal with the forces in society, and, effortlessly, he has the wherewithal to do it. The hero of a novel by Delacorta—which, adapted by Beineix and Jean Van Hamme, served as the taking-off place for "Diva"—Gorodish is the bemused Mr. Cool. The conception may be all too airily French. Gorodish is a tease of a character—a Zen master of gadgetry—and he's enjoyable. But toward the end, when he takes over, something gets dampened. Gorodish isn't either believably human or high-wire enough to be a creature of fantasy. He's in between.

Jules' garage, with its crippled Rolls-Royce and its posters for events long past, looks much like Frederic Forrest's dream refuge in "One from the Heart," but there's a sizable difference. Forrest's company was Reality Wrecking, and he wandered through the painted Las Vegas set morosely. Beineix accepts the faddish, constantly changing reality; he didn't build this vision—it isn't a set, it's Paris as he sees it, and he shows the crazy, dissociated pleasures in it. He isn't even saying that this is a condemned playground; he doesn't make any moral judgment—he's having too much fun looking at the players. "Diva" is the human side of "Alphaville." Even gags, such as Alba in Jules' garage hopscotching on a nude woman painted on the floor, or Gorodish wearing a diver's mask and snorkel as he chops onions, seem to come out of their characters. And conceits, such as

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Alba sitting on top of Gorodish's refrigerator as if she were Helen Morgan on the piano, or affectations, such as Jules strolling in the Tuileries with Cynthia Hawkins and holding a white umbrella above her head to frame her beauty, seem exactly what these characters would do. Beineix presents people who charm us because they arrange their reality to suit their whims. They're unself-conscious about being self-conscious. Godard showed us people who were turning into cartoons; the people here don't mind being cartoons—they amuse themselves at it. They make their lives scintillate.

When Cynthia listens to Jules' tape of her singing, she realizes she was wrong to be against recording. But in a way she wasn't. If you put on the record of Wilhelmenia Fernandez singing her big number in the movie—the aria from the first act of Catalani's "La Wally"—you may decide that Cynthia Hawkins was right, because without her beauty and the drama of her presence and the charged setting that the movie gives her performance, her voice isn't quite as overwhelmingly glorious. A movie can do for a performer most of what a live stage appearance can do, and then some. (What singer in a solo recital could afford a whole orchestra behind her?) Actually, the entire movie demonstrates the richness that you can get only from movies. If it's about anything, it's about the joy of making them. (At the lighthouse, Alba serves Jules coffee out of a coffeepot that could be a miniature version of the lighthouse itself.)

"Diva" is a later stage of what Godard was getting at in "Masculine Feminine" and in his other movies about "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola"—except that now Marx is gone and New Wave music and video games have settled in. What Marxists and other puritans have never wanted to allow for is the fun to be had with the material goodies that capitalism produces (such as entertaining movies). Godard knew it, recognized that alienation wasn't all torment, and then somehow blotted it from his mind. (When he became more political, he *wanted* us all to be tormented.) Alba, the wise-child playmate, may be shell-shocked, but she's having a good time. The young actress Thuy An Luu is completely at ease in front of the camera; if that's the result of fundamental indifference (and it may very well be), it works to her great advantage here. Jules is the Jean-Pierre Léaud of Godard's films

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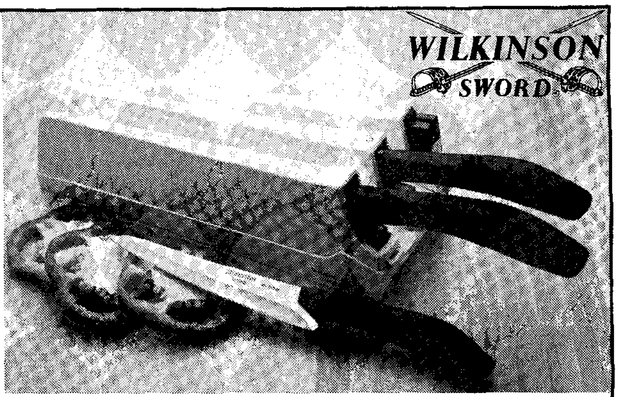

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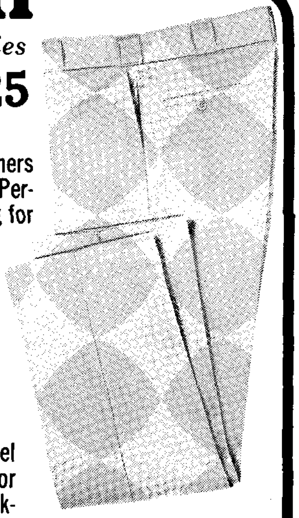

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with a love of music and a sweeter nature; he wears an invisible aureole, but he's still a fan. Cynthia treats him like a lovely pet, and that seems just about right—he's birdlike. (Wilhelmenia Fernandez' American-accented French and her amateurishness as an actress are ingratiating. It's her bad luck, though, to be caught in the only real lapse of judgment in the movie: Cynthia invites Jules to stay with her while she practices, and then proceeds to sing "Ave Maria"—the banality of the choice momentarily strips her of glamour.)

Beineix may not be interested in what's underneath, but he has a great feeling for surfaces. A chase through the Métro and an escape to a pinball-machine and video-game arcade are so ravishing that they're funny, intentionally. The whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. Beineix takes it for granted that we'll make all sorts of connections between his images and other movies we've seen—Cynthia Hawkins at the start is like Arletty's Garance in "Children of Paradise;" a police informer who works on a boardwalk operating a Wheel of Chance has layer upon layer of movie associations; there's a little salute to Marilyn Monroe in "The Seven Year Itch;" and Welles is in the huge deserted bluish factory where the all-knowing Gorodish arranges a meeting with the villain—it recalls "The Trial." Welles is everywhere. But Beineix doesn't force connections on us. Everything is deft, flamboyant yet light—Jules takes Cynthia Hawkins' pearly satin gown and flings it around his neck, like a First World War aviator's scarf, as he rides off on a borrowed motorbike. In the factory, Gorodish's tape-recorded voice directs the villain. Every shot seems to have a shaft of wit. It's Welles romanticized, gift-wrapped. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's also genuinely sparkling. The camera skids ahead, and you see things you don't expect. Beineix thinks with his eyes.

—Pauline Kael

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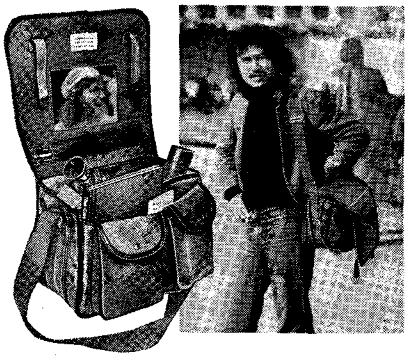

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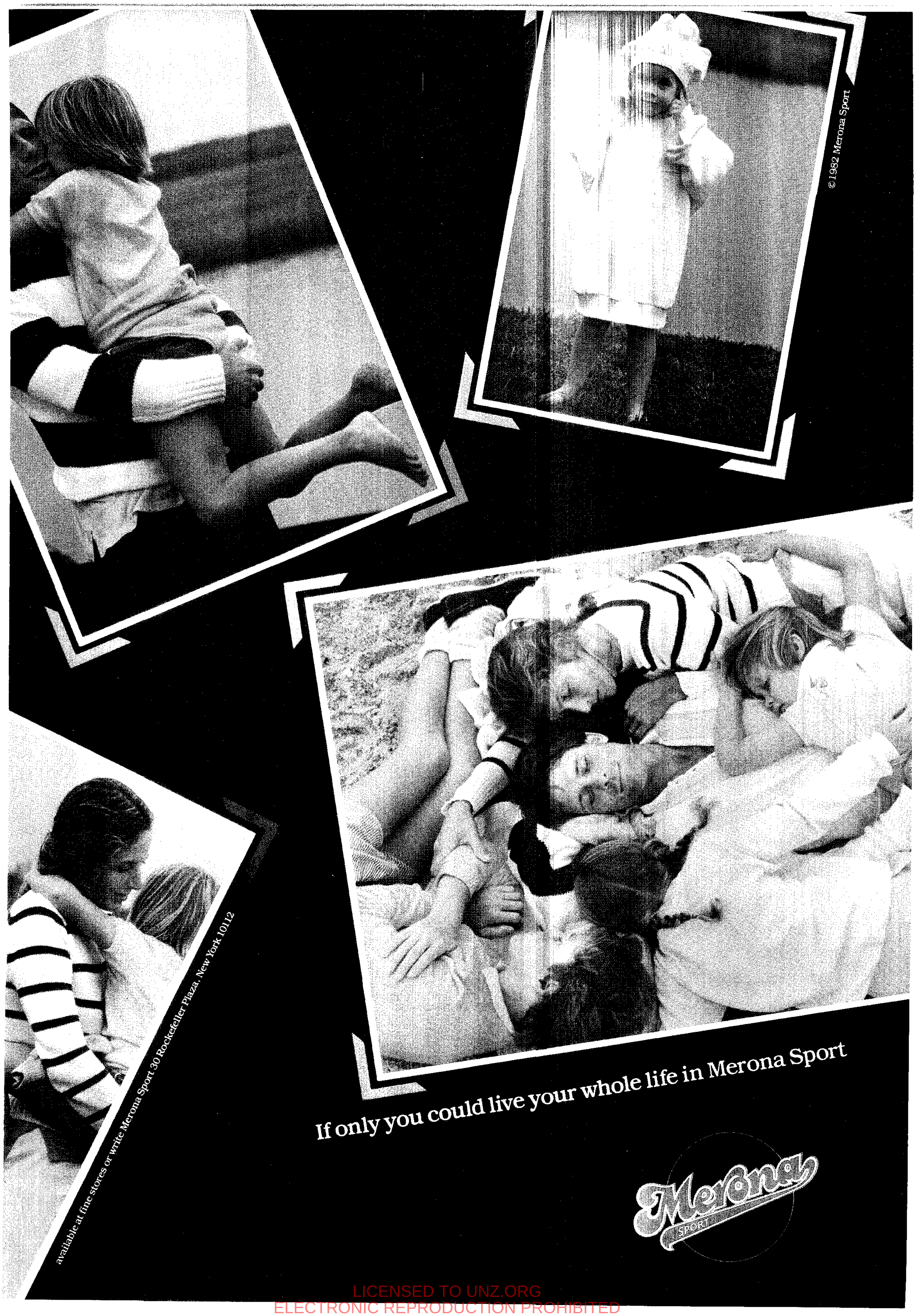

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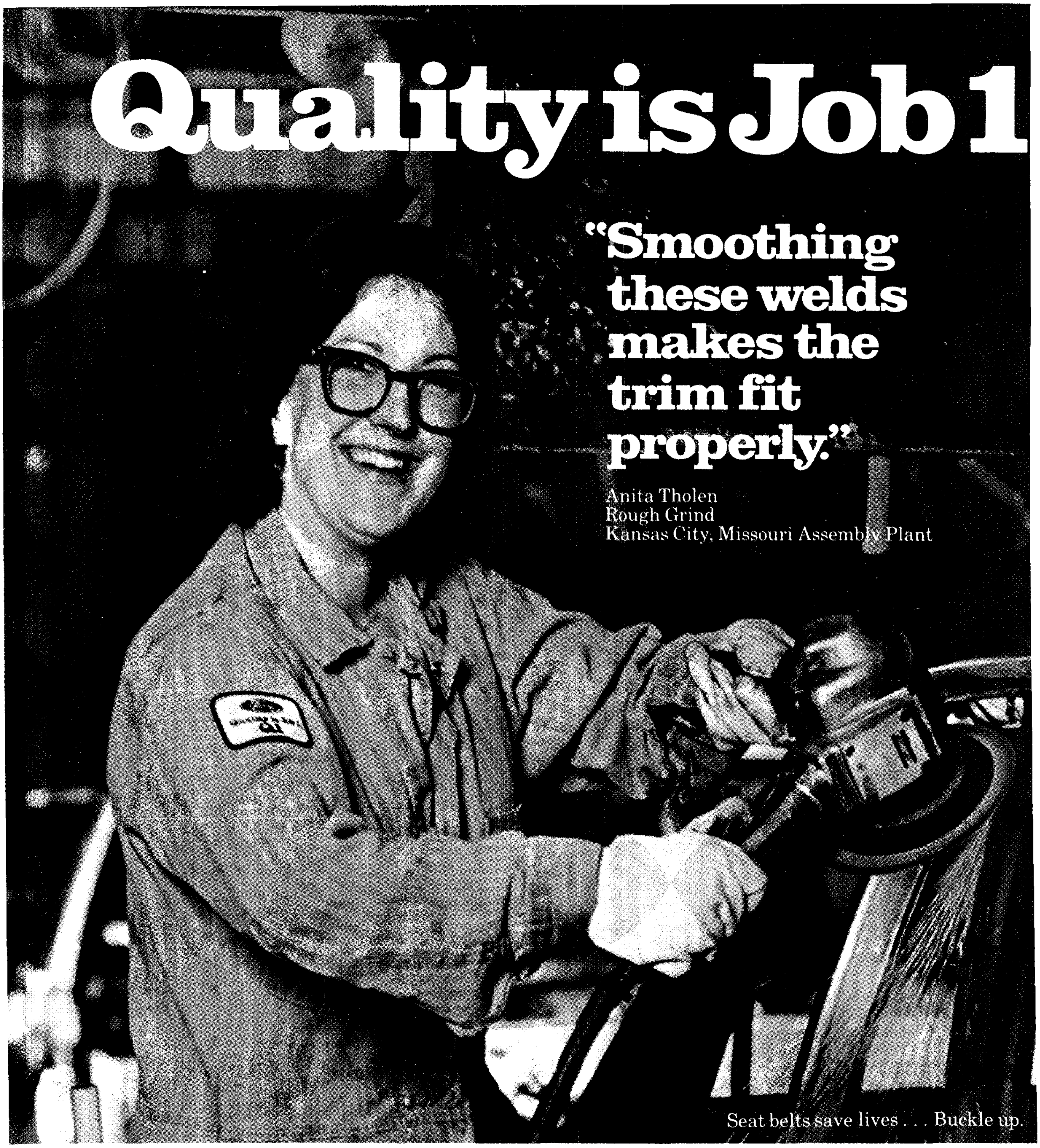
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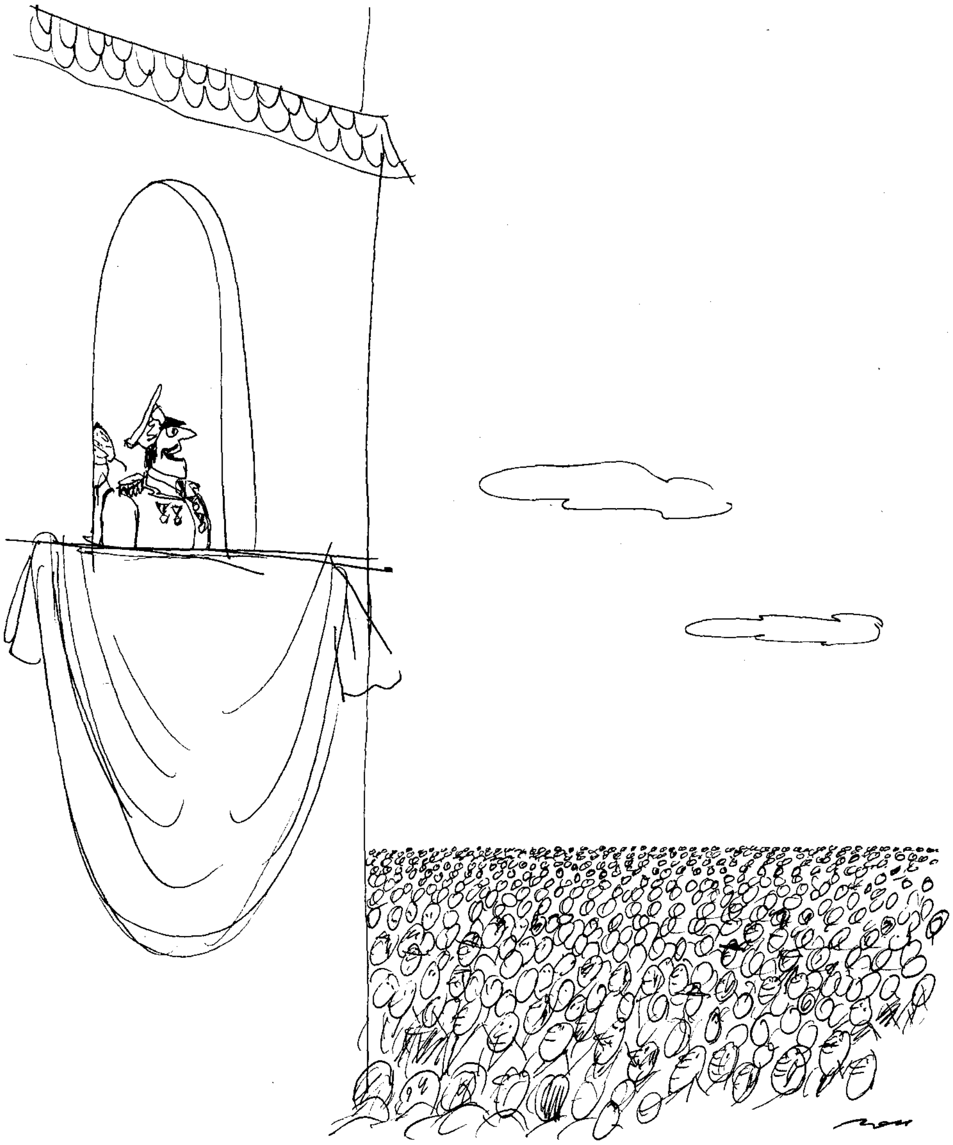
IF there is any true counterpart of the world of Shakespeare, it is that of Verdi. Wagner is Aeschylean to he core. He shares with Greek tragedy the background of primordial myths, the ritual formality of expression, the embodiment of religious-philosophic doctrines in titanic but essentially abstract configurations. The bustle of humanity in Verdi's operas is Shakespearean. There are choruses in Wagner, as in the Greek tragedians; there are not, with the magnificent exception of the close of Act II of "Die Meistersinger," the tossing crowds that tide the streets, piazzas, and palace courtyards of Shakespeare and of Verdi.

Verdi shares the central bias of Shakespearean drama, which is tragicomic. This is to say that even in the blackest hours of a Shakespearean tragedy or of a Verdi opera the morning light of human laughter, the feline energies of human rebound are close at hand. There are not many pleasantries in the "Oresteia" or in "Tristan." The masters of the absolute—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Racine, Wagner—concentrate the sum of the world to a single immensity of encounter. Shakespeare and Verdi, on the contrary, know that the instant in which Agamemnon is murdered is also that in which a birthday party is being celebrated next door. The joy of the Parisian revellers beats against the windows of the dying Violetta in "La Traviata"—not in contrapuntal mockery but simply because the varied pulse of life is more constant than any particular sorrow. Shakespeare and Verdi anchor their host of characters in history, in the local color of historical epoch and circumstance. Both men distrust that monotone of eternity so compelling to Wagner. And, at the last, Verdi met Shakespeare on precisely his ground. "Otello" and "Falstaff" are not only Verdi's masterpieces. They are not only acts of supreme echo. Verdi's "Falstaff" is a greater, deeper thing than "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The miraculous start of his "Otello" has an economy, a surge of passionate human presence perhaps surpassing its source.

There is another trait that knits the two masters—a trait expounded laboriously but definitively in David R. B. Kimbell's "Verdi in the Age of Italian Romanticism" (Cambridge; $75). Both men were professionals—*des hommes de métier*—to the tips of their untiring fingers. Wagner was at once the product and the flamboyant incarnation of the Romantic cult of the artist-magician. In technical practice, he was formidably expert and ruthless. But the image he projected of his visionary self, the shrine at Bayreuth are the very denial of professionalism, of craft in the old sense. To himself, Shakespeare was not yet Shakespeare but an actor-playwright supplying a regular product to his fellow-players and public. To us, the Fool in "King Lear" signifies complexities of insight, mysteries of poetic need almost unfathomable and, most certainly, central to the dimensions and meanings of the play as a whole. Yet there is evidence that this role may have been devised when the play was already more or less written; that it arose in direct, unalarmed response to the fact that Shakespeare's troupe had just acquired the services of a boy actor with a piping treble and a gift for mimicry. A similar strength of routine, of assured but fundamentally modest professionalism informs Verdi's compositions. He grew quite rapidly into a sense of his own excellence. He could fret bitterly (Mr. Kimbell shows this in merciless detail) at the idiocies of political censorship, at the obtuseness of successive librettists, at the caprice and limitations of divas and tenors. But, to the end, Verdi was a craftsman, a provider of operas on contract to the great emporiums of Milan, Paris, and London as well as to the humbler playhouses of



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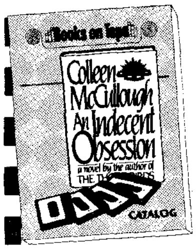

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provincial Italy. "The Masked Ball" had to be done and redone to satisfy the censors; "Aida" stems from a commission for a political-mercantile jamboree—the inaugural of the Suez Canal. Verdi worked to deadlines. Like Shakespeare, he invested thriftily. The house at Stratford, the small estate at Busseto are the hard-earned Arcadias of professionalism. In both name and conception, Wagner's Wahnfried is a holy site.

As we learn from Stendhal's mercurial memoirs, opera played an absolutely central part in the lives of the ducal, papal, royal, and Austrian-occupied Italian states during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Audiences gathered in the opera house to gossip and conspire, to sip ices and make assignations. When Cimarosa, Mozart, or Rossini was being performed, they might even pause to listen. The cabals of impresarios and prima donnas, the availability of the corps de ballet to aristocratic seduction, the meteoric glories of such composers as Bellini busied the hearts and minds of society in Naples, Parma, Milan, and Venice. Sometimes, adds Stendhal, it was in the small houses of provincial nests, all dust and guttering candles, that the most endearing performances took place. As Mr. Kimbell points out, the amorous and heroic passions that poured across the operatic stage, the suggestions of national arousal and unification which could be heard in the thunderous unison of the chorus served as substitute for the authentic politics barred by autocracy or alien rule. It was among these parochial, conventionalized, technically backward but potentially explosive elements that Verdi's genius matured. No less than Shakespeare's, this genius coincided exactly with and, in turn, helped to determine a nascent consciousness of national history and identity. The swelling choruses of "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi" became anthems of the Italian *risorgimento*, of the rebirth and fusion of a long splintered and humiliated people. More subtly and gradually, Verdi enhanced the status of his art and profession. Step by step, his stubborn care for detail, his ideals of a truer accord between music and libretto, the financial worth that he assigned to his labors altered the balance of power and prestige between the composer, on the one hand, and opera managers, singers, and librettists, on the other. Mr. Kimbell examines the contract negotiations for Verdi's earlier operas in exhaustive detail. He documents the relations between composer and librettist, the battles with impresarios and censors. For the socia historian, for the musicologist concerned with the evolution of Verdi's early scores, these minutiae will prove invaluable. The builder's yard, the countinghouse of great art can be disconcertingly pedestrian. It is salutary to be reminded of the lawyers' writs, of the quarrels over budgets, of the interminable revisions of musical and textual detail which finally engender the unforced wonders of "Don Carlos," the spun light of "Traviata," the quartet in "Rigoletto." Nonetheless, it is likely that the first half of Mr Kimbell's opus will appeal only to the specialist. The general reader will look to his treatment of Verdi's Romanticism, and of Verdi's relations to such sources as Schiller, Victor Hugo, and Shakespeare.

Schiller is not, I suppose, much read today in the Anglo-Saxon world. His rhetorical idealism was, however, a model to nineteenth-century Europe. Writers as different as Coleridge and Dostoevski turned to him for inspiration. In the personal lives and style of the young Romantics, his libertarian rhetoric, his combination of Kantian ethics and lyric pathos exercised a magnetism second only to that of Byron. Verdi derived from Schiller not only specific plots but a driving, declamatory élan. Schiller gave direct stimulus to Verdi's native genius for the symbolic grouping of individuals against a background of flamboyant history. Thus the continuity is unbroken from Beethoven's setting of a Schiller ode in his Ninth Symphony to the soaring theatricality of Verdi's Requiem. It is in "Don Carlos" that the creative reciprocities between Schiller and Verdi culminate. Verdi grasps and gives overwhelming lyric vehemence to Schiller's faith in the ultimately positive dynamics of history, even where history calls for the sacrifice of the heroic individual. Moreover, in the celebrated scene between monarch and Grand Inquisitor Verdi's music deepens Schiller's eloquence into tragic universality. Constrained by his focus on the earlier Verdi, Mr. Kimbell considers the uses of Schiller in "I Masnadieri" and "Luisa Miller."

"Ernani" is a greater work than either of these two. And Mr. Kimbell is suggestive when he argues that it was via Victor Hugo—from whom, of course, "Ernani" is taken—that Verdi moved from the brassy, ceremoniously patriotic brand of Italian Romanticism to a fundamentally French conception of the Romantic ideal. It was from Hugo, says Mr. Kimbell, that grew much of the mature Verdi's sense of feverish sensibility, his stress on the tragicomic, his mastery of nervous dialogue. These elements flower in Verdi's adaptation of Hugo in "Rigoletto." Mr. Kimbell points in detail to the revolutionary originality of this opera. The explicit social thrust of Verdi's treatment did much to liberate operatic conventions. The angry seeds of modern "realism" lay nascent both in Hugo's melodrama and in Verdi's stagecraft. I would want to add that the ceremonies of violent death so characteristic of the middle and later Verdi also owe a good deal to Hugo's example. The notorious coup de théâtre at the close of "Marion de Lorme" finds a distant, ennobling echo in the finalities of "Aida."

But the cardinal relation is that to Shakespeare. It is by no means unreasonable to define European Romanticism as, in essence, a repudiation of the uneasy, fastidiously selective estimate of Shakespeare that we find in, say, Voltaire. The Romantic rediscovery of Shakespeare in the lives and works of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Keats, Schiller, Hugo, Pushkin, Manzoni, in the music of Berlioz, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, in the paintings of Turner and Delacroix is the dominant note of Romanticism itself. In his rhapsodic tome "William Shakespeare," Hugo would trumpet what had become, by the eighteen-twenties and thirties, commonplaces of ecstatic tribute. Shakespeare alone had spanned the gamut of human feelings; his supremacy was as manifest in verse as in prose; he had fused comedy and tragedy, the sublime and the grotesque, the public and the private into an incomparable wholeness. No other spirit could have created both Iago and Cordelia, both Lear and Falstaff, giving to each an impartial truth of being. It is in the enigmatic person of Shakespeare himself, it is in the works that have made his world ours, proclaimed Hugo and the Romantics, that men can catch some uncertain glimpse of the primordial, divine fiat of creation. Verdi concurred. He tells of reading and rereading Shakespeare, and such great Romantic expositors of Shakespeare as A. W. Schlegel, from earliest youth. Though Verdi read the

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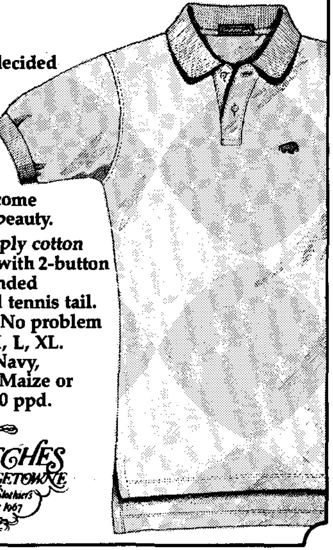

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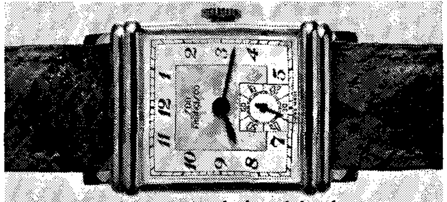

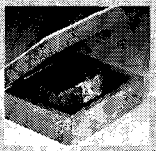

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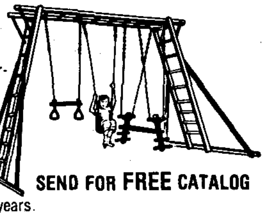

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plays in the often lame translation of Carlo Rusconi, the genius of the original broke through to him at numerous levels. In 1850, and repeatedly thereafter, he told of his intention of setting to music *all* of Shakespeare's major dramas. As it is, there are not many Verdi operas in which traces of the composer's passionate familiarity with Shakespeare are not plainly visible.

Mr. Kimbell is right to say that "Macbeth" is not only a turning point in Verdi's career as an operatic composer but the first authentically Shakespearean work in the repertoire. And it is just the originality of its musical forms and the wealth of Verdi's thematic inventions which best demonstrate the composer's intuitive fidelity to his source:

> For every one of the notions he took from Shakespeare he fashioned a musical analogy. The screaming of the owl is evoked by a lamenting figure in clarinet *and bassoon. . . . The account of the prayer* of the courtiers prompts a quite new theme to which the wind-band-like scoring gives a faintly ecclesiastical touch. The voice which cried "Macbeth does murder sleep . . ." is treated as a supernatural oracle, clearly differentiated from the wailing semitones that surround it by the addition of brass and drums to the scoring; the trumpet-tongued angelic pleading of Duncan's virtues, on the other hand, is matched to a towering cantabile phrase.

Faithful to his theme, which is Verdi's evolution out of Italian Romanticism and the sociology of the operatic trade in the first half of nineteenth-century Italy, Mr. Kimbell discusses neither "Otello" nor "Falstaff." But these two last operas of Verdi's are, of course, the true miracles of creative mirroring. Working with Boito, one of the three greatest librettists in the history of opera (the other two being Da Ponte and Hofmannsthal), Verdi went to the heart of Shakespeare. His reading of Iago makes of this figure a demonic agent perhaps flatter than he is in the play but also more coherent and, arguably, more terrifying. The closing scene in Verdi's "Falstaff" is a pastorale of remembrance and farewell which passes beyond the career of Falstaff himself to embrace the whole green world of Shakespeare's Arcadias, from the moon magic of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the ironies and valedictions of "The Tempest." In these two operas, the relation of Verdi to Shakespeare is that of a peer.

But it is an unwritten opera that provides the most fascinating chapter in the history of this relation. "Lear" has haunted many composers. Sketches

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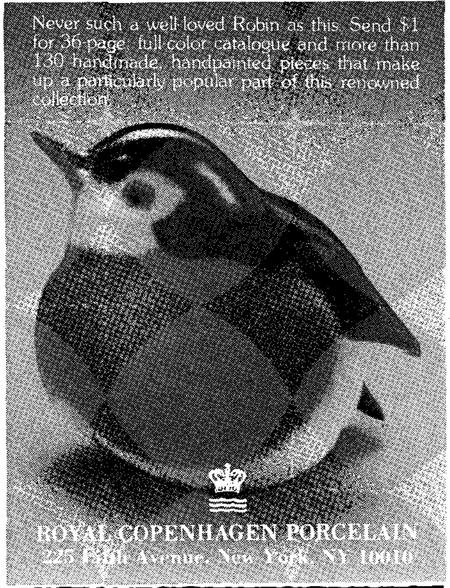

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or, notes toward, incidental music for, vertures to "Lear" can be found in erlioz, Debussy, Benjamin Britten. It too soon to tell whether Aribert eimann's "Lear," first produced in 978, will outlast Dietrich Fischer-ieskau's vocally and theatrically verwhelming interpretation of the ame part (which was written for im). Verdi's plans to compose a Lear" can be documented as early as he summer of 1843. He returned to he project in 1844 and 1845 when ondering what text he should set for is London début. It was with the librettist Salvatore Cammarano that he oped to scale this most exalted of all hakespearean summits. Already, the oung maestro was displaying the kind f uninhibited authority that would ead to the bold liberties taken in Otello" and "Falstaff": "Would you ay the pretext for disinheriting Cordelia is a bit infantile for our times?" ut neither Cammarano nor Antonio omma, who, by 1856, had a "Lear" ibretto ready for Verdi, proved adeuate to the challenge. This did not nean that Verdi relinquished his purose. He discussed the possibilities of Lear" with the Paris Opera in 1865. oito began work on a "Lear" libretto ate in Verdi's life. Moreover, even if he opera remained unwritten, traces f "Lear" turn up unmistakably and antalizingly in other Verdi scores: in he father-daughter scenes of "Simon occanegra," "Luisa Miller," and Rigoletto," and—the source here is a otting by the composer—in the ermont-Violetta meeting in Act II f "La Traviata." There is a sense in which Shakespeare's "Lear" served Verdi as a tuning fork and measure of xpressive finality throughout his aristic and, it may be, his personal life. In the end, he even looked the part.

There have been few greater givers than Verdi. It is not easy to imagine the inventory of our recognitions and delights without "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Aida," and the inexhaustible genius of "Otello" and of "Falstaff." In its range of orchestral colorations, in its vocal groupings, in its wealth of scenic effects, "Don Carlos" is among the half-dozen representative and essential masterpieces in the history of opera. And what splendors there are in such relatively lesser known or less frequently performed operas as "Ernani," "The Sicilian Vespers," and the effervescent "Masked Ball." The zest and prodigality of Verdi's sensibility, its manifold generosities lie somewhat

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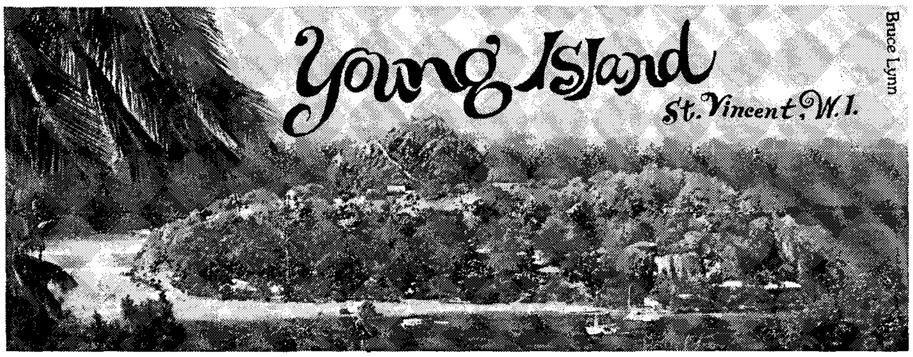

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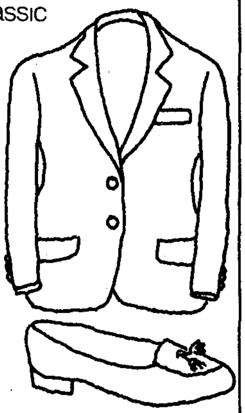

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outside Mr. Kimbell's approach, which is at once monographic and voluminous. But the material he has assembled and analyzed makes a contribution. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DEATH OF MEN, by Allan Massie (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). The setting is Rome, and the action (which the author acknowledges was suggested by the kidnapping of Aldo Moro) has to do with the abduction of a political leader named Corrado Dusa by a band of young terrorists, among them one of his own sons. We see the events that follow chiefly through the eyes and responses of Corrado's older brother, but also through the eyes of an alcoholic English journalist, of a scoop-chasing American journalist, of a young and idealistic aristocratic member of the band, of a young niece of Corrado's, and, finally, in a searing moment, of Corrado's terrorist son. Like Conrad, Mr. Massie—a British writer largely unknown in this country—uses action, even violent action, with intellectual intent, as a manifestation of human behavior to reflect upon, and although his aims are dead serious, his moves are tensely entertaining, dryly comedic, ruthlessly moving. As for his manner (or one of his manners), this is how (in the voice of the elder Dusa) he chooses to open his story: "I am a dandy who can no longer be troubled to dress." He has given us a novel of the highest fidelity and of the first importance.

A PALE VIEW OF HILLS, by Kazuo Ishiguro (Putnam; $11.95). A middle-aged Japanese woman named Etsuko, who survived the bombing of Nagasaki (she lived on its outskirts) and moved some years later to rural England, finds her memories of life in Nagasaki's ruins reawakened when her older daughter, after years of severe depression, hangs herself, and her younger daughter comes out from London, after the funeral, to comfort her. Etsuko dreams, talks, and thinks about the months after the bomb was dropped, when she established a shaky friendship with a haughty woman and her secretive child—wealthy refugees living temporarily nearby. This web of memories features the child's nightmarish visions, which now haunt Etsuko, and the mother's indifference toward her child's welfare, which holds a clue to Etsuko's present sorrow. A fine, strong novel (Kazuo Ishiguro's first); the plot's subtle pattern is the attentive reader's ample reward.

THE MOCKERY BIRD, by Gerald Durrell (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). On the three-day voyage (in a converted French sardine boat) from Jakarta to the island of Zenkali, young Peter Foxglove, the new Assistant to H.M. Political Advisor there, has time to brush up on Zenkali's social and natural history—the devastation of its flora and fauna by waves of invading Europeans; the natives' dependence on the Amela tree, which produces precious perfume, timber, medicine, and oil; and the amiable rivalry between its two indigenous religions (one of them worshippers of the Mockery Bird, which, along with its chief food source, the Ombu tree, has gone the way of the dodo)—but he is not prepared for the dazzling beauty of its beaches, lagoons, birds, lizards, butterflies, flowers, groves, and valleys, or for the variety of genial eccentrics who serve Kingy, their benevolent, resplendent monarch. Peter is heartbroken to learn that the British have drawn up plans to turn Zenkali into a military installation, complete with a deep-water harbor and a hydroelectric dam, and his discovery of fifteen pairs of Mockery Birds and four hundred Ombu trees in a valley scheduled to be flooded—with the permission of its owner, Zenkali's one wicked citizen—doubles his determination to save this island paradise. By the happy ending, Zenkali's "biological architecture" (Kingy's useful phrase) has proven to be more intricately harmonious than anyone had imagined. In a "Tailpiece," Mr. Durrell appeals for donations to the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, which helps real-life Peter Foxgloves and Kingys. A delightful story.

GENERAL

INDIAN SUMMER: LUTYENS, BAKER, AND IMPERIAL DELHI, by Robert Grant Irving (Yale; $39.95). This first-rate architectural history opens in 1911, when King George V and Queen Mary, visiting their Indian Empire for a Coronation Durbar, proclaimed the transfer of the imperial capital from the port of Calcutta to the ruins of Delhi, and so provided an unparalleled architectural plum (or melon) in the planning and construction of an entire modern city. Mr. Irving describes the quests for commissions and the squabbles over style; the two principal architects, Edwin Lutyens and Herbert Baker, who started as friends, ended as enemies. These bloodless battles did not delay construction as seriously as did the First World War, and by 1931, when work was substantially complete, Indian nationalists were beginning to question its rationale. The outcome was happier than "Ozymandias": the vanished empire's grand buildings now serve the Republic of India. The book's excellent illustrations show the resemblances between New Delhi and Washington, and the text explains that both derive from the same city-planning concepts. As an example of twentieth-century monumental building, New Delhi looks handsomer than the piles erected or proposed by Mussolini's, Hitler's, or Stalin's empires, and more attractive than Brasília and Chandigarh, in part because its pomp is worked out to the last refined detail, in part because its deliberate references to the past confirm, as a capital should, the sense of history.

AFTER THE FACT: THE ART OF HISTORICAL DETECTION, by James West Davidson and Mark Hamilton Lytle (Knopf; $19.50). A sophisticated work for the historically unsophisticated. Two young American historians demonstrate the variety of approaches to history in fourteen essays about events, persons, and issues in American history, starting with a demonstration of history as selection, and going on to show how it has been determined that the apparent suicide of Silas Deane, a down-and-out, discredited American diplomat of the Revolutionary era, was more likely to have been murder. They go all the way down to Watergate: to illustrate the technique of analyzing a document's sources, they show how a historian would have discovered the identity of the informants for Woodward and Bernstein's "The Final Days." Their chapters on the uses of pictorial evidence discuss everything from art history to changing Amerindian fashions to world trade to the preconceptions of painters and photographers, who often tell us as

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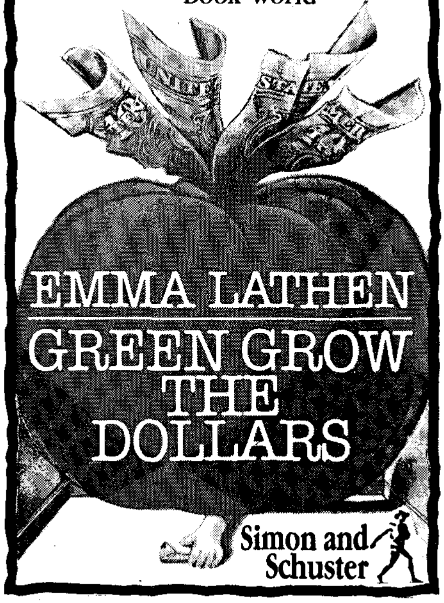

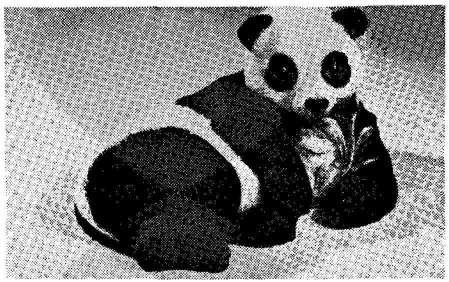
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much about themselves as about their subjects.

LABYRINTH, by Taylor Branch and Eugene M. Propper (Viking; $17.95). Mr. Propper was an assistant United States Attorney in Washington on September 21, 1976, when a bomb exploded in an automobile, killing the driver, Orlando Letelier—a former Chilean Ambassador to the United States who opposed the Pinochet regime—and an American woman who was one of his passengers. (The other passenger, her husband, survived.) Mr. Propper was assigned to the investigation from the start, and he ultimately brought indictments against an American, Michael Townley, and two Cuban exiles, Guillermo Novo and Alvin Ross. With the aid of Mr. Branch, a professional writer, and the reminiscences of many of his colleagues, Mr. Propper has worked his experiences into a marvellous thriller, horrifying, gripping, and, alas, true. The story is indeed mazy, but the authors make sure we can follow it. It affords detailed and artful accounts of a variety of people here and abroad—politicians, criminals, ideologists, smugglers, ambassadors, and policemen—who were entangled in what became an international *cause célèbre*. As a realistic account of a relentless if perplexing manhunt, this plainspoken and unpretentious book has few peers in either fact or fiction.

NOTE: "Is There No Place on Earth for Me?," Susan Sheehan's account of a schizophrenic woman's seventeen years in and out of mental institutions, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($14.95). All the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a letter to the editor in Harper's by a member of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission*]

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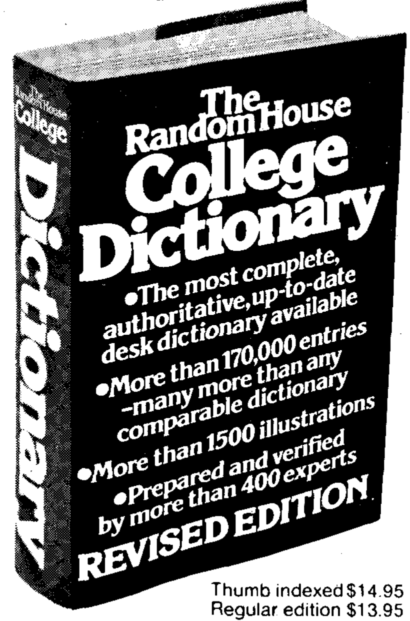
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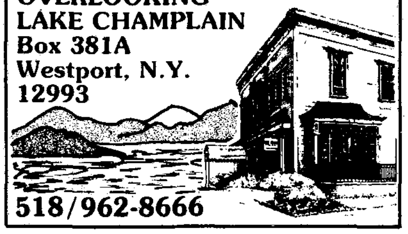
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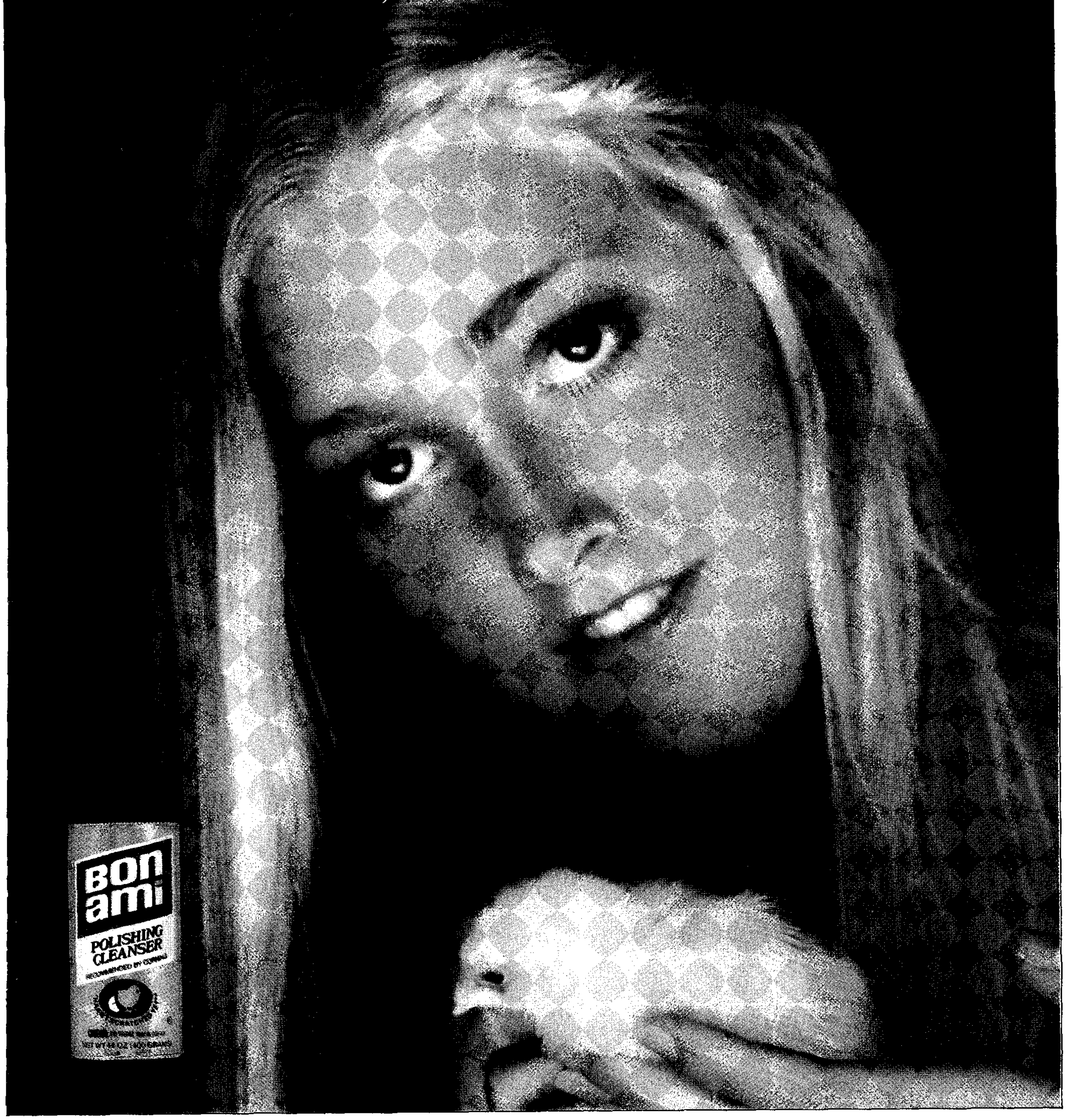

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